The Saturday Evening
POST
June 25, 1960 – 15¢

California's Governor
AND THE
CHESSMAN ORDEAL

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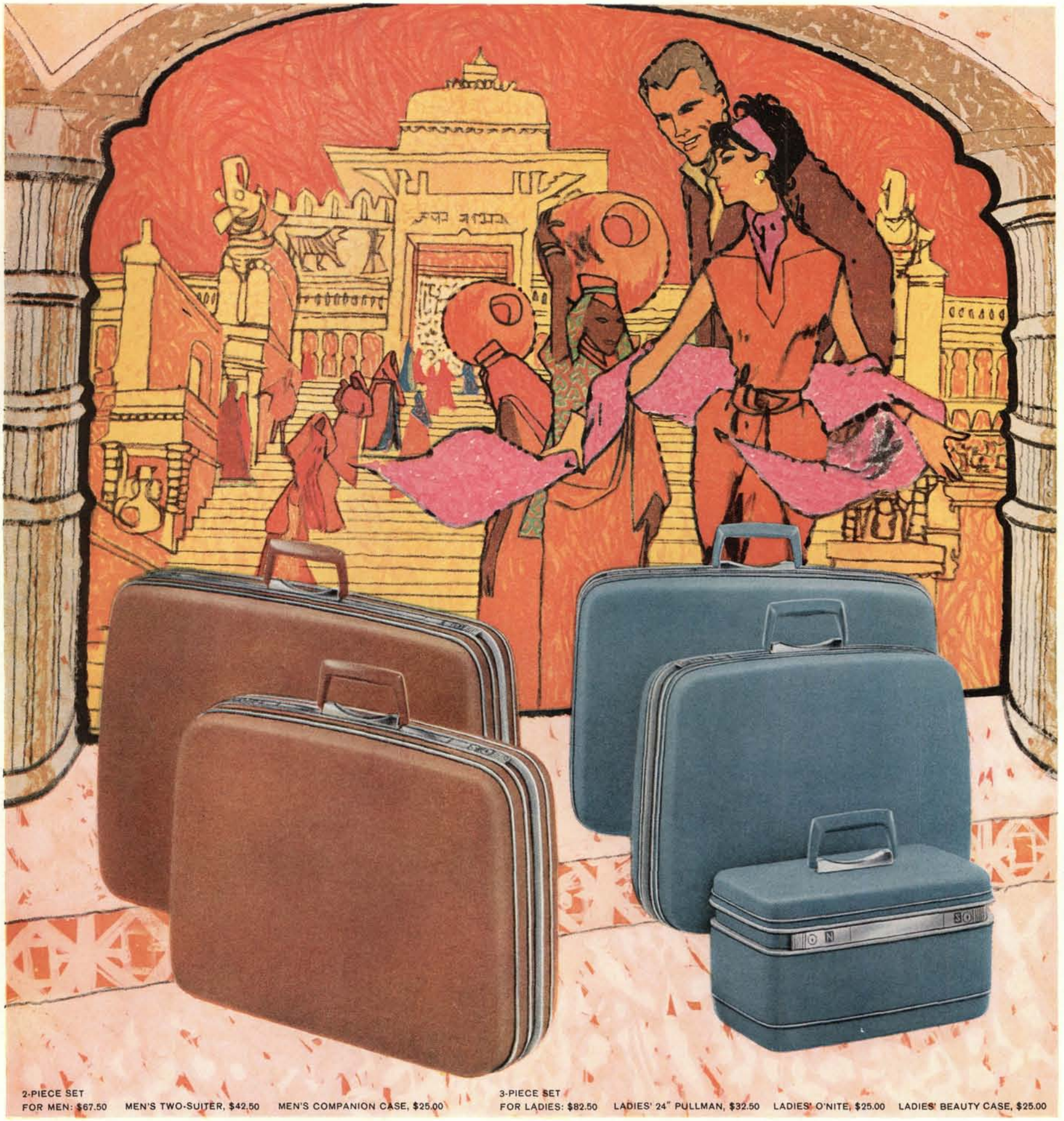

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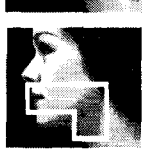

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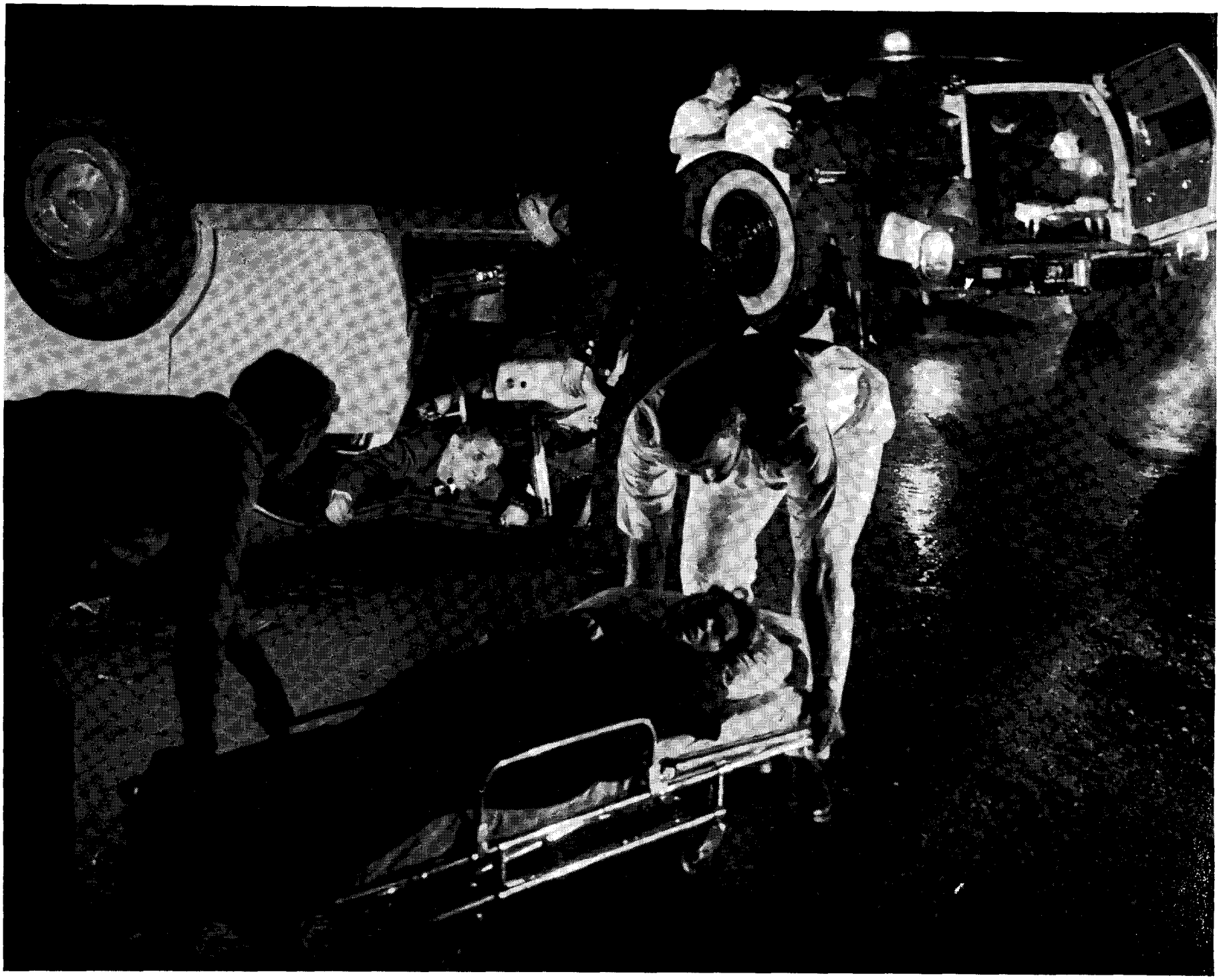

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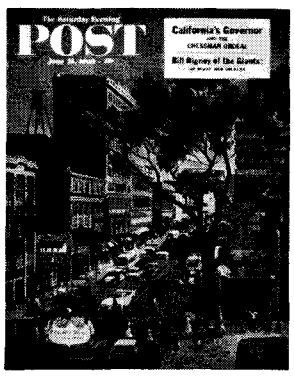

THE COVER

For the second in our series of covers on illustrious American thoroughfares, artist John Falter has depicted Peachtree Street at the Harris Street intersection, looking south toward Five Points, Atlanta's hub. The gentleman on crutches at lower left is Ernest Rogers, *Atlanta Journal* columnist and the popular "Mayor of Peachtree Street." In the early nineteenth century this was a sinuous ridgetop trail leading to an Indian settlement known as The Standing Peachtree; today it's the main artery in the economic capital of the South. That towering tree in the foreground is an American elm. Our scene contains no peach trees—they don't thrive in downtown Atlanta—but there are numerous Georgia peaches in view, of the variety which doesn't grow on trees.

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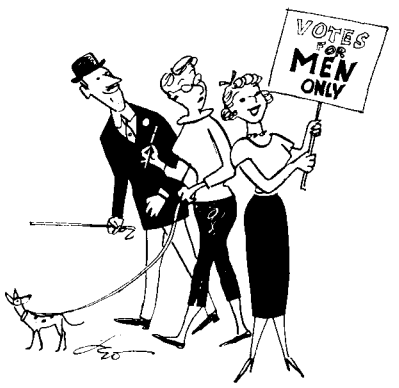
Letters

Do Women Want Equal Rights?

Dear Sirs:

Lately you have printed several articles by Perle Mesta about herself and her vast achievements [THEY CALL ME MADAM, as told to Robert Cahn, Apr. 16–May 7]. . . . This week's story—May seventh—also includes her accomplishments in the field [of women's rights]. . . .

As a woman, I would like to ask Perle Mesta if she feels women are in a more respected position now than they were twenty or thirty years ago. To be sure, we can vote now, but what has this gained? A presidential campaign this year based



considerably on the physical attractiveness of the candidates. . . . This is our position, or plight, because women vote. . . . Life is frustrating enough without women trying to make it legal to be men.

BERNICE HATCHER
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Perle, for heaven's sake, quit fooling with American women's equality. Get married! A happily married woman, ever since Eve and sometimes to our sorrow, has always known how to have more than equal rights. . . .

God made man and then he made woman as a helpmate for him. . . . Perle, quit trying to change God's laws!

MRS. C. E. PORTER
Madison, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Who finances Perle's feminist campaigning? Without her inherited wealth, provided by two mere men, father and husband, she might not have the time to campaign for recognition. But having the time, it would seem more gracious and womanly to spend it recognizing and honoring the men who make a life of ease possible for women! Femininity gets far more notice than feminism. And who wants to change that?

LILLIAN EKLUND
Huntington, W. Va.

● *"Who says we have to give up femininity to get equal legal rights?" asks Mrs. Mesta in reply. "And anyway, I don't want to go through a doorway ahead of a man—it's much more fun to squeeze through together."* —ED.

How They Stopped Drinking

Dear Sir:

Thanks and congratulations for your anonymous article of May twenty-first, I ALWAYS HAVE HELP. I, too, have rearranged the conduct of and attitude toward my life with the unique help of Alcoholics Anonymous. . . . The author's exposition of the A.A. program—what it is and how it operates—is one of the best I've seen. . . .

Your magazine, starting almost fifteen years ago, has given the A.A. program and those of us whose lives it has saved the most beneficial kind of treatment.

NAME WITHHELD
Barrington, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Had it not been for Jack Alexander's famed report, ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, in the March 1, 1941, *Post*, I perhaps would not be alive today.

I drank myself into becoming an alcoholic during World War II. By the time I was graced with an honorable discharge, Alexander's article had caused A.A. to become nationwide. I am thankful to God and the editors of *The Post* that when I hit bottom, in 1946, there was an A.A. group to turn to. The article is still as inspiring today as it was in 1941. It is found in pamphlet form in every A.A. meeting place around the world.

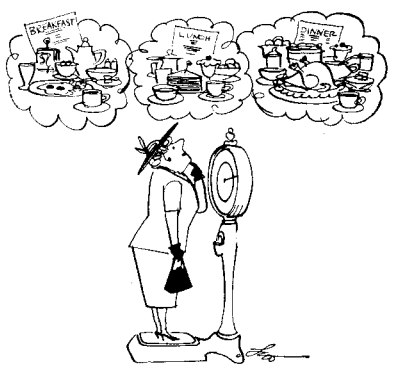
I was never very anonymous about my drinking, and the only reason I am anonymous about being sober is to conform with A.A.'s rules.

NAME WITHHELD
Prairie Village, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

The 24-Hour Plan of Mr. Anonymous is a joy! May I suggest that my companions in the jungle of obesity apply this plan?

I have fifty pounds to shed. Considered as a whole, it is an overwhelming amount. But by dieting one day at a time, thinking only of the three meals, I find it is not really difficult at all. Who would dare



admit to others he could not stick to something for only one day?

Each night, after a successful day, I have the feeling of accomplishment, which in turn spurs me on to the next day with renewed determination.

MARIANNE MORAN
Warren, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Contrary to the implication in the opening paragraph, Alcoholics Anonymous is not a secret society. As an active member staying sober by the grace of God, one day at a time, I feel it is my duty to inform you that statements such as this continue to keep countless dozens of people who need help away from A.A.

This society is simply a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with one another in order that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop

(Continued on Page 6)

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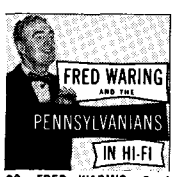

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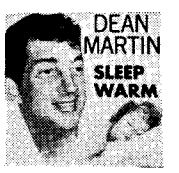

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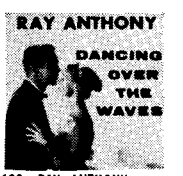

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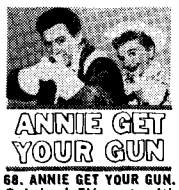

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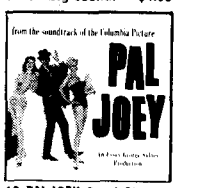

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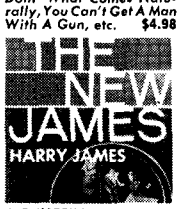

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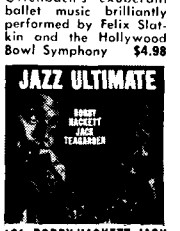

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CHECK THE DIVISION IN WHICH YOU WISH TO BE ENROLLED

1. ☐ **Best Seller Hit Albums (Dancing, Listening, Mood Music and Show Albums from Theatre, Screen and TV)**
2. ☐ **Classical Albums**
3. ☐ **Hi-Fi Jazz**

I agree to buy 6 records during the next 12 months (at the rate of at least one every other month) at $3.98 or $4.98 (occasionally $5.98) plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing. After these purchases I may cancel my membership.

☐ **Check here if you own a STEREO record player and agree to buy your 6 future selections in STEREO** which the Club sells for $1.00 more than monaural. Then the four records you have chosen above will be sent to you in STEREO with a bill for only $1.00 more ($1.97). BONUS ALBUMS and future selections will also be in STEREO. **NOTE:** Stereo records can be played only on stereo equipment.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I will return these 4 ALBUMS within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled without further obligation.

PRINT NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

Please send no money. We will send you a bill. *(Membership limited to one per household.)* Slightly higher in Canada. Address Capitol Record Club of Canada, 1184 Castlefield Avenue, Toronto 19, Ontario.

If you wish to join through a CAPITOL record dealer authorized to solicit Club subscriptions, write his name and address in the margin. SP-7

FILL OUT THIS COUPON—AND MAIL TODAY! →

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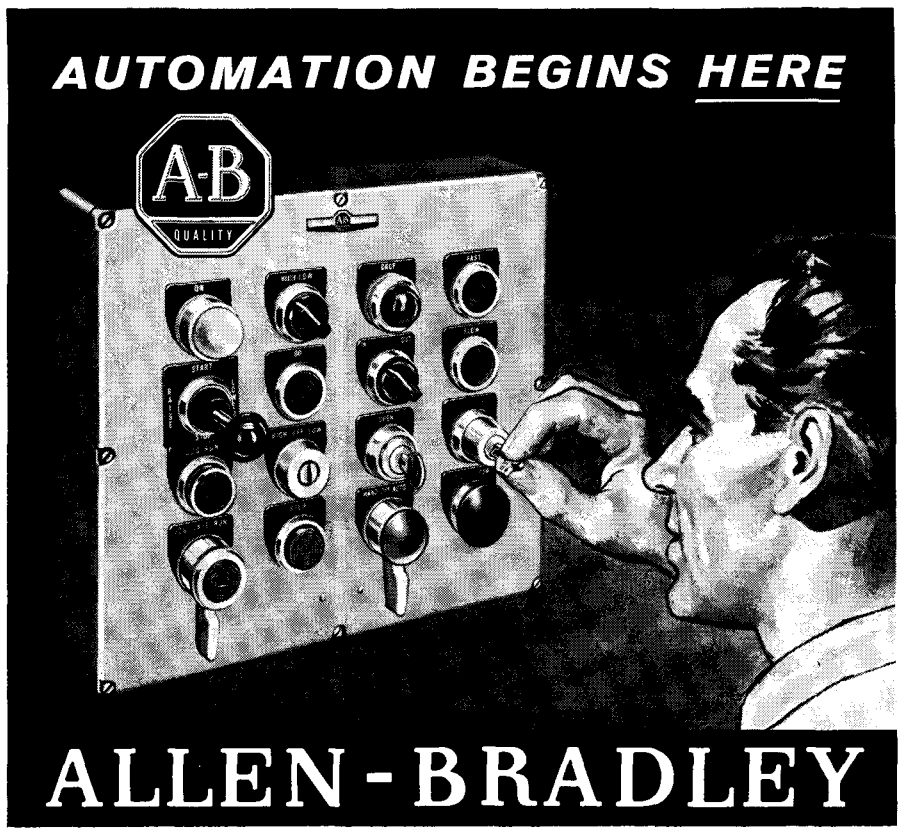
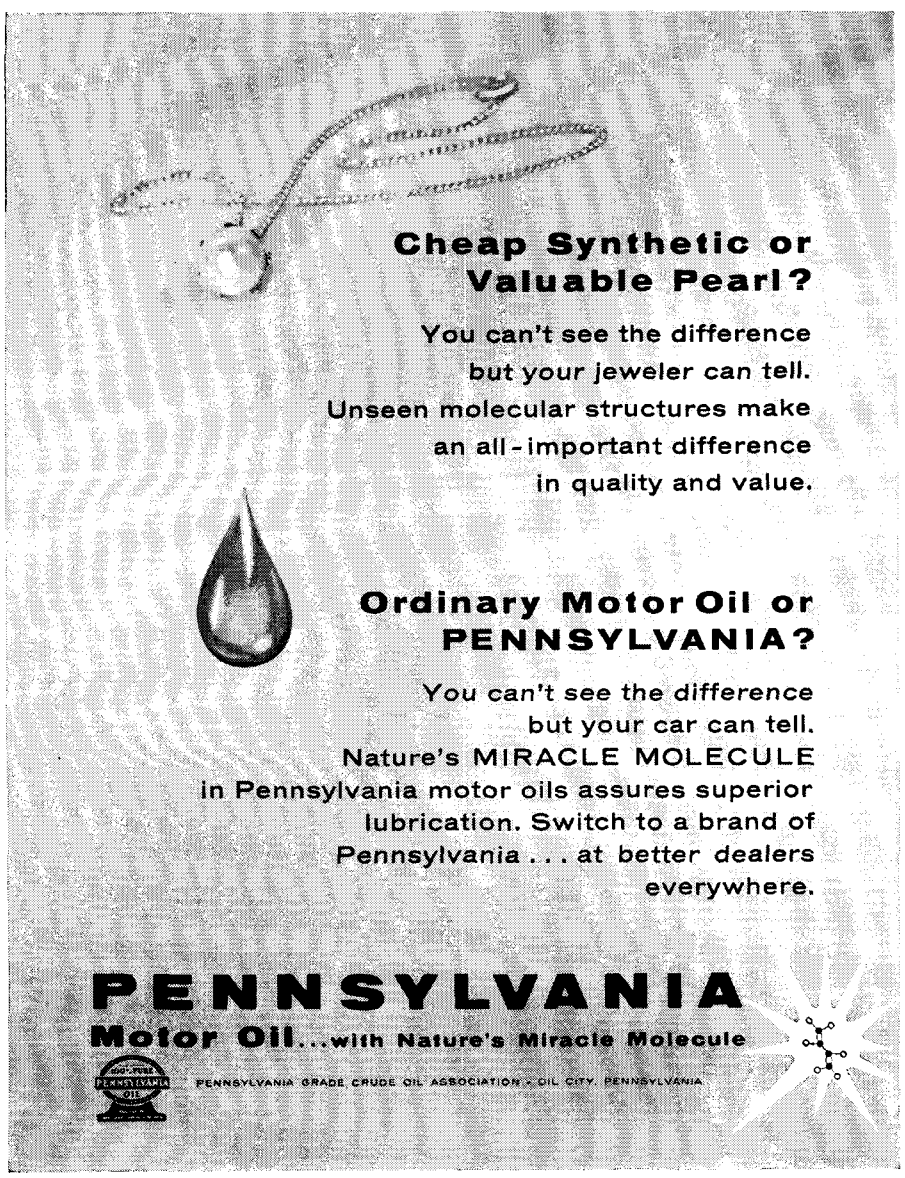
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Quality Motor Control

Continuous automatic production begins with reliable, maintenance free control units—and there's nothing to equal Allen-Bradley quality controls. You have a tremendous selection of A-B Bulletin 800T oiltight units—push buttons, selector switches, and pilot lights—to satisfy *every* control station need. Also, the die-cast aluminum enclosures are so attractive they give your machines a definite sales advantage. Send for Publication 6090 for full details. Write Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.


Cheap Synthetic or Valuable Pearl?
You can't see the difference but your jeweler can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.
Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?
You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania . . . at better dealers everywhere.
PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

drinking. Anyone with such a desire is welcome. What, then, is secret about this?

NAME WITHHELD
Janesville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Please tell Anonymous for me that with such faith, courage and hope he can't help but win.

LUCILLE PATRICK
Thendara, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

This man . . . has found the secret of living.

DELORIS LOCKETT
Billings, Mont.

The Doctor's Day

Dear Sirs:

Dr. E. H. North (MY CLOCK HAS 24 HOURS, May 14] typifies the kind of doctor I found most annoying in my eleven years as a hospital medical technologist. Their day has twenty-four hours all right, but every minute of it they are being waited on by nurses, laboratory technicians, office girls and wives.

If Doctor North was too busy to fill out insurance forms for his patients, how did he find time to write that article for which he was probably paid a handsome fee? If he were my personal physician, he would be unemployed after the first ten minutes of his homey, folksy medicine. If that's the way they do it in North Carolina, I'll stay in damn-Yankeeland.

MARGENE BETTS
Elmira, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As a nursing instructor, I pick doctors in internal medicine as the nicest to know and work with. Doctor North shows the humanitarianism, humility and humor that seem to permeate this specialty.

CYNTHIA FRANKLIN, *R.N.*
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

My husband is a general practitioner in a farming community. . . . [Your article is] a very accurate description of our usual day. Thanks for adding a few laughs to it.

MRS. H. JAMES ELVIN
Mount Joy, Pa.

Too Many Questions?

Dear Sirs:

My, but you were full of questions in the subtitles of your May seventh issue:

Page 30: What should a man do when he finds he is in love with his best friend's wife?

Page 32: What kind of man is Stuart Symington? What are his chances of being nominated for the Presidency?

Page 34: What fearful taboo was violated by the white woman's presence?

Page 43: What does a father do when he discovers that his daughter is having an affair?

What gives?

ROSEMARY C. BECK
Cucamonga, Calif.

● *No doubt about it. We overdid it.*
—ED.

"By making a certain correction in my secret formula I expect it to grow hair."

"It's guaranteed to grow hair—but I haven't yet learned how to control it."

HAIR-RAISING IDEA

Dear Sirs:

Re the cartoon [top] from the May fourteenth *Saturday Evening Post;* doesn't that poor man ever give up? About one year ago he had too much hair [bottom, from the Oct. 11, 1958, *Post*]. I remember because I based a short story on it for school.

SUSAN FREEMAN
New Canaan, Conn.

● *Susan is only twelve years old, but she has a better memory than our editors. Cartoonist Jeff Monahan admits that he has exhausted the idea.*
—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Anonymous; Larry Keighley. • 20, 21–Larry Keighley. • 22, 23–Stanley Meltzoff. 24–Denver Gillen. • 25–Two by Ollie Atkins; Wide World. • 26–United Press International; Wide World. • 27–Jack Fields. • 28, 29–Joe Bowler. • 30–Larry Fried. 31–Fred Otnes. • 32, 33–Gene Lester. • 34, 35–James R. Bingham. • 36, 37–A. C. Shelton. • 38–Camera Press; Süddeutscher Verlag; three from the author; Camera Press. 39–Camera Press; from the author. • 40–Gene Lester. • 41–California Institute of Technology. • 45–Austin Briggs. • 132–Robert Skeetz; Sid Avery; Wide World.

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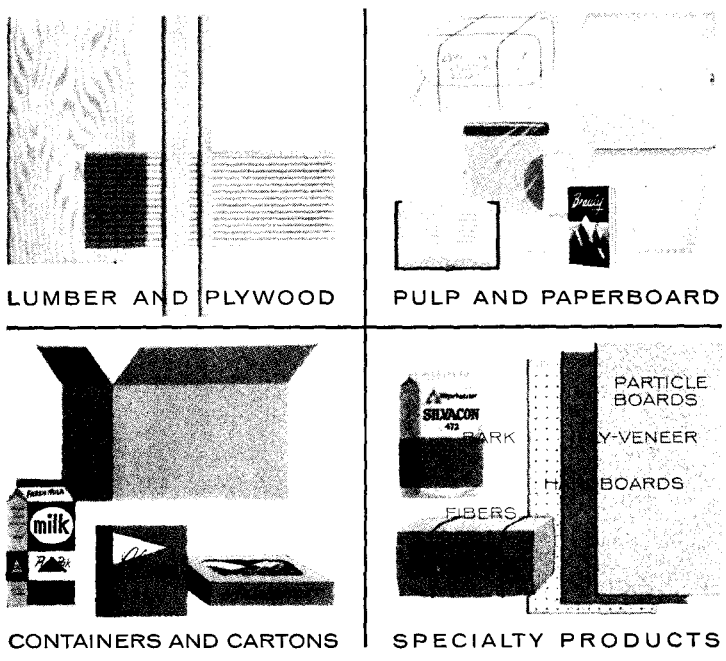
DOE AND FAWN *near a colorful rhododendron, Washington state flower. Wildlife is so abundant on many tree farms that game officials are cooperating to keep the expanding population from outstripping its food supply. This also prevents excessive damage to young trees.*

trees for tomorrow grow on managed timberlands today

PRODUCTS OF WEYERHAEUSER TREE FARMS



A living mantle of young trees grows on Weyerhaeuser timberlands throughout the Pacific Northwest, obscuring stumps left from earlier harvests. Each tree is needed to provide wood for the forest products that will be required by future generations.

As new trees replace the old on our lands, they begin another cycle in a long-range forestry plan. The plan is built around the concept that forests can both be used and perpetuated. Properly managed and protected, timber can be harvested and replaced in repeated crops. This fact is proved on our tree farms year after year.

The modern tree farm is a living, dynamic forest unit. From it comes a continuous flow of benefits important to man. Foremost is the wood itself, for this versatile material is used in lumber, plywood, pulp, paper... some 5,000 products in all. Other benefits include payrolls, water, wildlife and recreation. Through modern forestry practices, each of these values is being perpetuated on our timberlands. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash. for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Company

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No wear !
No wash !
No work !

A more conventional way of saving wear, wash and work is with Scott Paper products — the world's most efficient disposable work and laundry savers

Freedom from washing and working is a great goal, Susie. We're afraid you haven't achieved it permanently—or completely. Nor have we. But our aim is the same. Scott Paper products are made to save your mother, and mothers like yours everywhere, all unnecessary wash and work.

There are many wonderful Scott Paper products . . . like ScotTowels to wipe up spills quickly, and Scotties to wipe off faces gently. And Scott may, in time, make a dress, or a suit, you can wear and throw away. Scott is always dreaming of new ways to give mothers more time to enjoy little girls like you.

In the past, Scott has produced such revolutionary improvements in paper products as Wet Strength in towels and facial tissue.

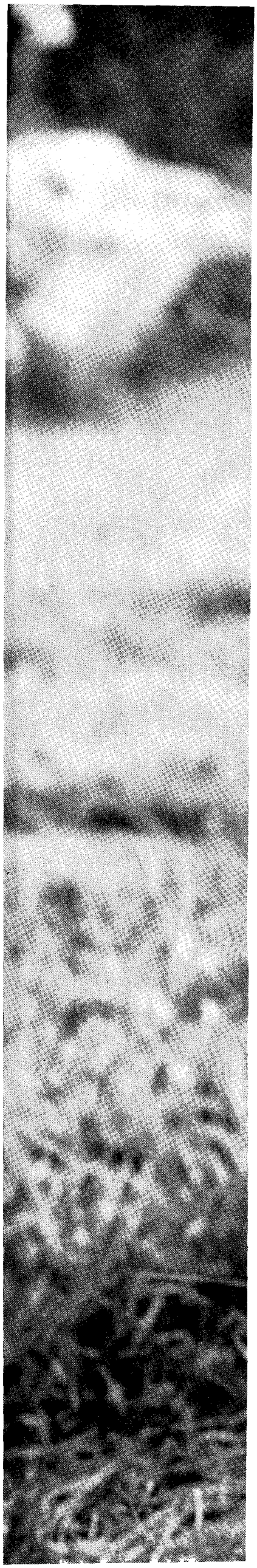
Today, another extraordinary change comes from Scott . . . paper products with TEXTURED SOFTNESS. Scott can now give paper the patterned *look* and soft *feel* of a fine woven fabric. This makes many of the Scott products for your home . . . and for business and industry . . . so much more pleasant and practical to use!

Scott is continually offering you new ways to make housework easier and more fun. Look for all the Scott Paper products in your own store.

Scott Paper

. . . also creators of Dura-Weve®, ScottFoam and Scott Papers for Industry

The better the paper, the surer it's Scott



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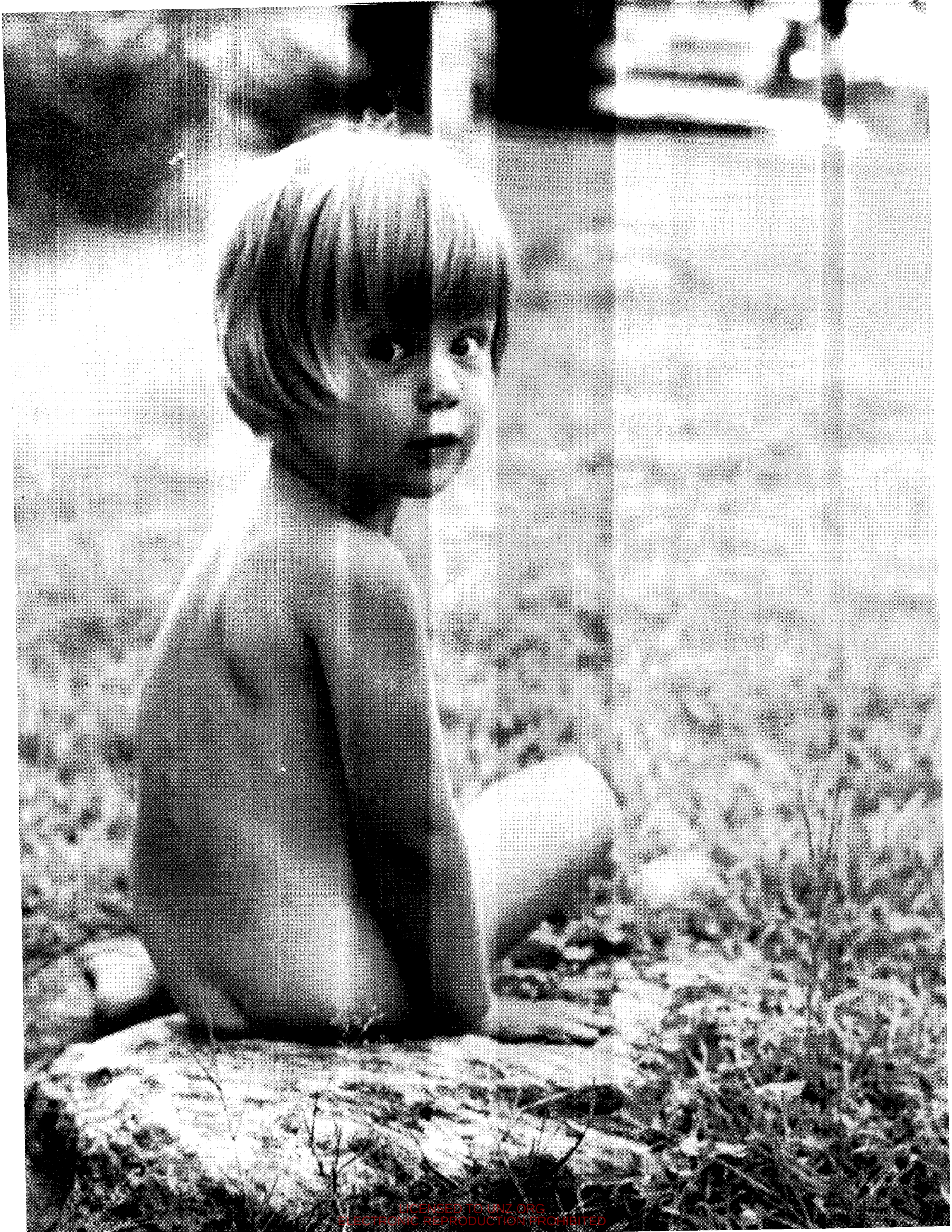

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Editorials

Are We Moving Toward Censorship by Taxation?

What is a "legitimate business expense"? Wages and salaries, trips to business conventions, advertising, membership in unions and trade associations—such items and many others are conceded by the Internal Revenue Service to be deductible from income. However, when a company or an individual is threatened by a new law which could put him or it out of business, any money spent to defeat the proposed legislation is, according to the same authority, not deductible from income. The IRS ruling which governs this situation dates from December, 1959, and is substantially as follows:

"Expenditures . . . for the promotion or defeat of legislation . . . or for carrying on propaganda . . . to influence the public with respect to the desirability or undesirability of proposed legislation is not deductible as a business expense, even though the legislation may directly affect the taxpayer's business."

The intent of the ruling is underscored in a paragraph concerning dues to trade associations and other business organizations, conceivably including labor unions, as follows:

"Deduction will be allowed only for such portion of such dues and other payments as the taxpayer can clearly establish is attributable to activities other than those so specified."

In other words, any money spent by an employer to plug right-to-work laws—or by a union to oppose them—is not considered a legitimate expense, despite the obvious effect of the legislation on the taxpayer's interests. Advertising by public-utility companies designed to tell the story of private-enterprise power distribution in contrast to public ownership is not an admitted business expense, and presumably the same ruling applies to the efforts of publicly owned establishments to shill for their side of the argument—except that few of them pay income tax! As Rep. Hale Boggs of Louisiana puts it, "What is involved is punitive taxation on certain activities which are highly necessary to our sound democratic processes." It is clearly time for Congress to intervene.

Mr. Boggs has introduced in the House an amendment to the Internal Revenue code which would clarify the right of the citizen to speak in his own defense by stating that "expenses incurred in supporting or opposing or otherwise influencing legislation in the Congress or in a state legislature or other legislative body of a county or other local governmental agencies or in any submission of proposed legislation to the voters, shall be allowed as proper deductions from gross income." Rep. Noah Mason of Illinois hopes to add to the citizen's privileges by introducing a bill permitting the deduction of up to $1000 of contributions to political campaigns.

But the sentiment is not all on the side of freedom. The House Ways and Means Committee, which has been considering the Boggs bill, also has custody of a bill introduced by Rep. Morgan Moulder of Missouri which would deny "any deduction for advertising which is not designed to promote the sale of goods or services." Mr. Moulder apparently would permit the citizen to sell his products, but not to attempt to protect himself from confiscatory legislation!

It ought not to take the members of Congress long to decide whether it wants to promote discussion of public issues and sanction the right of citizens to protect their own interests, or whether it wants to leave the Internal Revenue Service as the final judge of when an American should be permitted, as far as the tax laws are concerned, to exercise this right.

The Fake-Diploma Racket Is Becoming "Big Business"

One of the easier ways to make a living is to operate a diploma mill. All that is needed is a mailing address—which may be an office, a home or a post-office box. Anybody can set up business in his living room or basement, and there is one heroic fellow who, in a noble effort to combine business with pleasure, runs his diploma mill from a saloon. Many persons buy "university degrees" so that they can swank around with professional titles, such as "doctor," and thus swindle unsuspecting clients or patients.

A preliminary list of about thirty mills has been issued by the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Dr. Arthur S. Flemming. Eleven of them send degrees to persons overseas, mostly in Asia but even in Germany. "These degree mills . . . undermine" our reputation and "create hostility toward this country," says the Secretary.

The American Council on Education goes further. It has published a study that shows there are 200 diploma mills in thirty-seven states, handing degrees to 75,000 people a year for $75,000,000. Some of the mills actually give short courses of instruction and deceive many naïve "students" into believing they are worthy of a degree.

The Maryland Department of Education lately looked into the case of a "doctor of psychology" who was doing a handsome business in that state, advertising himself as an expert in aptitude testing and vocational guidance. His degree had come from a diploma mill in Missouri. Investigation disclosed that a customer can buy a "doctor of philosophy" degree from the same source for a mere $250.

Some of our best educational institutions are harmed by the existence of the phonies. Seventy-eight colleges and universities belong to the National University Extension Association. Each requires that the student spend at least a year in residence at the university before he can receive a degree. Moreover, the courses he takes by correspondence are prepared with care, and he must pass examinations that conform to university standards. Yet many persons may get the mistaken impression that legitimate university extension courses are diploma mills.

Obviously the fraudulent outfits should be put out of business. Colleges and universities have a great deal of influence in their own states. Why can't they persuade their legislatures to set up proper standards for educational institutions? Although some Federal agencies may be able to lend a hand, the first responsibility is that of the states.

Welcome to the Rulers of Thailand, Foe of the Reds!

The visit to the United States this month of the young King of Thailand, accompanied by his attractive wife, Queen Sirikit, presents an occasion to recognize the stout contribution his country has made to the stability of Southeast Asia.

In sharp contrast to some larger and stronger countries in Asia, Thailand has always made its position crystal clear on the issue of Red imperialism. It has outlawed the Communist Party and neither maintains nor seeks any relations with Communist China.

When the attack on South Korea in June, 1950, gave positive proof of Peking's aggressive intentions in the Far East, Thailand promptly lined up on the side of freedom, sending a contingent of its modest army to fight with the UN forces under MacArthur. In 1954 it was the first nation to ratify the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization for the collective defense of the region. SEATO's permanent headquarters are in Bangkok, the Thai capital.

With 20,000,000 people in 200,000 square miles, Thailand is about equal in area and population to Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa combined. As the principal approach by land to vulnerable Laos, and with outlets on the South China Sea and the Indian Ocean, it is a key point of extreme importance, fortunately on our side. Thailand's co-operation goes beyond military support. Most of the UN regional agencies for economic and cultural aid to Southeast Asia have their headquarters in Bangkok.

Under the name it bore until 1949, Thailand is still more familiar to English-speaking people as Siam. For more than a century the kings of Siam, without renouncing the independence they have always cherished, have been hospitable to the best in western ideas. This king and his pretty queen are no exception and deserve a warm welcome.

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LEFT TO RIGHT: VODKA-AND-TONIC • VODKA HIGHBALL (SMIRNOFF WITH GINGER ALE OR SODA) • VODKA COLLINS

LONG, COOL SMIRNOFF® DRINKS FOR LONG, HOT SUMMER DAYS!

There's no end to the tall, refreshing drinks you can make with Smirnoff Vodka. They're all so easy to prepare . . . and wonderful to taste. So, this summer, why quench your thirst with anything that's not delicious? Add a jigger of Smirnoff to any mixer, fruit juice or soft drink. Smooth, flawless Smirnoff has no liquor taste or "breath." It loses itself in your favorite flavor, adds gusto to just about anything that pours!

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

Vodka Collins
Add a jigger
of Smirnoff Vodka
to juice of
1 lemon, 1 teaspoon
powdered sugar,
plenty of cracked
ice. Fill glass
with soda. Stir.

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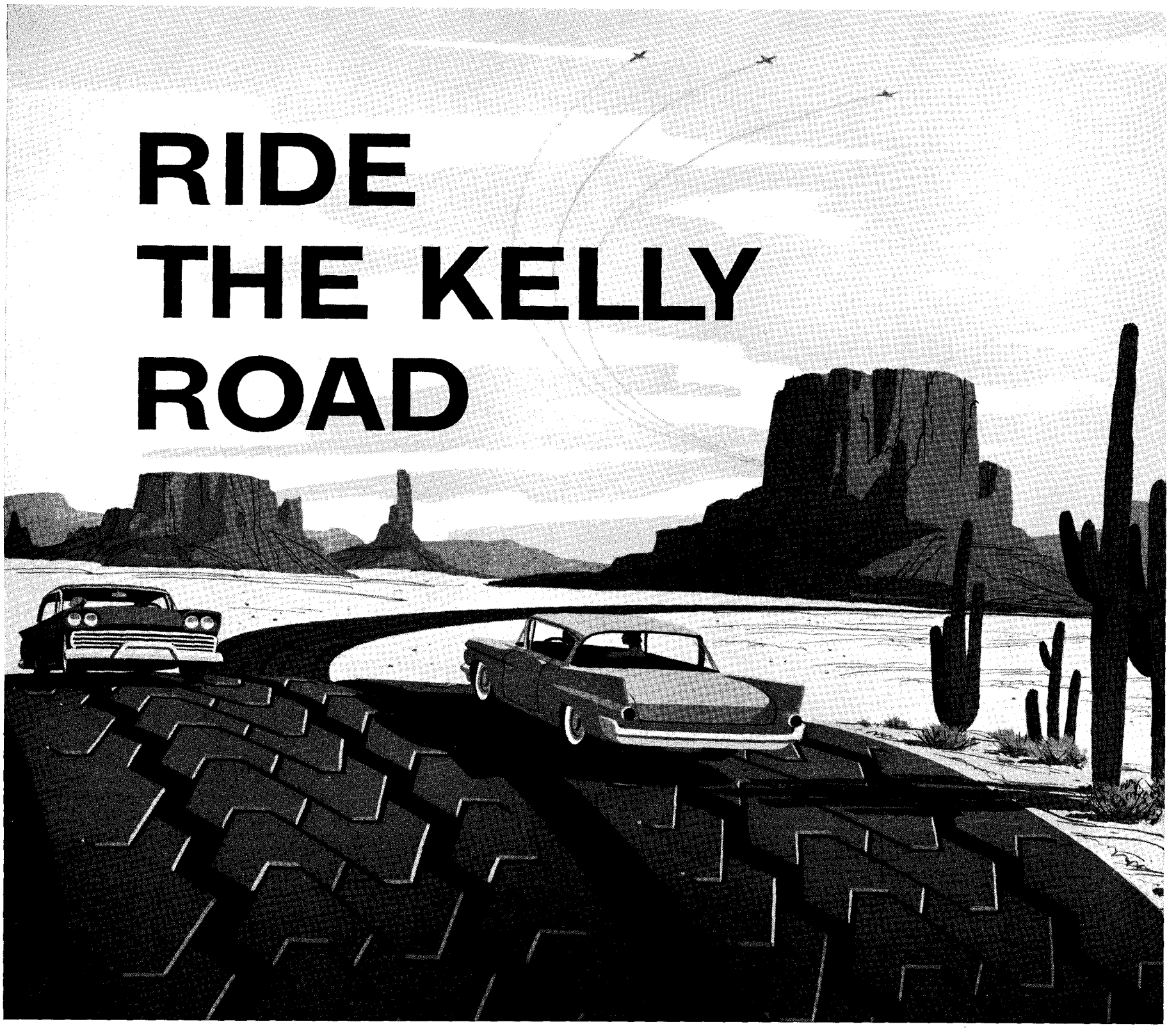
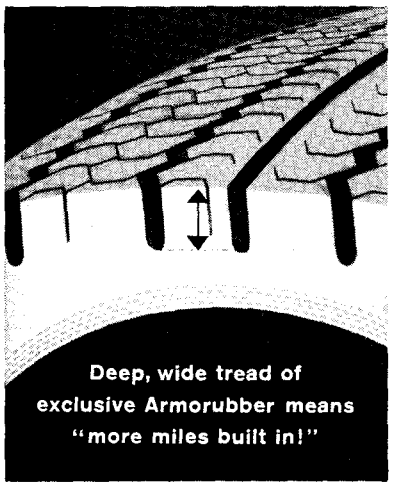
RIDE THE KELLY ROAD



Get more proved miles per dollar than with other leading tires made today!



Whatever kind of car you drive—foreign, compact or standard—you'll travel worry-free and more economically on the longer, safer Kelly Road.

An independent testing organization put Kellys and other leading tires through grueling wear tests. Results proved that Kellys outwear ordinary tires by as much as 30%! To give you this extra mileage and dependability, Kelly craftsmen use only the finest materials and newest techniques. Kelly's exclusive Armorubber tread, for example, is so strong, so tough, it actually outwears steel!

Yes, Kellys give you extra mileage . . . more dependability . . . yet they're priced lower than many other top brands. See how little it costs to put your car on the Kelly Road! Your friendly Kelly dealer will show you the way.

THE KELLY CELEBRITY NYLON EXTRA
Tension-tempered nylon cord body. Unique six-rib Armorubber tread. Lasting-white sidewalls.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR 66 YEARS

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO., CUMBERLAND, MD. • THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

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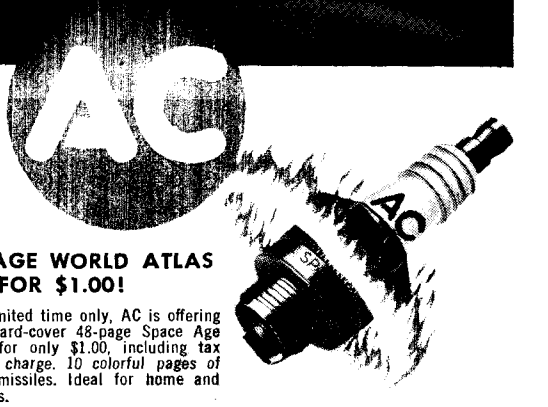
Cardiograph of Power!

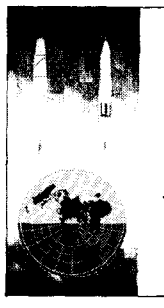
This AC engineer is tuned in on the heartbeat of an automobile engine. He's using a pre-ignition indicator to check spark plug performance. The dials show "top rate—on all eight." This is just one of hundreds of Proving Ground and on-the-road tests that AC Fire-Rings must pass to make certain you get full firing power and substantial gas savings. No wonder auto engineers agree on AC for original equipment on more new cars than any other brand. Follow their lead when you replace spark plugs every 10,000 miles. Ask for ACs and be sure.

THEY MUST BE THE BEST!



SPACE AGE WORLD ATLAS FOR $1.00!

Now, for a limited time only, AC is offering this deluxe hard-cover 48-page Space Age World Atlas for only $1.00, including tax and handling charge. 10 colorful pages of planets and missiles. Ideal for home and school libraries.



SPACE AGE WORLD ATLAS
BOX 1190
CHICAGO 77, ILLINOIS

Please send ___ Space Age World Atlases @ $1.00 each. Enclosed is check ☐, M.O. ☐, payable to AC Spark Plug Division.

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____ Zone___

New AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs

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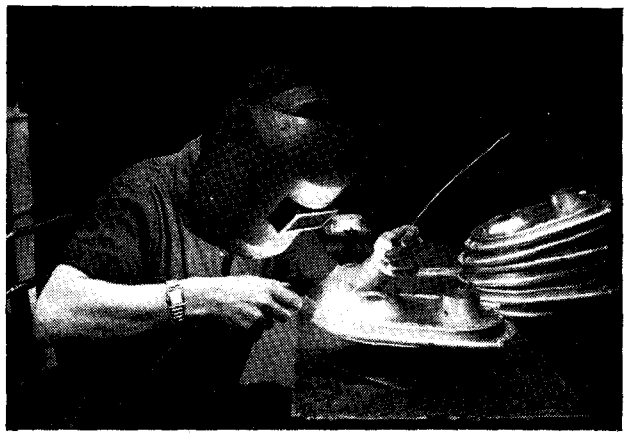
W. T. Piper, "the Henry Ford of aviation," with William Swift, Employers Mutuals of Wausau Safety Engineer who has been helping solve Piper's health and safety problems for fifteen years.

HERE'S HOW THE WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF PRIVATE AIRCRAFT SOLVES PROBLEMS YOU MAY BE FACING TOO...

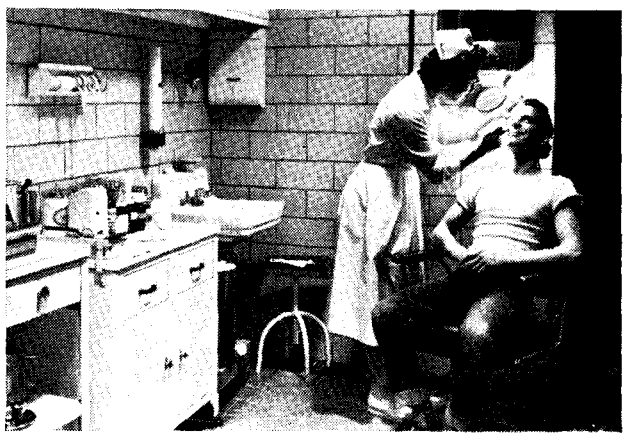
Wausau Story

at **PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION,** *Lock Haven, Pennsylvania*



Problem: Protecting workers from fumes when lead-coated spouts are welded to fuel tanks.

Employers Mutuals people help Piper solve this problem ... Specialists helped plan adequate exhaust systems, Safety Engineers recommend protective masks. Special medical consultation provided on physical examinations and x-rays.



Problem: To provide first aid and health service for 2211 people at the Piper plant.

Employers Mutuals worked with Piper officials to develop the new and enlarged health unit ... Nursing Consultants aided in setting up procedures and records ... maintain close contact with Piper's nursing staff.

Problem: 970 degree "baths" treat aluminum to make it tough and springy.

Employers Mutuals helps Piper work out safe handling and working procedures that protect workers from burns ... recommends protective gear including face helmet, long asbestos gloves, and clothing coverings.

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W. T. PIPER

President, Piper Aircraft, has seen more than 50,000 Piper planes take off from Lock Haven for delivery all over the world. Proud as he is of this top production record, Mr. Piper doesn't seem surprised. "Some thirty years ago," he says, "I discovered that flying a plane was simpler than driving a team of horses. So I figured more and more people would take to flying their own planes."

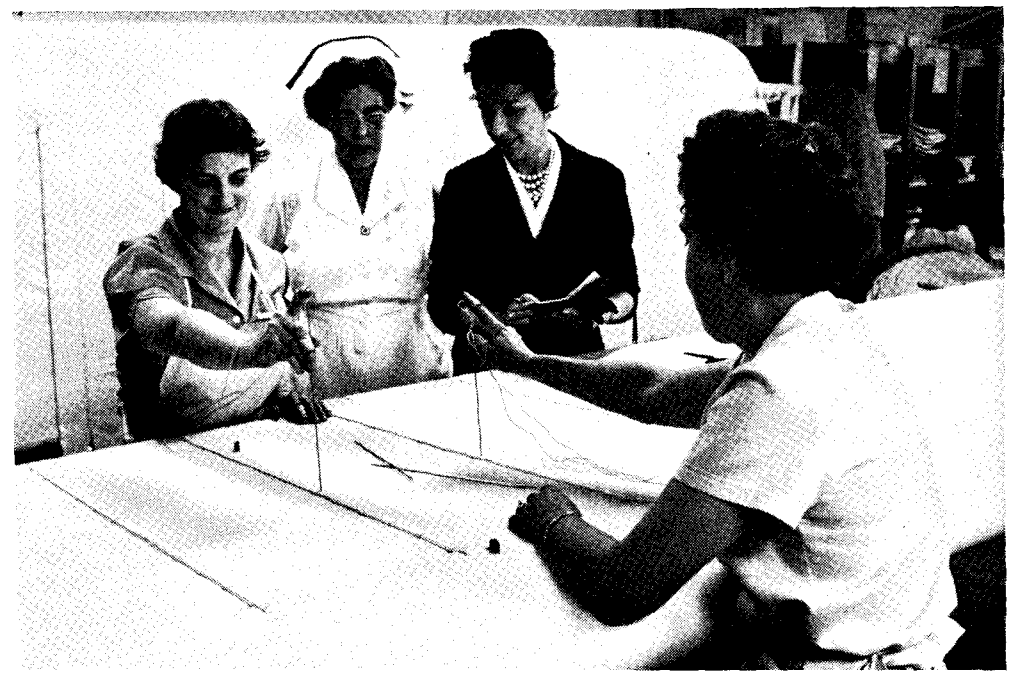
And that's exactly what is happening. Today at Lock Haven, the growing demand keeps 2211 craftsmen busy turning out thirteen aircraft a day . . . six basic models ranging from the world-famous Super Cub to the record-making new Comanche.

"We have to step lively to keep pace," says Mr. Piper. "Our plant has been expanded to more than four times the size of our original factory. We've installed the latest production machinery and adopted the most efficient production techniques. And we aren't stopping there. We've got a new development center at Vero Beach in Florida to help us maintain leadership in our field . . . and plans are underway to expand our manufacturing facilities even more.

"You're well aware that progress like this creates some problems. Quite a few, in fact. Take the matter of the health and safety of our people. New problems arise in this area whenever a production change is made. The problem might come from the use of different material or from a new method. Whatever it is, we know how to deal with it: We work closely with Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

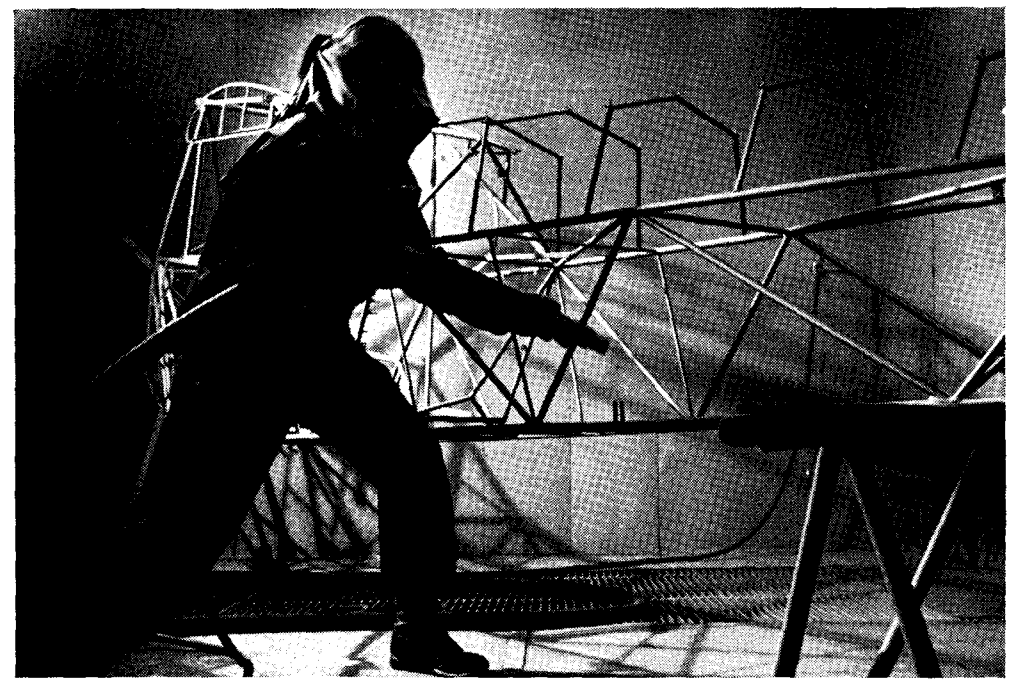
"With their broad experience and practical knowledge, Employers Mutuals often helps us solve a problem before it pops up. That's not always possible of course, but we've seen that happen here frequently. And if the problem is a stubborn one . . . requiring watchful care and continued work, we're sure Employers Mutuals experts will help us until the job is done properly. What's more, they keep on helping us so we don't neglect our safe working habits.

"You'll be interested to know that Employers Mutuals people have been working with us for almost fifteen years now. That's why we can say, most heartily, 'They're good people to do business with'."



Problem: When wing frames are covered with cotton fabric, the material is saturated with a solution to make it fit tight. But the solution often irritated hands of the women who stitch the fabric.

Employers Mutuals helped eliminate dermatitis by advising how to clean hands properly and use protective creams.



Problem: Aircraft frames are blasted with fine grit to make smooth finishes.

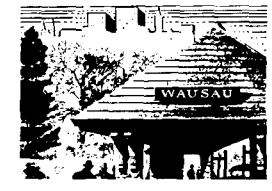
Employers Mutuals helped develop complete protective gear. At one time, work like this presented a serious silicosis hazard. Employers Mutuals has played a leading part through the years to eliminate this hazard from industry.

★ ★ ★

Maybe you don't produce planes . . . but whatever your products are and wherever they're manufactured, you do have problems of health and safety that we can help you solve . . . and probably save you money too.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country to serve you. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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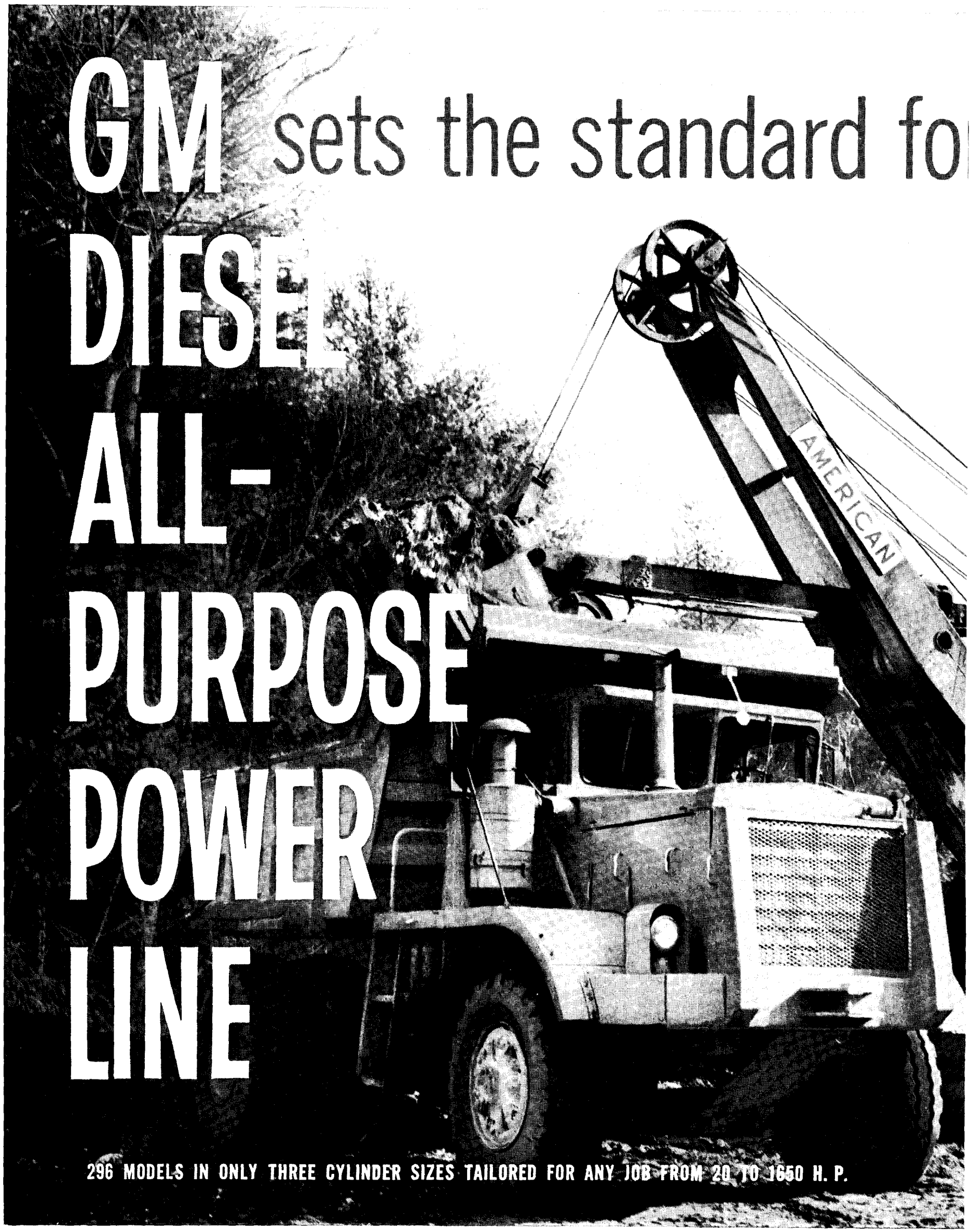
GM sets the standard fo DIESEL ALL-PURPOSE POWER LINE



296 MODELS IN ONLY THREE CYLINDER SIZES TAILORED FOR ANY JOB FROM 20 TO 1650 H. P.

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DIESEL PRODUCTIVITY

New "V" GM Diesels are bringing owners more work output at lower operating costs than ever before—earning record profits on every job.

One sure way to beat the cost-price squeeze is to get more work out of your equipment.

And with "V" engines from the GM Diesel All-Purpose Power Line, equipment owners all over the country *are* stepping up productivity by getting more power from smaller, lighter engines. This extra power helps their equipment do more work per shift, per day, per month.

For instance—the 12-cylinder "V-71" Diesel is 32% lighter and much smaller than one of its leading competitors yet it delivers 54 more horsepower. And it's about two-thirds the size and over 5,000 lbs. lighter than another competitive engine of less horsepower.

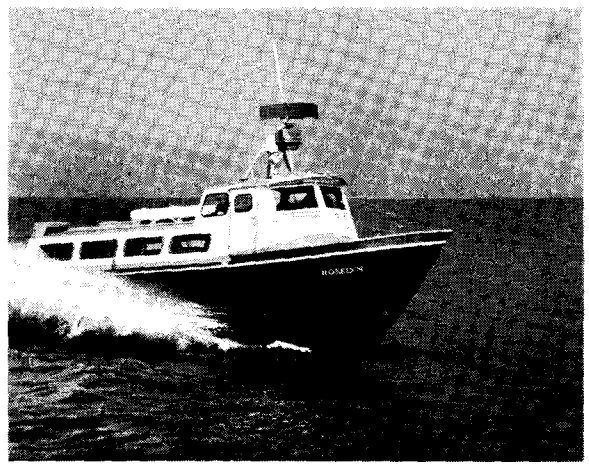
Thus, a West Coast contractor could fit "12-V" GM Diesels into his earth haulers —speed operations 50%. Now 10 units do the work equivalent to 15—which means a capital investment saving of almost $250,000, based on a unit cost of approximately $48,000 per hauler.

38 M.P.H. UP TURNPIKE GRADES—Powered by a "12V-71" Diesel, this 98-foot tandem trailer averages 45 m.p.h. on the Ohio and Indiana Turnpikes, according to owner Cooper-Jarrett, Inc.

Tugboat operators see in the "12-V" an opportunity to handle more tonnage, more quickly, with no increase in boat size. And fishermen can get the speed they need for fast runs—plus extra hold room for bigger catches, too.

Or take the 8-cylinder "V-71" Diesel. Practically the same weight as a well-known 6-cylinder competitive truck Diesel—and over a foot shorter—it delivers up to 70 more horsepower. It can operate at reduced RPM's for top fuel economy—yet has reserve power for faster hill climbing.

No wonder a West Coast livestock hauler makes a trip each day—instead of every other day—since he got an "8V-71." It's a big consideration when you're paying as much as $37,000 per truck-trailer rig.



34 M.P.H. TOP SPEED—That's what the 50-foot crewboat ROSELYN will do with a full load of fuel and eighteen men aboard. She's powered by a pair of "8V-71" GM Diesels—saves valuable time getting oil men to offshore rigs.

2 UNITS OUTWORK 3—Morrison-Knudsen replaced three loaders with a pair of Eimco 126's powered with "6V-71" GM Diesels—reports two loaders outwork the three they replaced.

Or that a Denver trucker saves 5 hours on every round trip to Chicago—a total saving of $55 per trip.

Or that drilling rigs make more hole per day—owners get faster, cheaper, easier moves—getting more power into—and work out of—their costly drilling equipment.

But we've been talking about "V-71's" alone. Lightweight, compact "6V's" in the GM Diesel 53 Series are big money savers, too.

They let operators of 25,000 GVW-55,000 GCW trucks replace their gasoline engines —cut operating costs 30% to 50%.

Contractors operating front-end loaders, graders and excavators can do the same.

And so can other power users in virtually any other industry you can name.

It all adds up to the fact that any kind of equipment is more productive equipment when it's GM Diesel-powered. It's more profitable equipment, too, because wide parts interchangeability cuts parts stocks —common design of this family of engines saves on mechanic training.

Want to know more? See your GM Diesel distributor—he's in the Yellow Pages under "Engines, Diesel"—or write GM Diesel, Dept. P-3, Detroit 28, Michigan.

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. . . a hand in things to come

Giving strawberries their place in the sun

Strawberries grow rich and ripe in the sunshine, but they do need special care. Berries that touch the earth can develop ground rot, and the sun itself bakes moisture from the soil. Today, many farmers solve these problems with something you can try in your own garden—black polyethylene film from Union Carbide. Easily rolled out in long strips, this mulch protects the berries from ground rot, helps keep the earth warm and moist, and smothers troublesome weeds in darkness. Tomatoes, melons, peppers and many other fruit and vegetable plants—set in the ground through the film—grow with spectacular results . . . yielding a richer and earlier harvest.

Acres of plastic film are being used on the farm in many other ways. Sheets of vinyl, another Union Carbide plastic, serve as a lining in ponds and irrigation ditches to prevent seepage. Silos of polyethylene film can be set up right in the field as a convenient way to preserve animal feed. *And*, anyone can use transparent polyethylene, stretched over a wood frame, to make a low-cost, do-it-yourself greenhouse.

These BAKELITE and VISQUEEN brand plastics, which are helping to bring you a better supply of food, have sprung from a constant search for new and unusual materials. Pioneers in plastics for 50 years, the people of Union Carbide will continue to provide more and more things to enrich our lives.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED AS THE GAZETTE

"Your son will never walk again," the doctor told this family. Here is how they refused to let an appalling accident ruin the boy's life.

Left to right, Bob Stickney, Sparky Ratcliffe, Jim Purnell and Jack Stickney, just before they left on the 1958 auto trip that ended in disaster for Sparky, the author's son.

We Learned to Live With Tragedy

By JANE RATCLIFFE

Sparky, my seventeen-year-old son, will never walk again. I have learned to accept that fact, although not with the youthful courage he has shown. The sight of his crutches propped against the wall or his wheel chair rolling through a doorway still brings a choked feeling to my throat. But to him they simply are a part of the new life he has learned to live as a paraplegic.

Tragedy came with devastating suddenness to our home in Evanston, Illinois, on a hot summer afternoon in July of 1958. We are a sports-minded family, and I was watching a baseball game on television. Bruce, our eight-year-old, was stretched across my bed, his attention divided between a comic book and the Cubs and Pirates, who were battling it out at nearby Wrigley Field. Rod, then in junior high school, was at the beach with some of his friends. Our daughter, Jean, was home from her first year at the University of Illinois and was working at a summer job in town.

Sparky had left the day before to drive to Florida with three of his closest friends, Bob and Jack Stickney, who are twins, and Jim Purnell. They had telephoned the night before that all was well and they were headed for the home of friends in Forrest City, Arkansas.

Then—that July afternoon—the telephone rang. The moment I heard the voice at the other end of the wire my heart skipped. Call it a mother's intuition or just an association process, but I knew the Southern-accented voice was a long-distance operator and that something had happened to the boys.

At right, the four friends today.

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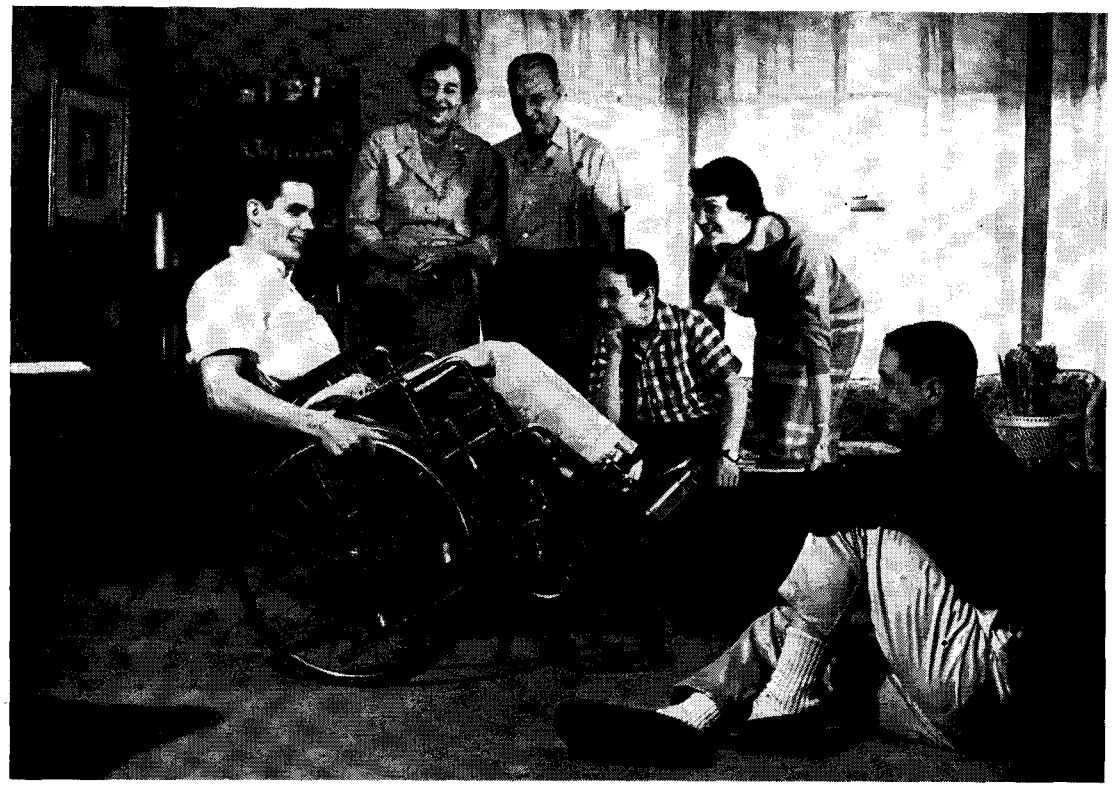
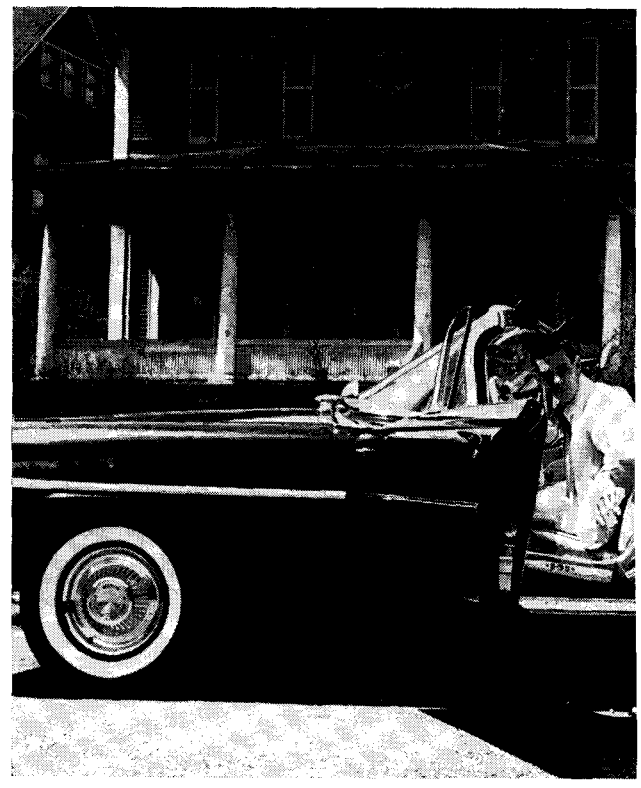


Balancing act in the living room of the author's Evanston, Ill., home. Sparky's father is a dairy executive; his sister Jean, a University of Illinois senior. Bruce(center) is ten and Rod is fifteen.



"The thrill of having his own car with special hand controls gave Sparky a real lift."

A Dr. Horace C. Barnett was trying to reach my husband, Bob, and did I know where he could be found? He was not at the office. Bob is assistant to the president of a large dairy firm, and I remembered this was the day of the company picnic. The office had closed at noon. I told the operator who I was and that I would take the call.

The conversation was short. The boys had been in an auto crash near Jonesboro, Arkansas. My son was alive, but seriously injured, and there was an urgent need for surgery. Would I wire immediate permission to operate? The other boys also were in the hospital, but their injuries were superficial. Would I please inform their families?

I learned that Jonesboro was about eighty miles from Memphis. I told Doctor Barnett that my husband and I would come as soon as we could get a plane.

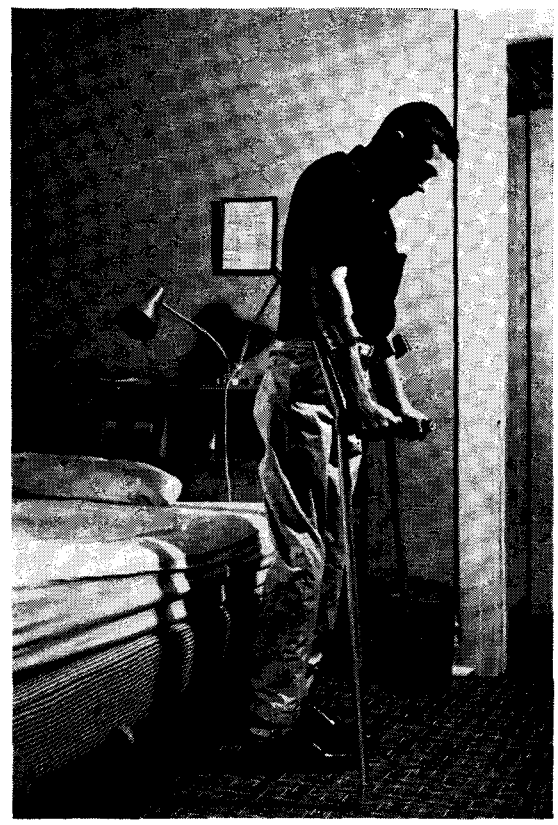
The ability of the human mind and body to function in an emergency is a wondrous thing. I knew exactly what I must do, and I did it. First I had to reach my husband. As it turned out, he had skipped the picnic, and I found him at his downtown club. Briefly I told him the tragic news. I called the parents of the other boys, asked my sister to come take over my household and packed a bag for my husband and myself. By the time Bob had reached home he had been in contact with our family doctor, who had talked to Doctor Barnett. They agreed the necessary surgery would best be done by a neurosurgeon. A call was made to Memphis and arrangements made for a specialist to fly to Jonesboro and operate.

We were able to get reservations on a plane leaving Chicago at six, and Mary and Bill Stickney, the twins' parents, went with us. At St. Louis the plane made a short stop, but was on the ground long enough for us to call the hospital and learn that the doctors were operating.

We arrived at the hospital about midnight. As we walked down the dimly lighted corridor the only sounds were our footsteps and the swishing of a sister's robe. Then a shadowy figure broke away from a group clustered before a door. It was Dr. Bernard S. Patrick, the surgeon who had operated on Sparky. He introduced himself, took us to a small waiting room and asked us to sit down.

"The news is not good," he said. "The spinal cord is completely severed, and the spinal column is severely damaged. You must face the fact that your son will never walk again." It was shocking information, but the full impact did not sink in then—it was enough to know that our son would live.

We saw Sparky for a moment. He was groggy but conscious and, strangely enough,



In the morning Sparky dresses in bed. By rolling and twisting he manages to get his clothes on, unassisted. Then to his feet to begin the long walk to breakfast.

was completely unmarked. The car had careered off the road and turned over, throwing the boys clear. Sparky either had been hit by some part of the car or had landed on a rock, snapping his spinal cord.

His only words were, "I'm sorry, mom and dad. I know you really didn't want me to go to Florida."

Dear God in heaven, what can you say to a teen-age boy? Of course we hadn't wanted him to go. Four youngsters driving all that distance! But they had planned so long, worked so hard for the $200 they figured each needed for the trip. We hadn't had the heart to say no. Usually the things you worry about never happen. This time they had.

That night in the chapel adjoining the hospital I prayed for the courage I knew I would need. All my dreams for this beloved son of whom I had such hopes seemed reduced to fragments in a few seconds of carelessness. The accident had happened when two of the boys had attempted to change drivers without stopping. Now I wondered in anguish if I ever would get over a feeling of resentment toward those two. Could I somehow find the faith and belief that there had to be a reason for this happening to *my* child, and not torture myself over why he was the one to suffer? I am a Protestant, but alone in the quiet beauty of this Catholic sanctuary I found both comfort and strength in the look of compassion on the face of the Virgin whose suffering had been greater than mine.

Later in our room at the small hotel, my husband and I decided how we would face this disaster that had come into our lives. We agreed that there would be no bitterness, no regrets, no looking back and saying or thinking "if only. . . ." We determined never to show pity for this eldest son who must learn to go through life with a disability so great that it almost shattered us just thinking about it. We would take each day at a time and be thankful we still had him.

We spent a week in Jonesboro, then flew Sparky home (Continued on Page 48)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

As a high-school freshman, Sparky was considered a superior athlete. Today he is an intent spectato

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Sparky holds a summer job with a brokerage house in Chicago. Landing it "marked a turning point by restoring hope that life does hold a future for him." This fall Sparky will enter the University of Wisconsin.

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GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING

The forbidden race was on, and the prize was the prettiest girl within a hundred miles.

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Emma," said Amos, "may I have the pleasure of your comp'ny—uh—kin I take you to the basket picnic down to the Dutch Reformed, come Sunday?"

"Why, that would be nice, Amos," answered the prettiest girl along the Delaware and Hudson Canal, "and I thank you kindly, but a gentleman has already requested the favor."

Emma Van Klipperklong was feeling elegant, and she had every right to be, for she was wearing a brand-new "walking costume for a young lady" that had traveled up the Hudson in a side-wheel steamer from New York City and on to Alligerville inland by eight-horse dray. It was the very latest thing—periwinkle-blue poplin with the lower skirt narrow, measuring only three yards in width, and ornamented by kilted plaiding. The trim over the plaiding, cut to shape, was lined with crinoline and corded; the polonaise was short in front and drawn tight at the sides, looping to form the apron.

"If it's Noddy Roosa you're agoin' with," said Amos, "you know he ain't good enough for you, and that's a fact."

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A sixteen-year-old woman does not like to have her taste in men called into question. "Noddy is all right," said Emma, setting cherubic lips.

"No canawler that whups his beasts like Noddy does is all right. I could tell you worser things, too," replied a glum Amos. And that was the truth. Noddy Roosa was a great hand for bullying and brawling, not to say skirt-chasing, in the dim, unsavory taverns that served the tie-up points along the canal.

"The picnic is this Sunday; you should have asked me sooner." Relenting, Emma smiled, patting the blue velvet bows that sat all over her bonnet like butterflies. "I'm sorry."

"Yes-yes. Well, guess I best be getting back to the boat," said Amos with a sigh.

The boat was the *Wilhelmina Stokes*, named for Amos's dear, departed mother. Fifty feet long, looking something like a giant canoe painted green and ocher yellow, she was as trig a canalboat as any that rode the narrow stripe of D. & H. water. Amos, at seventeen, had been her master ever since a bale of hides had tumbled across his father's legs and broken them beyond straight mending. Old Mr. Stokes—he was nearly forty and had false teeth—hobbled now between ironwood sticks, doing the cooking for himself and his son in the tidy cabin aft. But it was Amos who drove the towpath mules, Amos who scrambled for the cargoes of Catskill bluestone and Pennsylvania coal, Amos who made repairs and kept accounts.

The unhappy truth was that, since his adored Wilhelmina's death, Mr. Stokes boozed. This grieved Amos to his young heart, for his father was an educated man who read newspapers, even books. On the practical side, moreover, the drinking was a serious expense, with whisky selling at two dollars a gallon. How he, Amos, was going to put by enough greenbacks to propose marriage to a girl as rich as Emma Van Klipperklong, whose family reputedly bathed in warmed water in a full-length copper tub—not all together, of course, but one at a time—he could not imagine.

But even for a grown man of seventeen with a grown man's needs and responsibilities it was hard to feel gloomy as the trudging mules made the two-day journey to the Pennsylvania line forty miles away. It was mid-August. The meadows on either side of the canal were a zodiac starred with whole constellations of yellow Susans and white queen's lace, whole galaxies of purple loosestrife and pink bergamot. The farms on the bottoms were cutting their coppery wheat, the scythes of the sweltering mowers flashing in line. Mowers paused only for swigs of cool vinegar water in the shade of the waiting wagons. And even the pawky mountainside farms of the families that had arrived too late from Holland or England to claim rich bottomland—steep acreage that could only be plowed by spans of creamy, buff-nosed oxen—sparkled with corn in full ear. Kingfishers, military as Zouaves in their blue tailcoats and crested helmets, sat in the maples along the towpath to dive for eels, and orioles rocked their infants in the willows.

Amos unloaded his cargo of scarlet Kingston Point brick at Port Jervis, with the help of the roustabouts there, and turned down a lading of applejack in stone jugs for the eastbound tow lest his father be tempted. Whisky only made Mr. Stokes curse; rum only made him sing popular tunes like *Dear Mollie Magee:*

Though the months have been few
Since I bid her adieu,
Yet it seems like an age since we met,
And the look that she gave,
Ere I launched on the wave,
I can never, ah! never, forget.

But applejack, perhaps because he had fought at Gettysburg, caused the old fellow to believe the boat was being followed by a Confederate ironsides with matches ready at her cannon. Whilst he was in the grip of this hallucination Mr. Stokes did not get much sleep, and neither did his son. Refusing the cargo of brandy, the *Wilhelmina Stokes* lost a day waiting for a load of green hides, but Amos could not have cared less. He was tarnation danged, he told himself, if he wanted to go to the dratted social to watch Noddy strut and preen before Emma.

Nevertheless he was back in Alligerville by Sunday, the mules preferring New York State to Pennsylvania and making better time on the home tow. Still telling himself that he was not going to the social nor anywhere near it, he bathed in the creek—after all, it was the time of year you could wash yourself all over, though many people said this was dangerous for the health—with the pink perfumed soap he had bought secretly in Port Jervis, which smelled like a ton of carnations. He slicked his sunburned hair with violet Parisian Pomade, brushed his teeth with Doctor Hoeffler's Patent Emulcent Dentrifice ("Brush the gleaming Ivory every day, thus rendering its charm Imperishable, and your incisors, however Uneven, will ever be Admired, endorsed by the most eminent Physicians, Dentists and Divines"), shaved and patted his cheeks and chin with Antheo Complexion Modulator ("Preferred Wherever Fashionable Gents Congregate, imparts a rosy Freshness to the Visage, banishes unsightly Eruptions") and put on the only suit of clothes he owned. This was of black Massachusetts cloth nearly half an inch thick, guaranteed to last for a man's funeral as well as his wedding. He also donned his father's tan derby hat, which Mr. Stokes wore on election days (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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"Hold that wheel over," the skipper said. "If that rudder shakes free, the boy will be crushed like an eggshell."

STOWAWAY BOY

By OLAF RUHEN

The skipper had never imagined that the youngster would risk his life to save the *Watling Star*.

Spread-eagled against the wall of the wheelhouse, eyes shut tight against the hammer blows of the heavy, jetted stream of water, biting cold, that bounced off his muscular chest, big Tom Embers, the trawler skipper, had given himself over to what he thought was one of life's finest pleasures. He was having Anders, the deck hand, flush away the dust and grime of the little New Zealand seaport that lay on the horizon, a couple of hours behind. It was routine with him, but it was a routine of joy; he reveled in it. And he stood up to a hose pressure that would have knocked any other crew member off his feet.

So he didn't see the poor, ragged scrap of humanity, crusted with undisturbed dirt, that Danny Winters brought on deck from somewhere forward, propelling it at the end of an outstretched arm to keep contact to a minimum.

But the rest of the crew, busy at clearing the decks and bending the heavy net to the trawl doors, suspended operations and gaped, because a stowaway on a fishing trawler was something new—and a half-grown lad a most unlikely stowaway. When Anders let the jet stream wander away from its target, the skipper yelled and opened his eyes—and then let his big strong jaw hang open. When he was sure of what he was seeing, he took one look far astern where the smoke from the port was shading the evening sky, then reached into the wheelhouse window to grab a towel and marched up to face the youngster.

"Where did you come from, boy?" he asked.

"I want to go to sea. I want to be a fisherman," the kid said. (Continued on Page 112)

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At the end of this season either there will be a pennant flying in San Francisco's new Candlestick Park, or the Giants' manager will be out of a job.

By EDWARD LINN

Rigney, right, and his boss, Giants' owner Horace Stoneham, on opening day this year.

Year of Decision for BILL RIGNEY

"There are only sixteen big-league managers," says Bill Rigney, of the San Francisco Giants, "and we all know we have been hired to be fired. I have friends who shake their heads whenever they see me and tell me I'm crazy to be in this business. But the way I look at it is that all men are born to die, and that doesn't stop any of us from living. The manager's job is to do his very best between the hiring and the firing."

Although the Giants improved their record in each of his first four seasons as manager, Rigney was under almost constant attack, first in New York and then—after the team was moved—in San Francisco. Last year, leading by two games with only eight games to go, the Giants and their fans could almost taste the pennant. But the club dropped its last three home games to Los Angeles, falling behind both the Dodgers and the Milwaukee Braves. Then the Giants lost four out of five on the road to finish third.

This season, in his fifth year on the job, Bill Rigney for the first time is operating on a one-year contract. The implication is clear. When the season comes to an end, either there will be a pennant flying from the flagpole of San Francisco's shining new Candlestick Park or Bill Rigney will be out of a job.

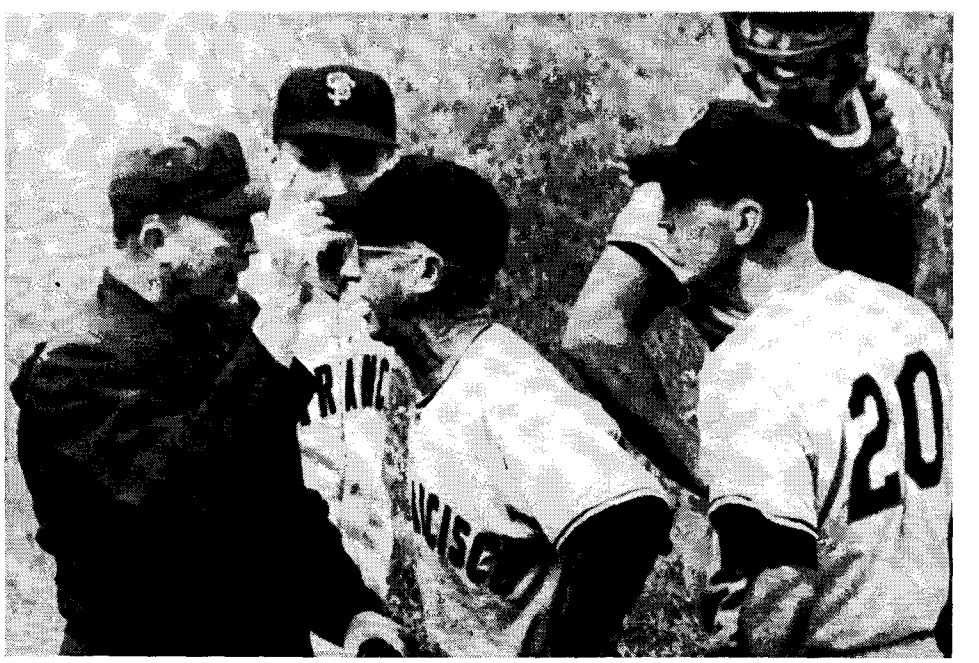
As usual, he got the Giants off to a flying start, mostly through the club's ability to win those early-season games at home. "But," he was saying at the end of May, with his team holding gingerly onto first place, "we've got to hit better on the road. If we can start hitting on the road, we'll be hard to catch."

Neither Rigney nor Giant owner Horace Stoneham makes any real attempt to deny that a win-or-else ultimatum has been laid down. Stoneham is frank to say that his team should have won last year, despite an early-season weakness in the infield and a thin pitching staff. This year both weaknesses seemed to have been remedied through winter trades that brought pitchers Billy O'Dell and Billy Loes from Baltimore and second baseman Don Blasingame from St. Louis.

Stoneham is at the same time an easy and a difficult boss to work for. He is a knowledgeable and loyal baseball man who tries to give the manager the benefit of every doubt. He is also a man who likes a good time; and when the good times are rolling, he wants his baseball family around him. On such occasions he is famous for firing managers in impulsive moments. However, this is always forgotten by the next day.

(Continued on Page 103)

Willie McCovey (left), 1959 Rookie of the Year, Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda (right) are as reliable insurance as Rigney could ask for.



The explosive Rigney vs. umpire Hal Dixon during a Giants-Cubs game last year. "His main trouble," says the author, "is that he never seems to know when enough is enough."

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May 4, 1960: Two days after Caryl Chessman's execution, demonstrators were still protesting. Here Brown (foreground) is surrounded by somber pickets.

February 17, 1960: The late notorious Caryl Chessman, shortly before the governor granted him a temporary stay of execution. The convict was put to death 75 days later.

California's Complex Governor

Why did Pat Brown risk political destruction with his surprising—and futile—reprieve of Caryl Chessman? Can he come back to national influence?

By STEWART ALSOP

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Brown, "hunkered down in the aisle of his plane and shouting like a hog caller to overcome the wheezing of the motors," describes to Alsop (left) his $1,175,000,000 plan to reclaim the Southern California desert below them.

Brown and his wife, Bernice, at the Bakersfield Ball given in his honor. They were married in 1930; she was the daughter of a San Francisco police captain.

Bakersfield Airport, California: The high-school band turned out to give him a welcoming serenade. "In large crowds of people," says the author, "Brown is in his element, like a fish in water."

One evening last February, Gov. Edmund G. Brown, of California, a paunchy man with the face of an owl, sat alone for two hours in the big main living room of the governor's mansion in Sacramento. Sometimes he glanced through a big bundle of letters and telegrams. More often he just sat, staring into the middle distance, smoking a cigar and wrestling with his conscience.

The object of Brown's brooding, a man with the face of a bird of prey, sat in the anteroom of the gas chamber of San Quentin prison, waiting to die the next morning. He was Caryl Chessman, the rapist and kidnaper. At 10:30 P.M. Brown reached for the telephone and called his clemency secretary, Cecil Poole. "Come on over to the mansion," he said. "I'm going to issue a reprieve."

Those two hours Brown spent alone in the mansion suggest one reason why it is worth having a look at the governor of our second-biggest state. Brown's reprieve for Caryl Chessman surprised everybody, including, one suspects, Brown himself. For it was rather easy to predict even then that the reprieve would prove futile, and that Chessman would die anyway, as he did on May second. It was also easy to predict that Brown would be hurt politically, perhaps destroyed. Why, then, did Brown reprieve Chessman?

The real answer is that Brown is a human being, with the unpredictable and illogical emotions to which all human beings are subject. Brown thus serves as a useful reminder of an important but often forgotten fact—that even professional politicians are human beings too.

There are other reasons why it is worth having a look at Pat Brown (no one but his strong-minded mother ever calls him Edmund). As the leader of the key California delegation to the Democratic Convention in July, Brown is a major and much-wooed political figure. Moreover, the problems he faces as governor of California are essentially the same problems which the whole nation will increasingly face in the new decade of the '60's—in California, where everything grows bigger and quicker, they are simply more visible. And finally, Brown is in a good many ways—though not in all—a rather typical representative of the profession of politics, which is both the most important and the least understood of all the professions.

(Continued on Page 105)

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Could she play the role well enough to convince people they were married?

COUNTERFEIT WIFE

By ROBERT CARSON

At the start of a busy morning on Monday, that worst day of the week, a young man telephoned a girl. Naturally his secretary opened the conversation, to the girl's annoyance. "Miss Elaine Brooks?" the secretary asked with no great cordiality.

"Who else?" Elaine Brooks said. "Would this be ——"

"Yes, Mr. Harry Ashley calling," the secretary said. "Hold on, please."

Elaine held on for upward of four minutes. As she was about to slam down the instrument, an affable, Ivy League voice said hurriedly in her left ear, "Elaine, pet—sorry for the delay; I'm always snowed under on Mondays. What ——"

"Don't you ever make a call yourself? Do you know how to dial?"

"Yes, but I haven't time. What ——"

"I note you have your usual secretary trouble again. The dame sounded furious with me."

Harry chuckled benevolently. "Donna? How ridiculous. She's a mere child—and stricken by a guy with a beard and sandals down in the Village. Listen, you've interrupted me twice, and I must get on with the march of commerce. What are you doing today?"

"Well, I have a fitting at eleven."

"For an apron?"

"Don't get nasty. And I have to go to the photographer's studio at two."

"Lunch," Harry said. "I've got to talk to you. Make it Henri's on Forty-seventh Street at twelve-thirty precisely. I'll skip our sacred Monday sales meeting. Good-by."

"Wait a minute. Why do you have to talk to me?"

"It's tremendously important, maybe the turning point in my life—the greatest decision a man can make."

"What about my life?" Elaine said, a trifle breathlessly. "Would this meeting concern legal matrimony perhaps?"

"You're way ahead of me, angel," Harry said. "That topic is high on our agenda. Look, Donna is holding two other calls for me. We have an appointment with destiny at half past twelve. Good-by."

Inclined toward rigidity, Elaine took care in dressing. Her hair, fortunately, had been done the day before. Since it was spring, she put on a sparkling green suit and a smart hat to match. When she stood at a mirror and applied lipstick, she observed that no rouge need be applied—there was a hectic flush mantling her face. Her heart was beating slightly out of synchronization, and she felt confused. This was terribly sudden. She had known Harry Ashley for only two years and had determined to marry him only one hour after their first meeting on a blind date. For ten months she had chased him determinedly, but without avail. Then fatigue set in, and she waited for him to come to her.

He didn't. They had been just good friends now for a long time, which was revolting. She meant to give him up any moment, preferably during a dramatic scene in which she regarded him more in anger than in sorrow, but kicking the Harry habit proved tough. Obviously he knew innumerable girls, yet he was not a wolf or a bore. His manners were good, he was lighthearted and intelligent and sympathetic and fun to know, and he never got drunk. She respected him. Part of his avoidance of marriage could be explained by his ambition and industry. An exceedingly youthful executive, his mind was on his work, and he was bound for the top. The wrong kind of personal commitments might hinder his rise, and she couldn't really blame him for clinging to a sensible freedom of action—the "extra man" seemed to possess an advantage in corporate business, and Harry was often away on cross-country journeys. Anyhow, he had made no demands on her, so she couldn't make any on him. But this was different.

She arrived at Henri's right on time. Harry was ten minutes late, and she waited glumly in the foyer. Despite her irritation at a typical instance of how he invariably tried to crowd too much of everything into his life, the sight of him gladdened her, as always. Success and pressure hadn't spoiled his easy cordiality. He didn't wear those skimpy Italian-born suits affected by fashionable newcomers. He was slim and good-looking, with an attractive touch of premature gray in his close-cropped hair.

"Sorry for the delay," he said and kissed her cheek. "I had a call from Texas, and that's big, daughter. You look magnificent—new and radiant, sort of. How long since we've had a date?"

"Twenty-three days"—Elaine consulted her wrist watch—"eleven hours and twenty and a half minutes."

He laughed. "I was in California for two weeks, you know. Where the rest of the time has gone, I can't imagine. Come on."

They were seated, and she watched while he sipped a martini. His conversation dealt with the weather and people they both knew, and she was forced to subdue her nervous impatience. As far as she could tell, he appeared completely at ease.

"I've had the cocktail," he remarked in the course of ordering food, "and you're the one with the high flush. What's the matter?"

"I think I have high blood pressure," she said. "Let's start working our way through the agenda."

He grew solemn. "I suppose we'd better. I almost didn't have the nerve. Elaine, Acme World-Wide is after me—Rosden C. Baker himself—and Hilliard Associates is willing to let me go to improve my position. It's a great and challenging opportunity."

"Everything is challenging these days. That's the only word they use. Rosden C. who?"

"Baker. Anybody who knows international financing and manufacturing has heard of him."

"All right, flunk me. I haven't."

"They say he's like a father to his executive family. You simply aren't considered without the highest qualifications. We've had several conferences recently,

(Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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"I gave him the impression that I was a husband," Harry said.

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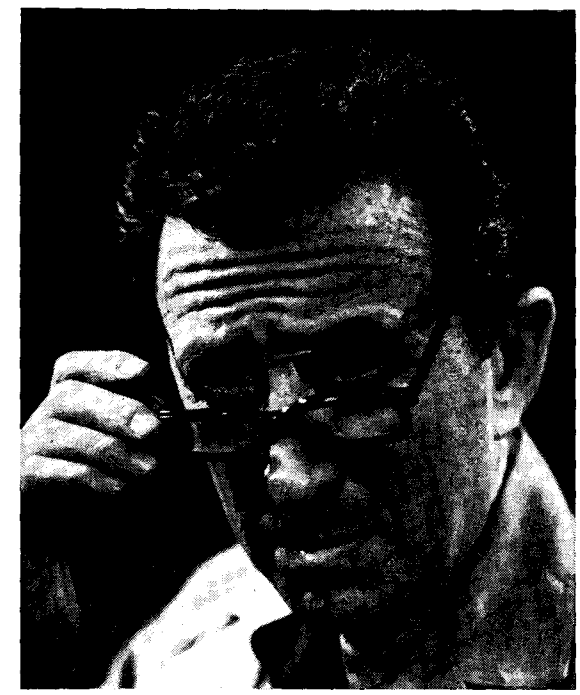
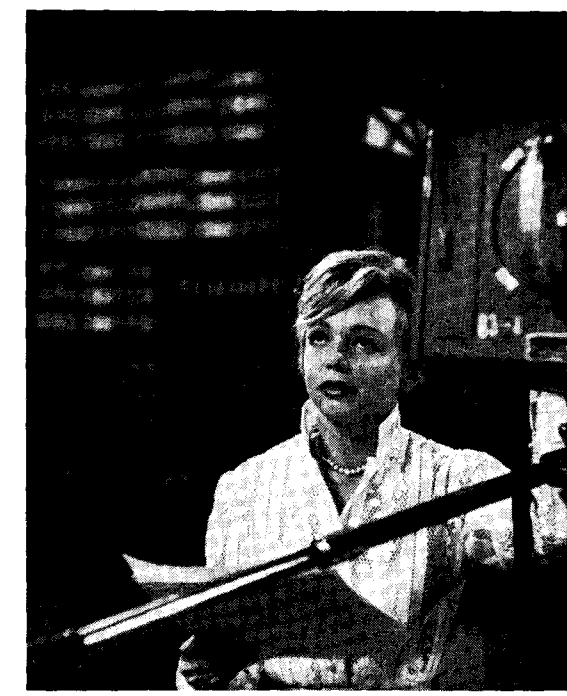
"AS THE WORLD TURNS," THEY SUFFER AND SUFFER.

"Dr. Tim Cole" (William Redfield) was recently killed off in the show. Loyal fans wrote letters of condolence.



"Dr. George Frey" (George Petrie). He long pursued a hopeless courtship. Miss Phillips finally let him marry the girl.



"Ellen Lowell Cole" (Wendy Drew). As Dr. Tim's widow, she plans to honor his memory by becoming a medical technician.

Irna Phillips (foreground) dictating a script to Rose Cooperman, her secretary. The grief they concoct sometimes makes these ladies weep.

Madam Soap Opera

"When you have happiness," it is said, "you have no soap opera." And Irna Phillips may be the all-time champ at providing misery-loving housewives with their daily ration of tears on TV.

By PETER WYDEN

Each weekday at 12:30 P.M. a small, birdlike lady named Irna Phillips makes herself comfortable on the couch of her Chicago apartment and watches a television soap opera called *As the World Turns*. Between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 other viewers, mostly women, tune in daily on the same CBS show. It is questionable, however, whether any of them follow its characters across the screen with the dedication exhibited by Miss Phillips. She frowns. She sighs. She smiles. Not infrequently she sheds a tear or two. Obviously the torments suffered by the TV characters are as real to her as if they were her closest friends.

In a way they are. Miss Phillips is the show's author. But she is not just another hack fabricator of soap-opera agony. At fifty-seven she is the Little Orphan Annie, the Dorothy Dix and the Leo Tolstoi of her trade. Next fall she will have practiced it, on radio and television, for thirty years. During all this time there has never been a weekday when the heartaches of a Phillips serial have not poured across the nation's air waves; and there was one period when she was responsible for five soapers a day. This required her to juggle more than sixty characters and to produce wordage equivalent to a couple dozen novels a year.

Like *World*, as her current hit about the complex lives of several suburban families is known among insiders, many of her shows were for months or years rated among the top daytime programs. "I used to be competing with myself," she recalls. Her gross income now exceeds $150,000 a year and has at times hit $350,000. In the $65,000,000-a-year soap-opera industry her record for earnings, durability and emotional self-involvement with the medium has never been approached by anyone else.

"Getting Irna for a show is like buying an insurance policy,"

(Continued on Page 127)

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The White Warrior

By BILL GULICK

Disguised as a brave, he rode into Indian country to abduct a tribal princess.

All morning grazing buffalo had been constantly in view. Riding in the lead, the crotchety mountain man, Luke Webster, paid the beasts no mind and neither did his Indian trapping partner, No-Horses. But the new camp helper, Johnny Lind, a greenhorn kid Luke had hired ten days ago back at fur rendezvous, got as fidgety as a bear under a bee tree. Spurring his horse up beside Luke's, he blurted, "Ain't we going to shoot one?"

Luke spat. "Why wear out a hoss packin' meat, boy? Thar'll be buffalo whar we camp."

No-Horses grinned at Johnny, gestured at a tree-fringed line of hills in the distance and made hand signs meaning running water, a stand of timber and the sun hanging low in the sky. "Catchum camp, catchum meat. You damn betcha!"

The sun was still two hours high when they made camp on a clear, shallow creek bordered by lodgepole pine. No-Horses climbed to a rocky height to survey the countryside for sign of hostiles. Johnny hastily removed saddles and packs, picketed the horses out to graze, built a fire and put the coffeepot on to boil. Luke lounged in the shade, smoking. Johnny took the cover off his rifle and checked its priming. "Now?"

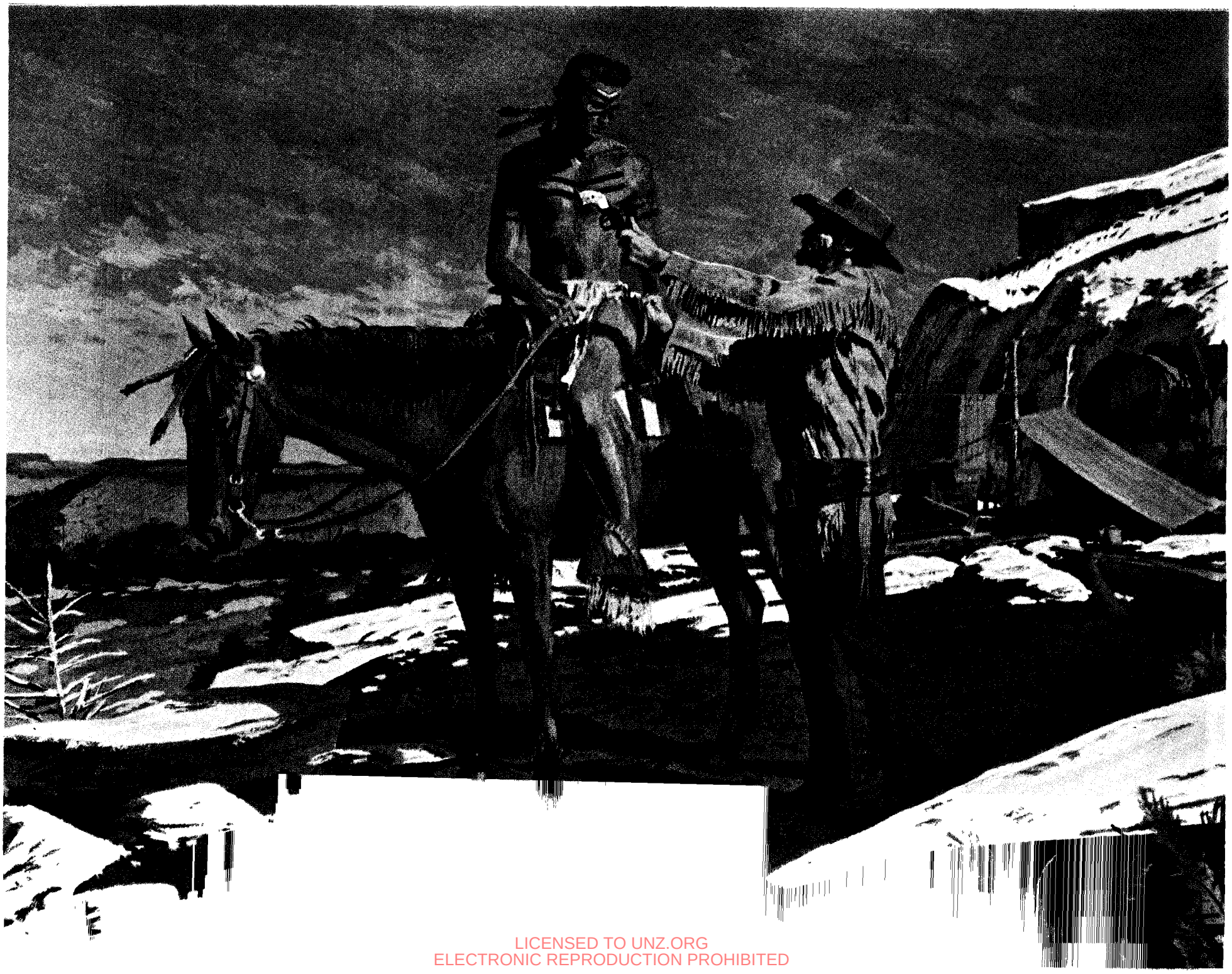
"Only a fool hunts meat 'fore he makes sure thar ain't no redskins huntin' him."

"I thought the Indians in this part of the country were Nez Percés and friendly."

"Likely they are. But don't bet your hair on it."

Johnny looked thoughtful. A tall, slim youngster of eighteen with yellow hair, friendly blue eyes and a ready grin, he'd proved to be a willing worker and eager to learn the trapping game. But it hadn't taken Luke long to realize that the kid had two bad faults. One was his brash self-confidence; the other, his exasperating curiosity, (Continued on Page 121)

"It'll just be extra weight," Johnny said as Luke tried to hand him a loaded pistol.



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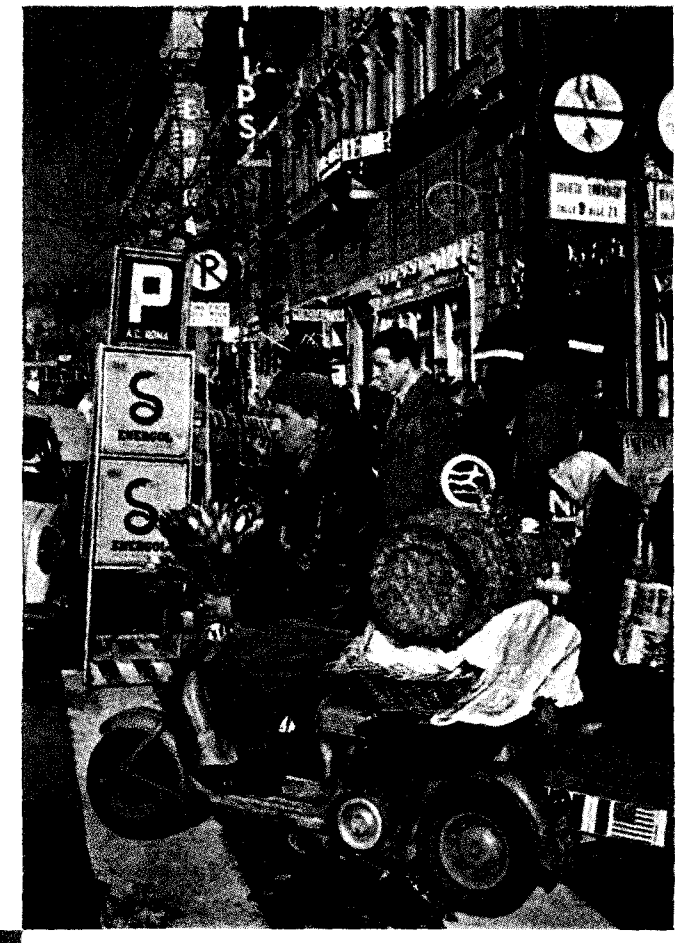
FLOWERS WITH WINGS

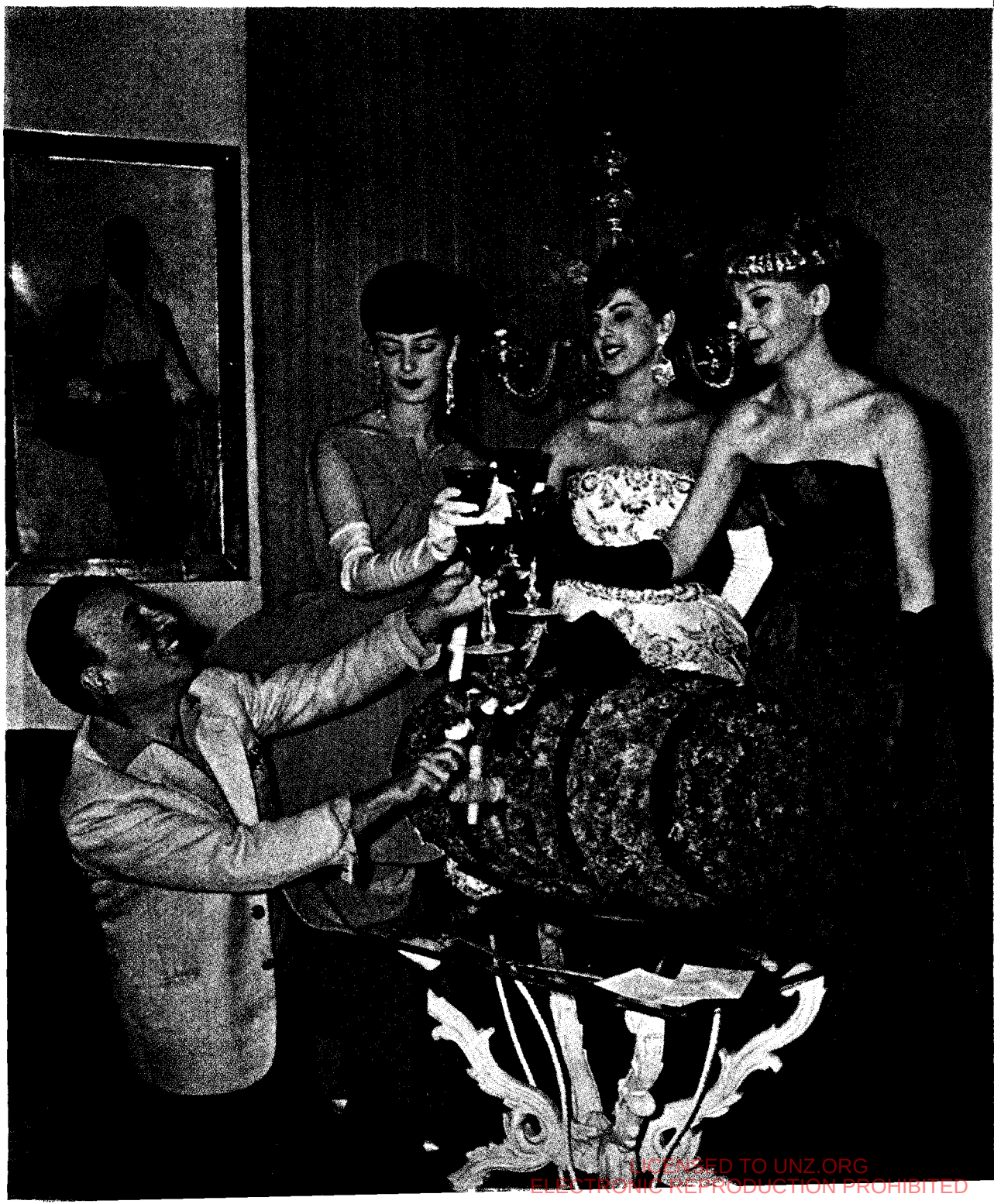
By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Whether it's to Bangkok or Paris, this ingenious alliance of florists gets your posies there on time.



Via Vittorio Veneto, Rome: A wine barrel made of flowers? Cardella's Flower Shop prepared one for the celebration pictured below.

Photographs by Gene Lester



Here fashion designer Emilio Schubert and his models find that the floral barrel, a gift from his friend Xavier Cugat, contains real wine. The occasion was the creation of a new line of Schubert gowns.

From the front desk of our hotel in Paris the concierge phoned to announce in a dubious voice, "There's a florist down here with a flower cake, which he says was cabled to you from San Francisco."

"What kind of a cake?"

"A huge cake made of blossoms," he replied. "I never saw anything quite like it, sir."

"O.K., send it up."

The cake was just what he said it was, a spectacular arrangement in three layers about a foot and a half high, composed of hundreds of miniature dahlias, chrysanthemums and roses, and so realistic that it looked appetizing enough to eat. The attached card indicated that the floral cake was the brainstorm of a neighbor of ours, San Francisco florist Victor Stein, who is currently president of a global co-operative of 25,000 florists in 159 countries known as Interflora, Incorporated.

Any member of Interflora may telegraph, telephone or airmail any other member florist in any of 6000 cities to fill any kind of flower order—a service for which the customer pays only an extra fifty cents, plus any telephone or telegraph charges. Under the Interflora ground rules no member may dodge one of these orders; even if he thinks it is unreasonable, he has to do his best to execute the play. And although the great majority of the orders are for corsages, bouquets, routine arrangements or potted plants, nothing gives many Interflorists more glee than relaying tricky assignments to fellow members.

We learned something about this from our next caller. He was a stocky, jolly, energetic Paris florist named Maurice Debrie. His flower

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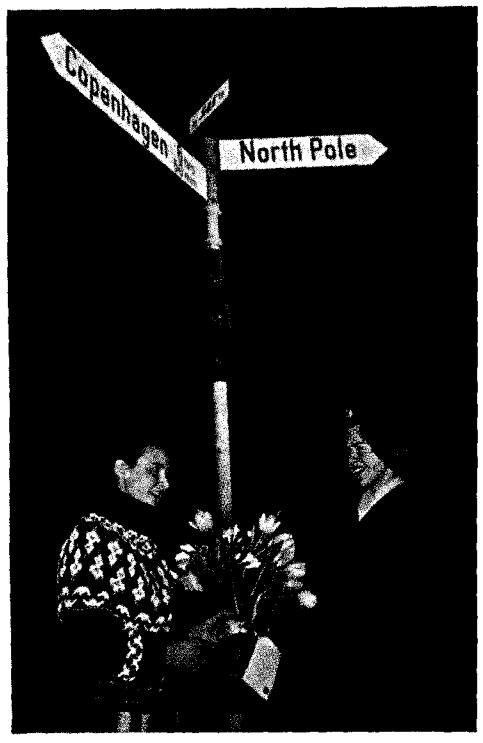
Above, in the Lido night club, Paris: When Jill Salisbury (in black costume) turned 21, her parents in London sent her a bouquet through Interflora. Maurice Debrie made this "floral dancer" for the show girl.

Below, in Greenland: Maria Siegstad's brother sent her posies from Norway. An airline stewardess delivered the flowers, which promptly froze in the sub-zero weather.



Right: Interflorist Jack Shearn honors a grave in Middlesex, England. The memorial wreath was ordered in Australia by a fallen soldier's son.

shop had "baked" the flower cake ordered by President Stein as a memento of our fortieth wedding anniversary. Busy elsewhere when the cake was assembled by his staff, M. Debrie, who is a past president of Interflora, wanted to check it personally to see that it had been done to a turn. Studying the cake critically, he adjusted a few blossoms, then backed off to admire the floral work of art.

"Vic Stein thinks he has put us on the spot," he said. "But we've had much more difficult challenges than a flower cake."

"Like what?" we asked.

"The Eiffel Tower," he replied. "Dutch windmills. The world."

M. Debrie had built the Eiffel Tower in flowers so many times he could do it with one eye shut. And on the third anniversary of the United Nations, he added, a customer wired his shop through Interflora for a U.N. floral flag so huge that it covered one large wall of an assembly room. Once he and his staff had to work all night dyeing thousands of carnations a Mediterranean blue to make the oceans of a man-high globe done in flowers—with each country a (Continued on Page 109)

San Francisco: In sight of his subject, Interflora president Vic Stein completes a replica of Old St. Mary's Church.

London: Two Beefeaters hold the floral coat of arms which Jack Shearn (right) made for Brigadier Leslie Wieler (white hair).

Right: Men from Maurice Debrie's Paris shop with one of his famous banquet centerpieces—a replica of the *Arc de Triomphe*.

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The blackmailer had paid for her threats—but who was the killer?

Now Mason was sure he was being roped into a phony blackmail case. Carter Gilman, using an assumed name, had retained him. Then Vera Martel, a private detective with a penchant for blackmail, phoned Perry and told him to lay off the case. But when Mason's secretary phoned Gilman's office, she recognized Gilman's secretary as the woman who had claimed to be Vera Martel.

Gilman finally revealed himself to Perry and instructed him to deliver a set of contracts to Roger Calhoun, his business associate. When Mason met Calhoun, he learned that some mysterious scandal had touched Gilman's stepdaughter, Glamis Barlow.

Mason ordered Paul Drake, his private detective, to follow Glamis. But when Drake phoned in a report, Perry learned that the beautiful girl had taken a flight to Las Vegas and there had given Drake the slip.

IV

It was ten-thirty A.M. when Paul Drake tapped his code knock on the door of Mason's private office. Della Street let him in.

"Hi, beautiful," Paul said.

"How was the gambling?" Della asked. "Did you put it on the expense account?"

The police found Vera Martel's body in an automobile that had been pushed over a mountain grade.

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"Believe it or not," Drake said, "I won nearly five hundred dollars."

"No wonder you were late getting in this morning," Mason said. "I presume you stayed all night, took the early morning plane and ——"

"I did nothing of the sort," Paul Drake said. "Actually I finished my gambling by a little after midnight, took the next plane in, then came up to the office to get the information from my various operatives correlated so I could submit an intelligent report.

"Incidentally, Perry, you called the turn all right on this blond babe you had me shadowing. She was visiting with Steven A. Barlow at 5981 Virginia City Avenue. I went out there and staked out for about an hour. Then she came out of the house, entered a taxi and drove off in the direction of uptown."

"Did you tail along?"

"Actually I didn't, Perry. I had rented a car, and the only place that I could park it where I could be sure of watching the front door of the house was in a position where my car was pointed away from town.

"While I was sitting there trying to find some good excuse for ringing the doorbell so I could see who came to the door without betraying myself, a taxicab swung around the corner, pulled up in front of the house and stopped. The front door opened. A man who I suppose was Steven Barlow and this blonde I'd been shadowing came out on the porch. She kissed him good-by, hurried down and jumped in the cab, and the cab took off uptown. The man stood in the doorway watching the cab until it was out of sight. If I had tried to make a U-turn and follow, it would have been a dead giveaway, and since you had told me that if she was visiting Steven Barlow to forget about it, I just decided to call it a day."

Mason nodded. "That's right. I'm glad you played it that way."

"But," Drake said, "I ran on to her once more about eleven o'clock. She was in one of the casinos again, playing roulette and having quite a run of luck. By that time she'd changed into a clinging cocktail gown."

"Did she spot you this time?" Mason asked.

"Not me," Drake said. "I kept at the other end of the casino, but I was where I could watch her out of the corner of my eye. I was at one of the crap tables, and, believe me, Perry, that's the way to win money."

"What is?"

"Standing and watching somebody. I stood in one position and just kept putting a stack of five silver dollars down and leaving them there until somebody would either rake them in or pay me money. After a while I bought chips and got to putting down twenty-dollar chips."

"Anyone notice you were spotting the girl?"

"No one. But here's a laugh for you. Some of them thought I had a new system of playing craps by putting the money down without looking at the table and keeping my head turned; so pretty quick half of the people at the table were putting money down and keeping their heads turned away."

"Did it work for them?"

"Not worth a damn," Drake said. "I had all the luck at the table."

"But you think this girl had spotted you earlier in the evening when she ran out and jumped in the cab?"

"Did you kill her?" Mason asked Gilman.

"I'm hanged if I know, Perry. She's the impulsive sort. She does everything on impulse. Now yesterday when she got in that car and drove out of the parking lot I'm satisfied she had some other destination in mind. But about the time she got to Hollywood she suddenly had a different idea. She took a look at her wrist watch, spun the car into a turn on La Brea and started crowding traffic for all she was worth."

"Then you think her visit to Barlow was impromptu?"

Drake nodded. "Who was this babe, by the way, Perry?"

"Glamis Barlow. She's the daughter of——"

"Glamis!" Drake exclaimed. "Good heavens! Why didn't I realize it!"

"You have something on her?" Mason asked.

"Lots of things," Drake said. "I got this story from a source I can trust. It's been kept hushed up and not a breath of it got in the papers. But I should have taken a tumble when you told me to look up Steven A. Barlow in Las Vegas.

"Here's the story and it's one for the book: Nancy Adair was living in Greenwich Village in New York as a free-lance, uninhibited artist. She was taking a fling at that time at story writing as well as her art work. I guess her stories weren't bad at that. She was making a living.

"If you knew Greenwich Village at that time, you get the atmosphere. There was a young writer there, John Yerman Hassell, who was going to write the great American novel and was going to take the world apart. He was about seven or eight years older than Nancy. He was from Texas, had an uncle down there who died and left him acres of dust.

"Hassell and Nancy had an affair, and Nancy became pregnant. She wanted Hassell to marry her, and Hassell, I guess, was a little disagreeable about the whole situation. He pointed out to her that they were both emancipated, that they didn't believe in the conventions, that they were living their own lives, that they were geniuses, that, as such, they must be uninhibited, that Nancy had got herself into trouble and she could damn well get herself out of trouble."

"So what happened?"

"Nancy stuck around for about three months, then suddenly disappeared. And I mean she disappeared completely. Later on when oil was developed on Hassell's property and he became a multimillionaire, he had a change of heart and looked back on his affair with Nancy and realized that he really was in love with her; so he spent thousands of dollars on private detectives, but couldn't even get a trace of her. He put ads in the papers and did everything he could."

"Why the sudden change of heart?" Mason asked.

"I guess he'd learned more about women in the meantime," Drake said. "This Nancy is quite a character."

"So I've heard," Mason said.

"Well, to get back to the story," Drake said, "Nancy took steps to cover up. She changed her name, came to Los Angeles, had her child and a few weeks later met Steve Barlow. Barlow lived in San Francisco. He was rather unconventional himself, and Nancy appealed to him. They were married there and moved up north some place. Barlow was speculating in real estate and he turned a nice deal up there, and he and Nancy went to live in Portland, Oregon. He made another deal in some timberland there and they moved to Bend, Oregon. After a while they split up. Later on, Nancy married Gilman."

"How much of all this does Glamis know?" Mason asked.

"Not a bit of it," Drake said. "She thinks Steve Barlow is her real father, and I guess Steve is tremendously attached to her. I know that when Nancy and Steve split up, the divorce decree provided that Steve Barlow had the right to visit his daughter at all reasonable and seasonable times."

"Now, what about Hassell?" Mason asked.

"Six years ago Hassell died. He had never married. He left an estate running into big money and left a cool three million after all taxes to any person who could prove he or she was the child that had been born out of wedlock to Nancy Adair, formerly of New York, and he fixed the approximate date of birth and tied it all up in the will with legal strings.

"Nancy had washed her hands of him when he had refused to stand by her when she got into trouble, but the papers were full of the strange provision in the will, so Nancy quietly went to the heirs and told them she was going to file a claim on behalf of Glamis.

"The heirs were a brother and sister, and there was lots of money in the estate. They told Nancy to hold off while they made a check. And I guess they really made a check. That's where I got my information. One of the investigators who was employed by the brother and sister told my operative the whole story a couple of years ago, and when my operative found I wanted a check on Nancy Gilman he remembered about it and went back and got the details.

"It seems that Nancy was able to show rent receipts proving she'd been living at the apartment in Greenwich Village which was mentioned in Hassell's will. She couldn't prove anything by a birth (Continued on Page 57)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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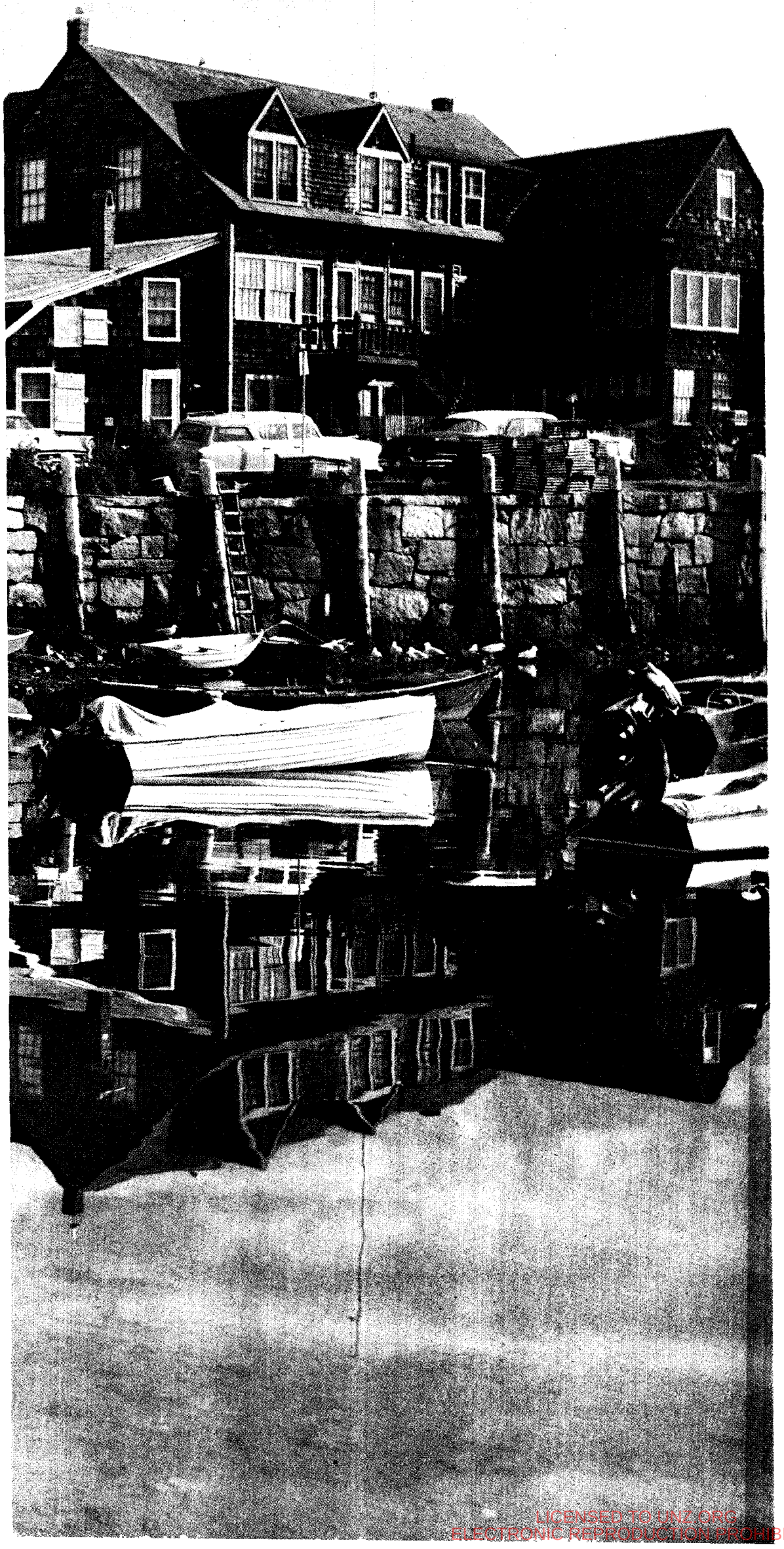

The Face of AMERICA

Images of an Old Town

The still waters of New Harbor at Rockport, Massachusetts, on the tip of Cape Anne north of Boston, mirror two images: the historic town settled in 1690 and for more than two centuries a flourishing fishing village, its fleet sheltered in the tiny harbor from the powerful surge of the Atlantic; and the modern town that is now one of the most popular summer art colonies in the East. This early-morning scene reflects the water front of Bearskin Neck, the narrow strip stretching into the Atlantic and forming the northern boundary of the harbor. Here visitors wander among gray, weathered fishing shacks, sail lofts and piers; gift shops, art studios and snack bars. The strip takes its name from the capture there, long ago, of a bear trapped by the tide. Now, before the flow of townspeople and summer visitors moves through the narrow, winding streets, a man may be seen early at work on the pier, while an artist attempts to reflect on canvas the spirit of this durable old town.

• Photograph by A. C. Shelton

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The dead of Lidice. The Nazis killed 173 men and boys in one day and went on to raze the entire village. They hoped to cow the Czechs; instead they outraged the world.

Even the bloodcurdling atrocity of Lidice failed to break the spirit of the Czechs. Then the Nazis found a traitor, and one was enough.

THEY KILLED HEYDRICH

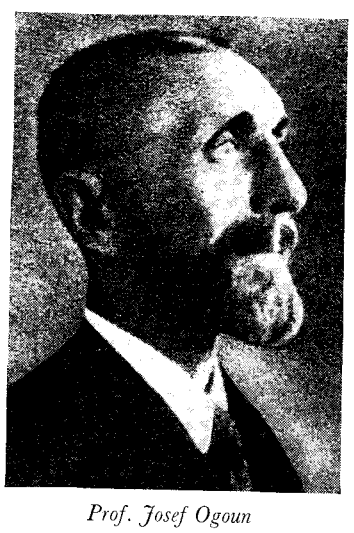
PART TWO

Gen. Reinhard Heydrich

The Betrayal

"Auntie Marie" Moravec

Uncle Hajsky



Prof. Josef Ogoun

These courageous members of the Czech underground helped the assassins. Later, when arrested by the Nazis, both Auntie Marie and Uncle Hajsky committed suicide; Ogoun escaped by pretending to be insane.

At a memorial service for Heydrich, Hitler himself offered his sympathy to the two fair-haired sons of the dead SS leader. Between the boys is Himmler; at right is Hermann Göring.

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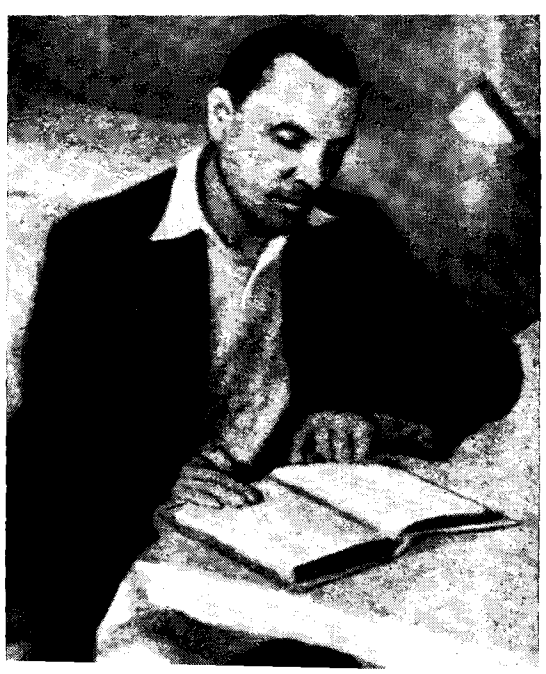
The conquerors of Lidice. Ironically they immortalized the village they intended to erase from history.

By Alan Burgess

The Nazis were insanely confident in the spring of 1942. In their pride and blindness, they could scarcely imagine a successful Allied assault on Europe or invasion of Germany by Russian armies. It was equally unthinkable that anyone would dare to attack one of their leaders.

Czech Intelligence in London did not share this belief in Nazi immortality. They believed that two dedicated men could parachute into Czechoslovakia and kill SS Gen. Reinhard Heydrich, who ruled their homeland with clubs and bullets. The parachutists, Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik, knew what to expect if they were captured: prolonged torture, degradation, slow death. So they carried poison pills, small brown capsules that could bring death mercifully in ten seconds.

© 1960 by Alan Burgess



Jan and Josef were carrying these pills on the morning of May 27, 1942, when they ambushed General Heydrich in a suburb of Prague. But the pills weren't needed just then: while Heydrich was being carted to a hospital, mortally wounded by an exploding grenade, Jan and Josef escaped through the streets to separate hide-outs.

All that afternoon the voice of Radio Prague was shrill with hate. Someone had to pay for Heydrich's wounds! There were special instructions for the people of Prague. No one could leave his house between nine P.M. and six A.M.

Whoever was found on the streets during these hours of curfew and did not halt on command would be shot at once. All public bars and theaters were closed from now on. All public transportation in Prague was stopped. That night armed troops ransacked the city, seeking Heydrich's assailants, members of the underground, parachutists—there were, in fact, almost twenty parachutists hiding in Prague and its countryside.

Jan Kubis spent that night in a flat occupied by a middle-aged couple named Moravec and their grown son, Ata. The mother, "Auntie Marie," was a leader in the underground. Jan slept in a chair, restless with pain; splinters of the grenade he had thrown at Heydrich had wounded his face. When he awoke at dawn, he saw in the bathroom mirror that his cheek was still swollen.

That morning, all over Prague, people were waking to start another day of terror, to switch on the radio and hear what the Nazis had done in the night. The executions had started. Early radio bulletins gave the names of five people who had been shot for sheltering unregistered persons.

Jan went into the kitchen, where Auntie Marie was already making coffee, and told her he would be leaving at once. She turned in astonishment. But why? He was safe here.

He explained that the Germans would immediately try to identify the bicycle he had borrowed from her and abandoned at the scene of ambush. If they caught him in her flat, she would be shot. In his absence she could say that the bicycle had been lost or stolen.

When the workers started off for the factories, he would join them, he said. Dressed as a railwayman, he could pull down a peaked cap to hide his injured face. It would be safer for everyone if he kept on the move.

He also told Auntie Marie that there was to be a meeting of the underground at three o'clock. After that he should have a safe hide-out. As he left he heard radios booming from a half-dozen flats.

"In consequence of the attempt on the life of the Acting (Continued on Page 52)

Sgt. Karel Curda, the man who betrayed Josef Gabchik and Jan Kubis, confessed to save his family from the Nazis. In 1946 the restored Czech Government executed him by hanging.

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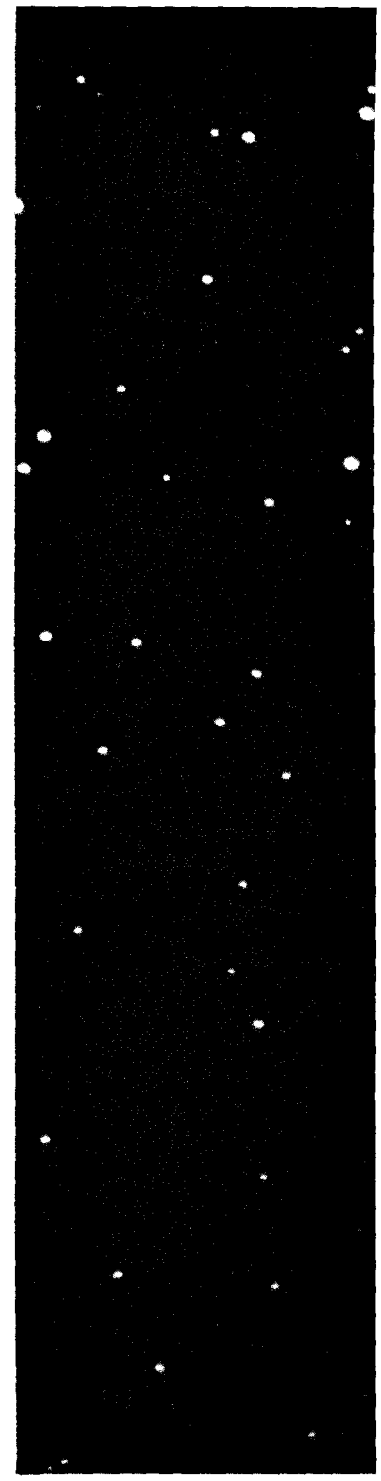
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

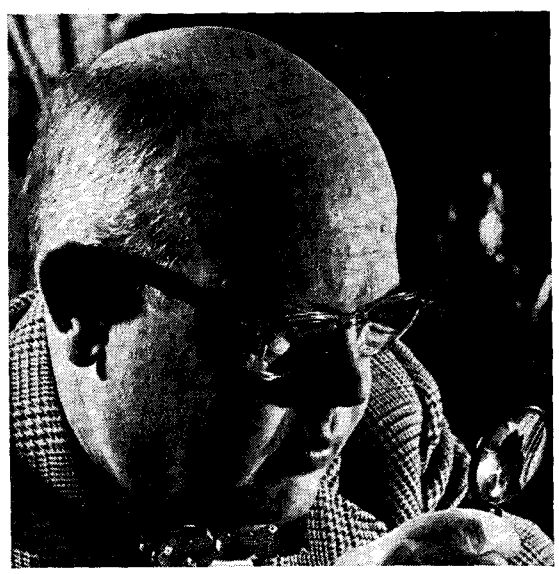
The Origin of the Elements



By WILLIAM ALFRED FOWLER

Except for the primordial hydrogen, all of the elements of our bodies, the earth and the sun may have been formed in the hot interior of stars many billions of years ago.

About the Author



William Alfred Fowler, professor of physics at the California Institute of Technology and experimental nuclear physicist in that institution's W. K. Kellogg Radiation Laboratory, combines studies of the smallest and the largest—the atomic particle and the universe—to probe the mysteries of the origin of matter. On a national level Doctor Fowler has made important contributions to the development of the proximity fuse, of rocket ordnance and of atomic weapons. Besides participating in international astrophysical discussions, he conducts oenological research here and abroad.

Man inhabits a universe composed of matter of almost infinite variety and complexity. Around him, his five primitive senses perceive a welter of endless complication. Even the most commonplace objects in his physical surroundings—a rock on the ground, a cloud in the sky—are clearly not simple in structure or composition. Whether he looks up to the stars or down to the depths of the earth, he sees a chemistry of creation wondrous in its countless forms and variations.

Men of science have long attempted to probe behind this complexity. While searching for the ultimate natural laws, they have also sought the nature and the origin of the fundamental forms of matter—the chemical elements and their basic building blocks. What are the elements? How and when did they come into being? Starting with the basic building blocks, what has been the history of matter which produced the elements which we observe in the world about us?

It has been a fascinating detective story. In the thin skin of the earth's crust, in the meteorites which fall on the earth, in the light from the sun and stars, and in the cosmic rays from

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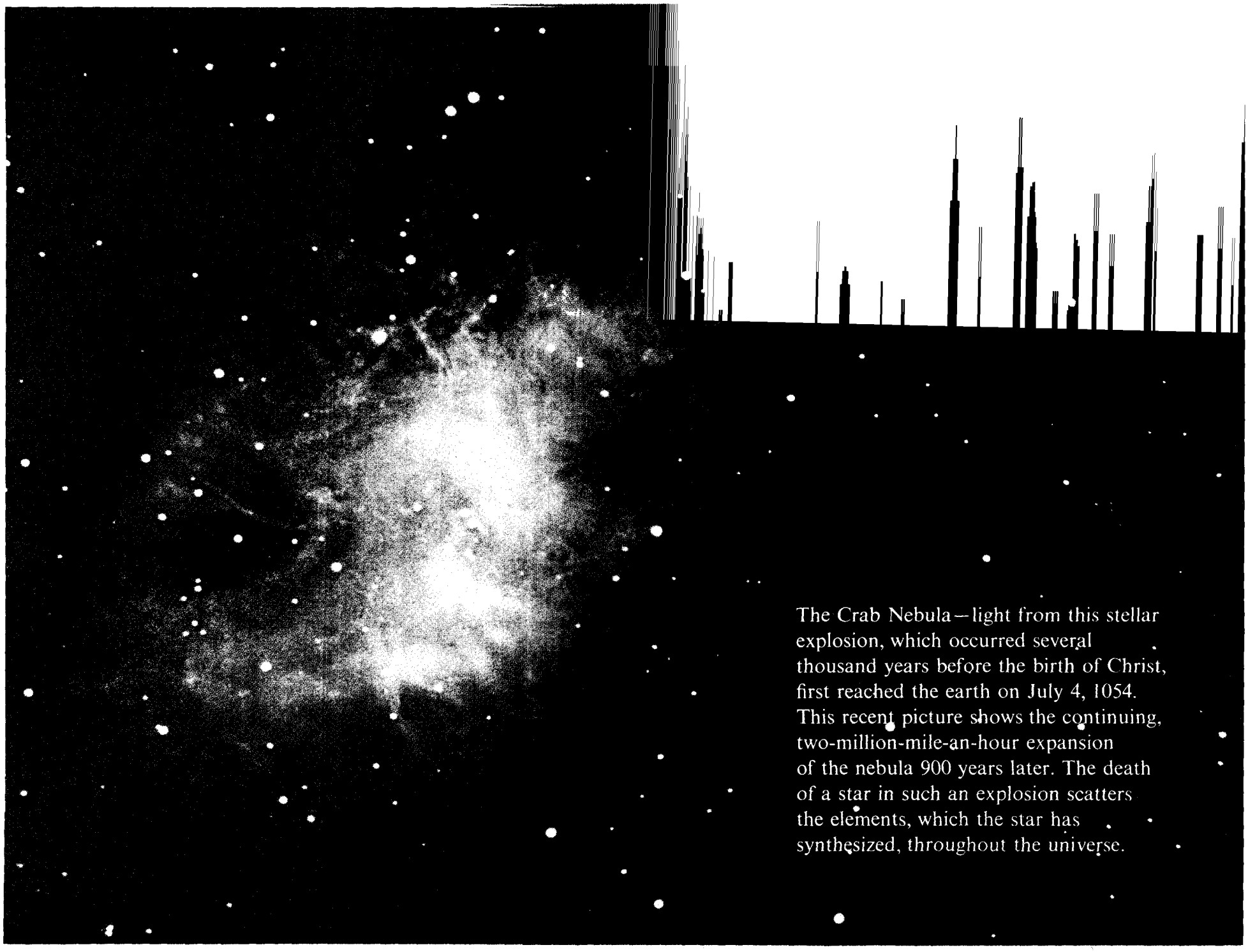

The Crab Nebula—light from this stellar explosion, which occurred several thousand years before the birth of Christ, first reached the earth on July 4, 1054. This recent picture shows the continuing, two-million-mile-an-hour expansion of the nebula 900 years later. The death of a star in such an explosion scatters the elements, which the star has synthesized, throughout the universe.

outer space lie the clues which tell not only of what the universe is composed but also of the history of the cosmic events which produced the rich and varied forms in which matter appears to us.

The ancient Greeks thought that the fundamental forms of matter—out of which all other forms could be produced—were air, earth, fire and water. In the nineteenth century all matter was found to be composed of atoms of what were termed the chemical elements—hydrogen, helium, carbon, neon, gold, uranium, to name a few. These elements were thought to be immutable—they were the indestructible bricks from which the universe was built.

The twentieth century has changed all this. The nuclear physicist has found that the elements are not immutable. The ancient alchemist's dream has come true in the modern nuclear laboratory. Elements can be transmuted one to the other. These transmutations were first unleashed in the atomic bomb and later in the hydrogen bomb. Controlled transmutations in nuclear-fission reactors supply power for cities and submarines. It is known that these processes take place in stars and serve as the energy source for the light which they radiate—but this is the burden of our story. For the moment we must return to the atoms and what is known about them.

Each atom consists of a very small central *nucleus* surrounded by *electrons*. The mass of the atom is concentrated almost entirely in the nucleus. (By the mass of a physical entity we mean the measure of its inertia or resistance to acceleration.) The electrons move in a cloudlike region which is much larger than the nucleus. If we can imagine an atom magnified to the dimensions of a football stadium, the central nucleus would be the size of a garden pea and the electron cloud would take up the rest of the space.

In ordinary matter, nuclei have a positive electric charge while electrons have a negative charge. (By the charge of a physical entity we mean the quantity of electricity associated with it.) The neutral atom has no over-all charge because the number of negative electrons surrounding the nucleus is just enough to balance the positive nuclear charge. The number of electrons determines almost entirely the commonplace chemical, physical and electrical *CONTINUED ON PAGE 66*

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Post Scripts

It Figures

The Fairfield County Hog Breeders Association held their annual meeting and banquet last March at the Grange hall on Greenfield Road.

Main dish at the feed was roast prime ribs of beef.

Last year Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Reinbolt of Bascom, Ohio, closed down their nursery after Mrs. Reinbolt welcomed their third child, Joyce Ann. They sold their high chair, bassinet, crib and stroller, then purchased a new compact car.

Last week Mrs. Reinbolt gave birth to twins.

Cloyce Jackson, mayor of Bloomville, Ohio, waved back delightedly at a crowd of over 10,000 hysterical people gathered at La Guardia Airport when he disembarked.

Lolina Lapolina, the voluptuous Italian movie queen, was standing just behind him on the field.

Frank Bushmiller, while golfing on the local Clindon Heights course near Tiffin, Ohio, birdied the tough No. 5 hole, sank a fifty-foot putt on No. 8, then bounced in a hole-in-one on No. 9.

He was playing alone at the time.

A. R. SWINNERTON

Pun-Abridged Dictionary

BIL KEANE

"Looks like French fries."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Rhyme of the Modern Mariner

It is the Modern Mariner,
  And he cometh from afar
With his speedboat on its trailer rack
  Asway behind his car.

Alone, alone, all, all alone!
  Alone on a wide, wide plain—
That's what the fellow seems to think
  As he blocks the inside lane.

And woe betide the wedding guest
  Or others who would pass.
He swerveth right, he swerveth left,
  And treadeth on the gas.

He raceth down, he creepeth up.
  If he's no better sailor
Than helmsman of the open road,
  Ahauling boat and trailer,

Methinks mayhap tomorrow night,
  As homeward he doth rocket,
He'll block no traffic with that boat.
  There'll be no boat to block it!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Today's Big Show at the Office

J. B. Fumely, president, opened the show with a few sparkling remarks such as, "We're all on the team, so let's pull together," then provided a change of pace by telling several humorous stories. Such was his delivery that even though his audience had heard each story many times, every member was convulsed with laughter.

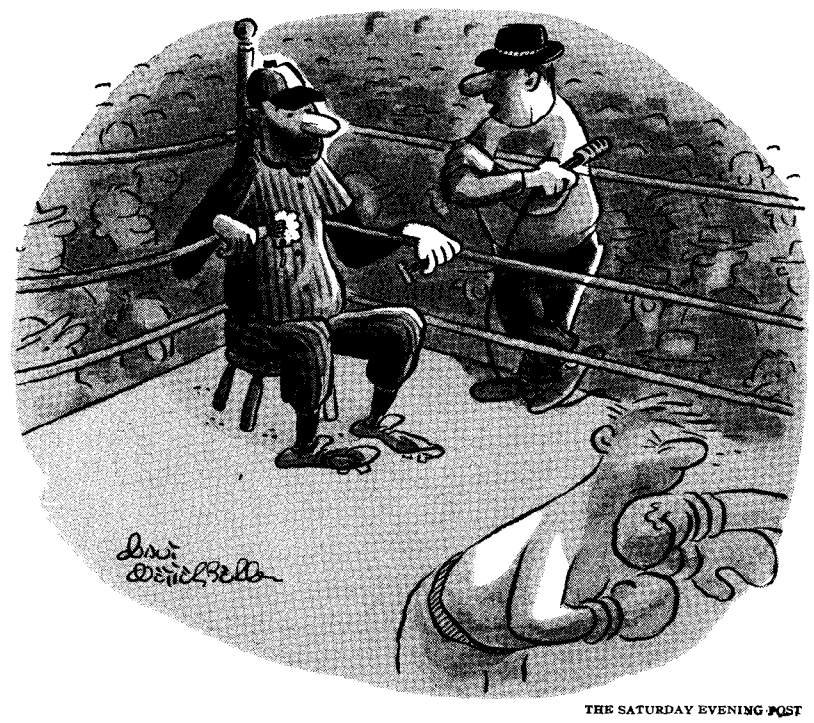
Ella Wowston put on quite a show all by herself by appearing in a tight, low-cut print dress. Few performers have so captured the attention of an audience as Miss Wowston did today.

Joe Clink did a clever disappearing act when Miss Gimbel, the office collection taker, approached his desk. Joe performed many encores, since Miss Gimbel returned four times.

Albert Renhime did a truly great dance routine, carrying the same papers back and forth through the office for nearly forty-five minutes.

Other events in the show which merit a mention were John, Frank and Fred and Their Fabulous Water-Cooler Departure, Miss Shirley Croots and Her Nail-File-Lipstick-and-Powder Routine, and of course, The Final Grand Parade, also known as the Five o'Clock Stampede.

GENE HERNDON



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No need to be nervous—when the round ends, just go out there and shave."

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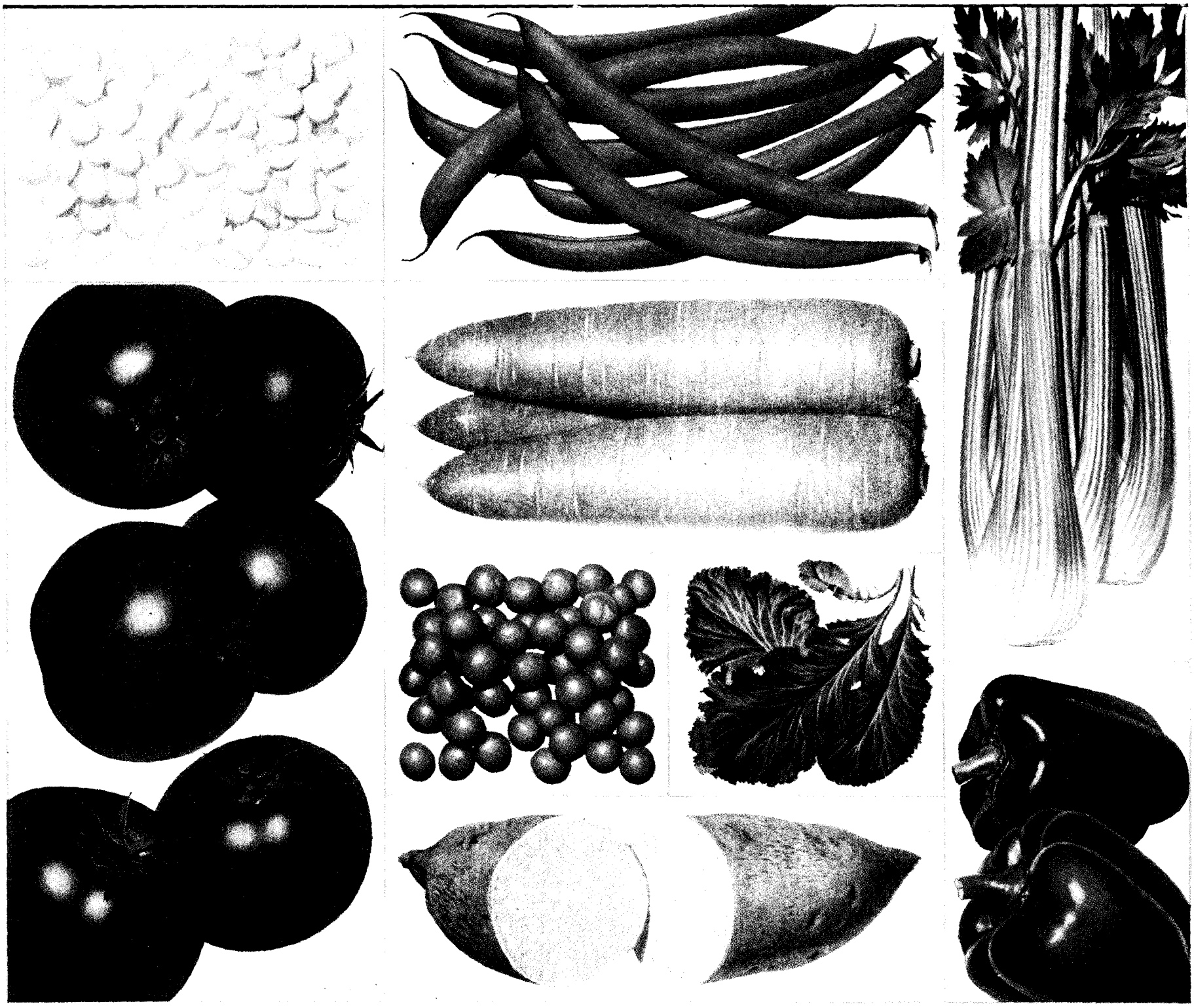
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Why Campbell color-plans its soups

It perks up the appetite, helps you enjoy a meal more

It's a well-known fact that we "eat with our eyes" as well as our mouths. Foods that have bright, appealing color call to the appetite, stimulate digestive processes and seem to make good meals more appetizing.

That's why Campbell's chefs cook with an eye to color. It's part of the goodness of good soup. Take Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, for instance. Here a whole garden of gay red, green and yellow vegetables is blended with rich, brown beef and tender grains of pearl barley. The happy result not only appeals to the eye, but provides you with many of nature's most nutritious products.

Color-planning starts in the fields

Campbell's fussiness about color begins long before we start the soup simmering. It goes as far back as our research stations. Our famous Campbell Tomato, our carrot, our okra and our sweet green peppers all have been crossbred with color in mind.

Color is an important extra

So you see, when our chefs blend the flavors of many vegetables to get another entirely different and delicious flavor—they don't for one minute forget about color. They know that it is important extras like this that make our soups taste better.

It may not have occurred to you that color-planning plays such a significant role in bringing you good things to eat from Campbell's Kitchens. But it is all part and parcel of what we mean when we say: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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NEW

BAND-AID
TRADEMARK
PLASTIC STRIPS

EXTRA LARGE

Johnson & Johnson

Now really big for big scrapes and cuts. (Big, soft absorbent pad equals 3 or more regular-size pads.)

Aerated . . . hundreds and hundreds of tiny vents let skin "breathe" for faster healing . . . easy removal.

Super-Stick. Won't loosen in water.

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Hendrik slashed at the lion with his knife.

Journey Into Danger

By STUART CLOETE

The lion had drawn blood. There was no chance to run.

"Canaan! The Promised Land!" *Oom* Willem Prinsloo shouted as he saw the great rich valley below him. Old Willem had led the Boers through a thousand miles of wilderness, through incredible dangers, to reach this new country. Now one more obstacle remained—the valley was surrounded by high mountains and seemed inaccessible. It was up to Harry Bates, the English deserter whose courage and ability had earned him the highest respect of the Boers, to find a way down to "Canaan."

CONCLUSION

With mixed feelings the Boers set about making their camp. A protective ring of wagons was neither possible nor necessary up here. They had arrived. Moses had led them out of the wilderness. The promised land was there and, from this distance, looked fully up to their expectations; but never had so near a place seemed so far away. In distance, before God, it was but yards away. Stand on the cliffside, drop a stone, and it fell into this earthly paradise. But a man was not a stone, and there was from here an almost vertical descent of a thousand feet.

Leaving the others, Harry went off alone to explore. They were on a saddleback. On one side was a deep *kloof* filled with trees, with a raging torrent at its base. On the other lay the valley that *Oom* Willem had described so often. But his party must have approached it from another quarter, and he had forgotten this great *krans* that cut it off. Or this was not his valley at all, but another that resembled it and which looked as if it would do—if ever they got down to it—quite as well.

He walked on slowly. The hog's back, or neck, ran straight for two miles and then ended in a mountain, running into it at right angles. This ended his search. They could go no farther; the descent must be made between the place where he now stood and the outspan where the wagons waited. If worst came to worst, they could get down there by taking the wagons to pieces and carrying them down, a plank and a wheel at a time. Much stock would be lost, and men also might fall, but it could be done.

Harry came slowly back, walking on the very edge of the cliff and pausing every few yards to look down. At last he found a place. Not good—in fact, had the others not been so bad, it would have seemed impossible. It was merely better than the others, no more than that, and still impossible to any but the boldest drivers forced by desperation to take their chances.

"Well?" *Oom* Willem said when he got back.

"I have found a way."

"A good way?"

"No, a bad way, as bad as can be, but the best there is. With ten men, in a week we can make a road of sorts. With picks and crowbars we can cut out the mountainside and move the smaller rocks. Then with the skills we have and God's help, we shall be able to get the wagons down, slowly, one by one."

More than a week passed before the road took shape. First, in order to get over the ridge, a cutting had to be made. Then, working sometimes in the steepest places with thongs on their belts, fastened to pegs driven into the cliff face, the men levered away rocks, cut into the *krans* and dragged down the trees that were set like corduroy at right angles to the face. They were inset on the cliffside, lashed to vertical posts sunk into the outer slope and then covered with branches and earth and stones from above. It was never a road and could never become one.

A toboggan track was how the Rev. Charles Gordon described it. "Aye," he said, "with a bit of snow upon it, what a fine slide it would make." But he worked at it with the others.

So did the complaining smous. "Man," he said to Harry, "fancy me, working with my hands. Me, a Jew!" (Continued on Page 92)

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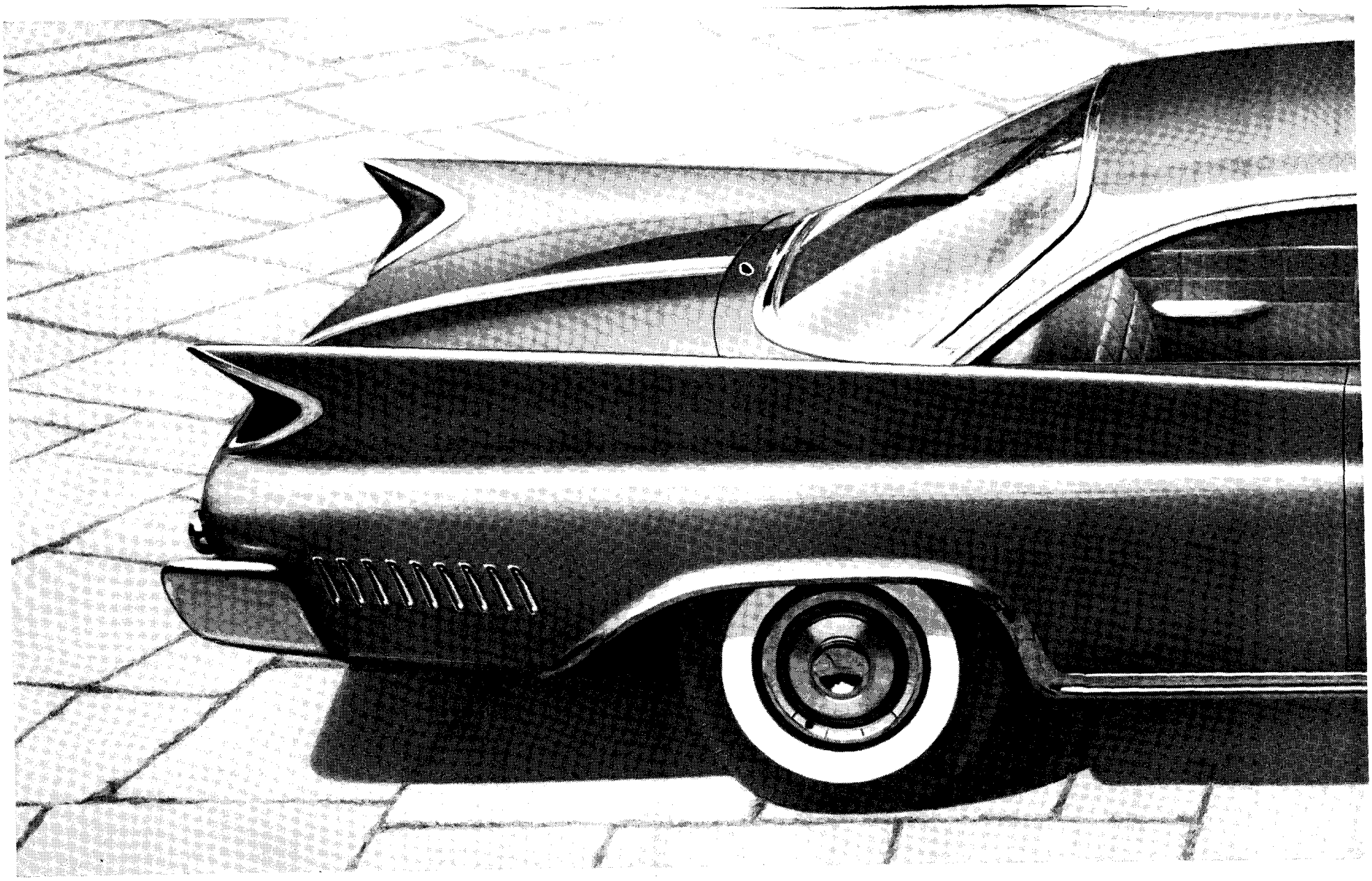

You're looking at styling

From Chrysler Corporation for 1960: styling with a purpose

In this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, Chrysler Corporation cars took more first places (four out of six) and more second places (five out of six) than all other cars combined. And every one of these cars, from the compact Valiant to the luxurious Imperial, averaged better than 20 miles per gallon.

If economy like this appeals to you—and you don't want to give up styling, comfort, or performance to get it—then you owe yourself a drive in a 1960 car from Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH . . . 1st in 8-cyl. low price class, 22.88 miles per gallon. **1st** in 6-cyl. low-price class, 24.82 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars won 5 out of 6 seconds, too.)

IMPERIAL . . . 1st in high price class, 20.50 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars [illegible] possible first and second places.)

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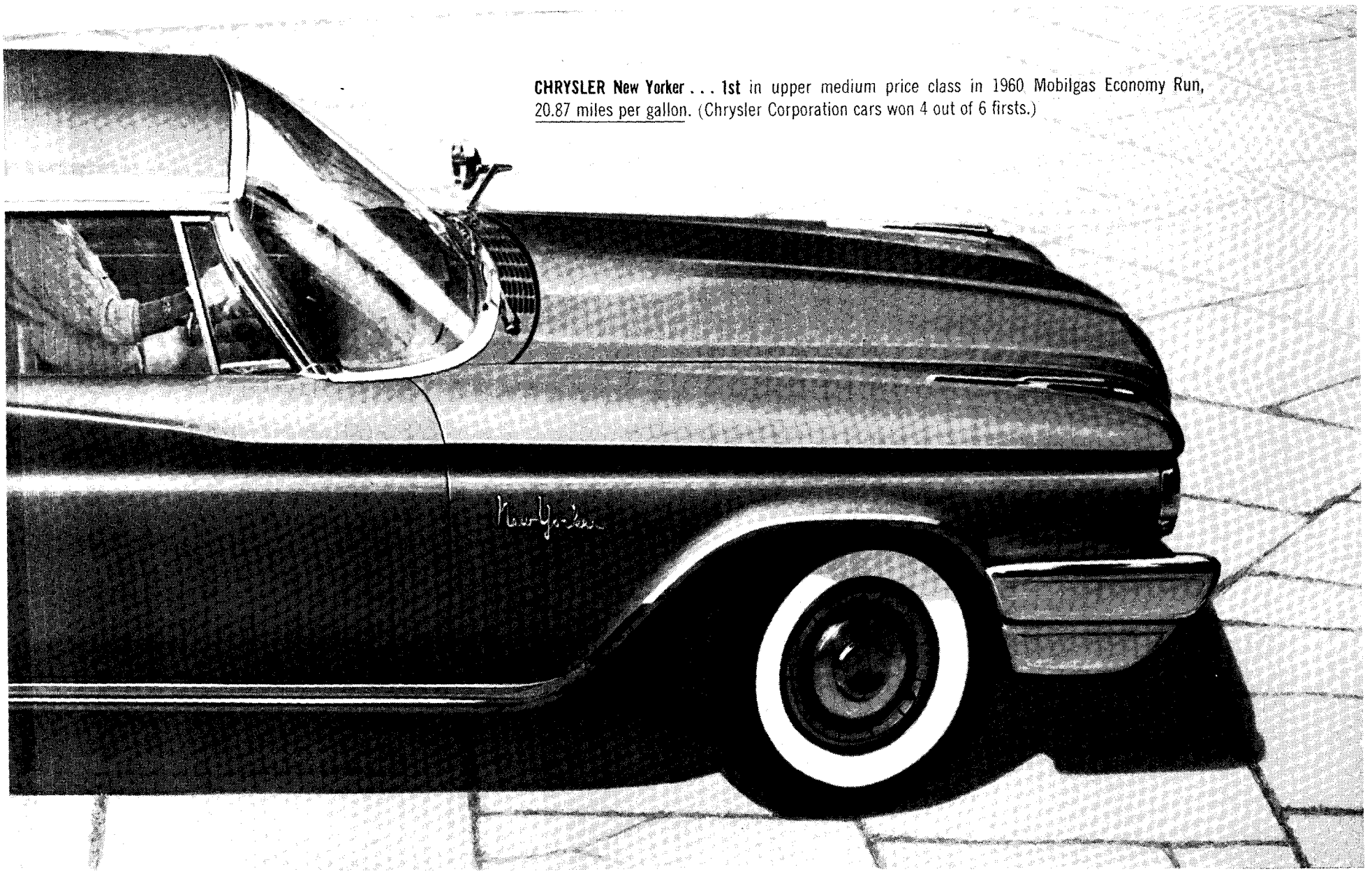

CHRYSLER New Yorker . . . 1st in upper medium price class in 1960 Mobilgas Economy Run, 20.87 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars won 4 out of 6 firsts.)

that goes easy on gas

See how famous Torsion-Aire Ride straightens ut winding roads, and corners level as a sports ar . . . see how much more secure you feel, rrounded by the silent strength of Unibody, ie new and better way to build cars that puts ie damper on squeaks and rattles. Both of these xtra-value features are yours at no extra cost.

More style, more economy, *more car*—they go ogether in the 1960 cars from Chrysler Corpo-ation. Let a drive bring out the difference great ngineering makes. At your dealer's. Soon.

USAC **Chrysler Corporation cars win it big in the 1960 Mobilgas Economy Run**

Compact class	2nd Place—	VALIANT	27.29 MPG
6-cyl. low price class	1st Place—	PLYMOUTH	24.82 MPG
	2nd Place—	DODGE DART	24.74 MPG
	3rd Place—	PLYMOUTH	24.73 MPG
8-cyl. low price class	1st Place—	PLYMOUTH	22.88 MPG
	2nd Place—	PLYMOUTH	22.52 MPG
	3rd Place—	DODGE DART	22.28 MPG
Low medium price class	2nd Place—	DODGE	21.12 MPG
Upper medium price class	1st Place—	CHRYSLER New Yorker	20.87 MPG
	2nd Place—	DE SOTO	20.36 MPG
High price class	1st Place—	IMPERIAL	20.50 MPG

Pure automobile...The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet

from CHRYSLER CORPORATION

VALIANT • PLYMOUTH • DODGE DART • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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We Learned to Live With Tragedy

(Continued from Page 20)

in a chartered ambulance plane. He stayed in a general hospital for another month, and late in August we moved him to the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago. Here he lived for ten months, learning to use to the maximum those faculties which now must compensate for the loss of the use of his legs.

Physical therapy is hard, grueling work. Sparky's progress was slow, and I learned I must think in terms of months rather than days or weeks.

By November he had been fitted with braces and was learning to "walk." I knew he was eager to show me how well he was doing, but I dreaded it. I had been appalled at the sight of his braces. They were heavy steel with leather bands and straps made to extend from his hips to the shoes that were permanently attached. He looked so normal in bed or in his wheel chair. How could I endure seeing him struggle to "walk" encased in such a contraption?

The afternoon I went down to Rehabilitation to face the ordeal, Sparky was waiting for me in the physical-therapy room, sitting in his wheel chair, a crutch on either arm.

He greeted me with a grin. "Watch this, mom."

Then, with a sudden lunge that terrified me, he was upright and "walking." As I watched my tall son move across the floor swinging his legs in long arcs, a tremendous feeling of pride and relief came over me. It was good to see him erect again. Tenacity had never been one of his better qualities, but I knew this effort had taken hours of hard work. From this moment on I would never worry that he might give up. I was so proud I had to turn away so he wouldn't see my quick tears and misunderstand the reason for them.

Sparky was discharged from the Rehabilitation Institute on May 22, 1959. I was worried over the possibility that the familiar home surroundings would cause him frustration. How would he feel when he couldn't manage some of the most ordinary things he had always done in the house? Would the normal desires and needs of a teen-age boy, trapped in a body unable to respond, result in despondency?

I called a friend who is a registered nurse. She said she'd be glad to give us any help we needed. I contacted the Visiting Nurse Association. Their facilities were available. But I needn't have troubled. What Sparky could do for himself, he did. What help he needed he asked for in a completely unself-conscious manner. He knew better than anyone his capabilities and his limitations. His matter-of-fact attitude tore at my heart. He had had to grow up so fast.

It took me a while to realize that I must not be too quick to anticipate his wants and needs. If he dropped something on the floor, I hurried to pick it up. If his wheel chair caught on the rug, I gave it a helping push. And if he said he wanted a ginger ale, I rushed out to the kitchen to get it. One Saturday morning when I had taken a breakfast tray up to him in bed, he said to me, "Gosh, mom, you didn't have to do that. I can come downstairs. You'll wear yourself out." After that I could see how often he did something on his own to save me extra worry and work.

Given my way, I would have completely remodeled our house. In my own mind I added a downstairs room for Sparky to use, put in an elevator, built ramps and even installed electric-eye garage doors. My husband, with a more practical mind, said, "Let's wait and see what he needs."

The changes we actually made were surprisingly simple. We had a carpenter come in and put up a handrail on the wall side of the front stairway; Sparky, in braces and with the help of one crutch, can get up and down stairs by himself. We bought an extra wheel chair to keep on the second floor and installed grab bars in the bathroom. Now he can wheel into the bathroom, lift his legs—manually—over the side of the tub and swing himself in with ease. After he bathes, he lets the water out, dries himself and slides over the tub edge back into his chair.

The paralysis deprived Sparky of voluntary functioning of the bladder and bowels, and shortly after the accident he developed an infection which necessitated three separate operations. For months he lived with a drainage tube inserted through an abdominal opening into the bladder. He also has had to rely on an internal catheter. However, the drainage tube is no longer necessary, and we are hopeful that soon he will be able to dispense with the catheter too.

Each evening I check to be sure there are two crutches at the top of the stairs so Sparky can get down the hall and into his room. The equipment for irrigating the catheter is left in a sterilizing solution on his bedside table along with a large pitcher of drinking water. I see that his wheel chair is close enough to his bed for him to reach and pull out the knob on his remote-control television. The lamp lighted and the bed turned down make it

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As a result, Perfect Circle rings fit ideally in every engine, maintain full power and oil control longer, deliver important long-run savings.

Precision and performance are two of the many reasons why Perfect Circle rings are the first choice of leading engine and vehicle manufacturers and fine mechanics around the world. When you visit your Doctor of Motors, specify Perfect Circles—the preferred piston ring. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana; Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.

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safer and simpler for him to move around in his room. This is about the extent of extra attention that Sparky is given. It is all that he needs.

Shortly after the accident Bob's brother, Myron, did a wonderful thing for all of us by setting up an investment account for Sparky's benefit. By early June there was enough profit in the fund to finance an inexpensive used car which we planned to buy for Sparky.

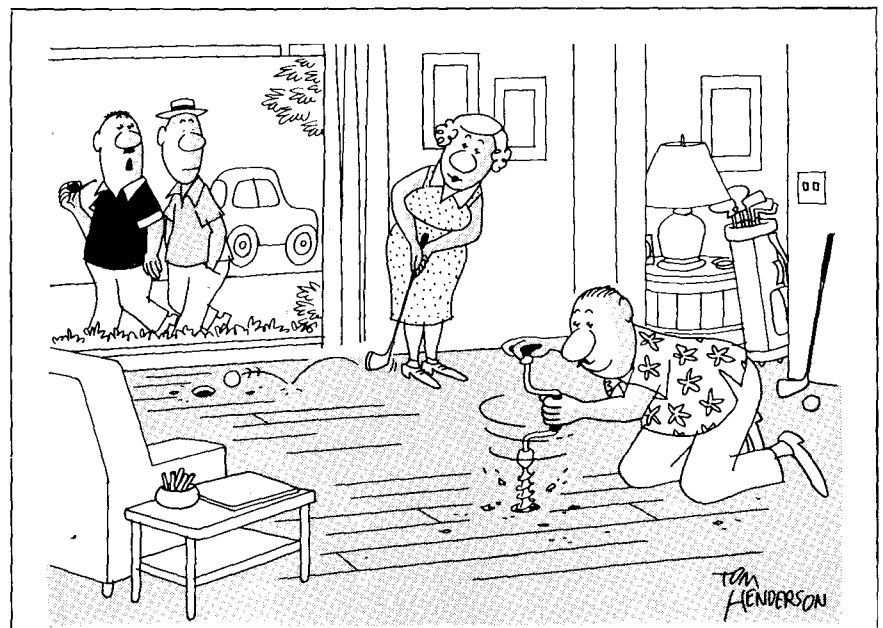
Bob called Myron and told him what we hoped to do. But Myron said, "That boy's not going out to face the world in a secondhand car. Get him a new one; I'll make up the difference."

The thrill of having his own car with special hand controls gave him a real lift. Many of his friends have their own jalopies, but none owns a shining black convertible as "cool" as his. There are actually boys who *envy* him. After two driving lessons Sparky passed his driver's test with ease. The hand controls are simple to operate. Pull down on the lever to accelerate and push up to brake. A spinner, or necker's knob, as the younger generation calls it, makes steering with one hand possible. The car has given Sparky an opportunity to get out and go places and do things.

During the first weeks at Rehabilitation, Sparky had many low-ebb days when he seemed particularly depressed. He had asked me right after the accident if he would have to spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. Because the doctors had told us of the rehabilitation possibilities, of braces and crutches, I had been able to answer an honest "no."

He never asked if the paralysis would be permanent, but occasionally he would say to me, "I wonder when I'm going to get some feeling back in my legs."

I couldn't bear to answer "Never," so I hedged by telling him that I still had some numbness in my ankle from nerves that had been cut when I had gone through an operation for varicose veins some years before.



"Typical summer tenants."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The realization that he would never walk again came to him gradually as a part of his own personal struggle. Perhaps he knew for certain the day he was measured for his braces. I didn't ask. He didn't tell me. There was little his father and I could do except be with him and let him know that we were doing everything possible to help him.

The week after we flew home from Jonesboro, Bob and I went to the horse races at Arlington Park. We were determined at least to make the attempt to continue doing the things we had always enjoyed and not shut ourselves up at home. We ran into Bob Raclin, a good friend of ours who is a partner in a large investment company in Chicago. He told us how sorry he was to hear about the accident and said that whenever the time came that Sparky might be physically able to manage a job, Bache and Company would take him on, either temporarily or for the summer.

The day my husband told Sparky about the offer marked a turning point in the boy's outlook by restoring hope that life *does* hold a future. From then on he seemed happier and more content, and showed a willingness and determination to work hard and co-operate with doctors, nurses and therapists on the program they had set up for him.

It was months later before the job was an accomplished fact, but late in June of '59, after the school year was over, Robert Ratcliffe Jr. was a name on a payroll and became a part of the working world.

His father drove him into Chicago each day and had to lift him from the car into his wheel chair because the curb was so high. Sparky met the curious looks of passers-by on the busy Loop street without flinching. Besides business experience he gained poise and self-confidence. He worked all summer, and Bache has asked him to come back and work through the school vacation months of this summer too.

One of Sparky's greatest responsibilities is guarding against any injury below his waist. Because there is a lack of feeling and of adequate circulation where there is paralysis, even a small skin break can cause real trouble. Part of his morning routine is to examine himself carefully and be sure there is no rubbed spot or irritation. I fret over the smallest mark on his legs or hips, although if I comment, he teases me by saying, "Call the visiting nurse! Call the visiting nurse!" But he knows through experience that a breakdown can happen fast, and healing is interminably slow. Bladder infection flares up frequently, and when this happens he must increase his fluid intake. I see that he does by making a chart for him to keep and by getting up several times during the night to give him a glass of water. These are a few of the everyday problems a paraplegic must learn to live with.

Fortunately none of these things slow Sparky down too much. He hadn't been home a week before he announced one

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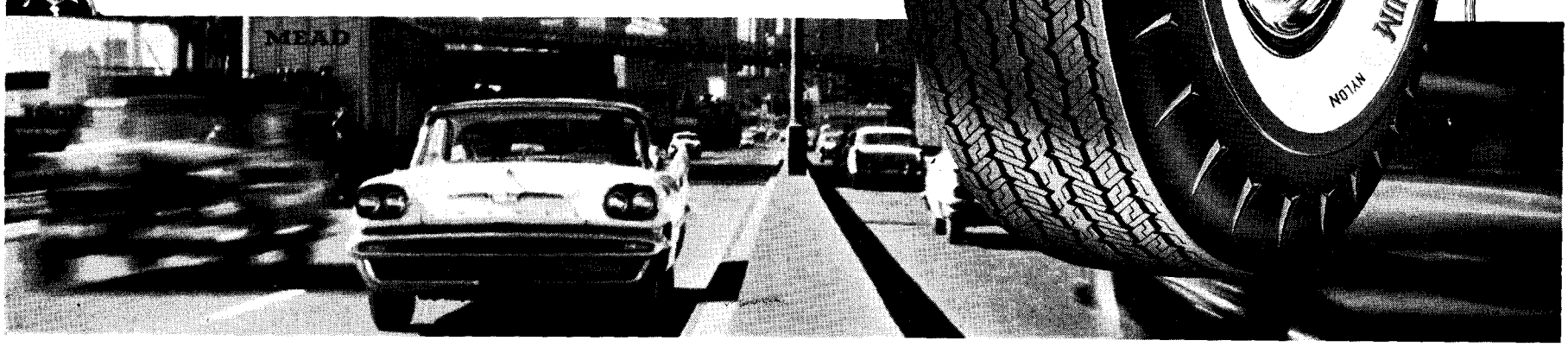

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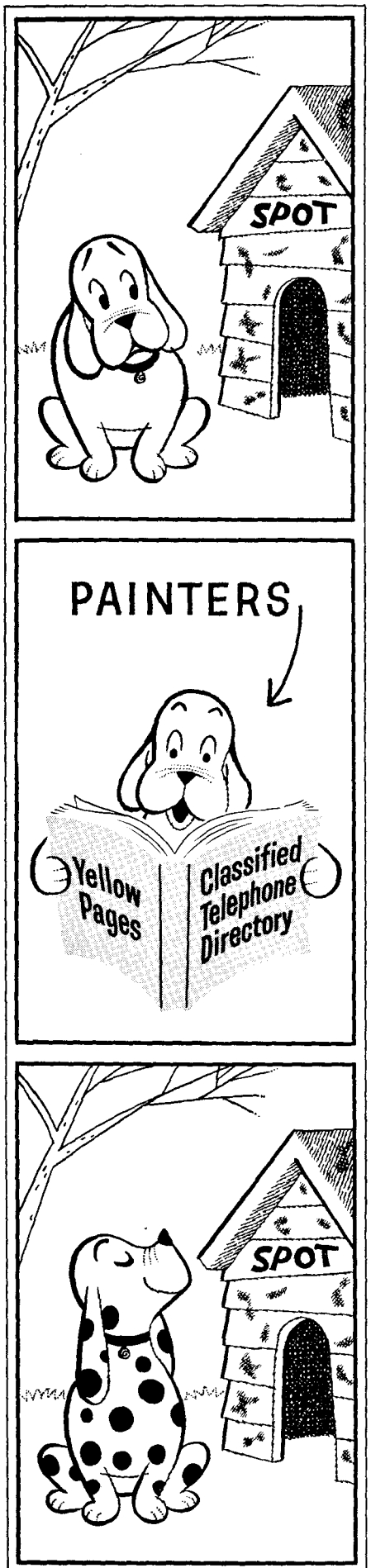

night at dinner that he was going out with the boys. I wasn't prepared for this and wanted to know where, with whom and how. With typical teen-age annoyance over being questioned, he told me not to worry, that he and "the guys" had everything under control. And believe me, they did.

Nor have girls been excluded from his life. During the summer he worked out a dating routine that has made me forever grateful to whoever dreamed up outdoor movies. Because that's where he takes his dates. On the way home they can park at a curb-service drive-in for hamburgers and milk shakes. He has learned to put his car into the garage, slide out into his wheel chair and get into the house and up to his room entirely on his own. I have learned never to wait up for him. But I'll admit I don't go to sleep until I hear the sound of his crutches dropped alongside his bed.

Sparky's friends, particularly Bob, Jack and Jim, have been with him constantly. In all the months he was away from home he never had a chance to be lonely because not a day passed that some of them didn't go to see him. Now that he is home, the young crowd has made our house its headquarters.

They play a lot of cards, and Sparky seems able to lose himself more completely in a game of hearts or poker than in any other form of recreation. With strenuous activities denied him, this is one field of competition where he can compete on an equal basis with his opponents. He plays hard. And how he loves to win!

The hi-fi, television and radio are in constant use. I have had to develop a new sense of values and learn that having a horde of teen-agers around, with the consequent hard wear on my house and nerves, is well worth the strain. The boys, with their matter-of-fact acceptance of Sparky's paralysis, have helped him avoid the self-pity which could have destroyed him.

Our son's disability has given our family an incentive to do many things together. Last summer we became backyard addicts and cooked out almost every night. While the steaks or hamburgers sizzled on the grill, the boys played baseball. The two younger ones expected Sparky to do everything they did, except hop over the fence to field a ball in a neighbor's yard. Rod and Bruce are willing "legs" for their brother, but when they're given the job of washing the dishes, they insist he pull his own weight. Rod washes, Sparky dries, and Bruce puts away.

The whole family also has shared in the financial problems that have threatened at times to overwhelm us. Sparky's expenses have been staggering. It adds up fast when a chartered ambulance plane cost almost $600, surgeons' fees total into the thousands, braces and crutches are over $400, and the Rehabilitation Institute charges around $1000 a month. These are only a few of the many items that had to be paid for.

Fortunately for us, about a year before the accident, my husband's company had put into effect a broad insurance coverage, commonly called "major medical," which, in effect, takes care of almost three fourths of medical expenses up to $10,000. Also, there were two other accident policies, one we had and one on the Stickneys' car, which gave us some additional money.

However, even with the help from the insurance, our small reserve for an emergency was soon gone as the bills mounted to an astronomical total of about $26,000. Then we learned that doctors will wait patiently for fees to be paid. Creditors are considerate when a letter is written explaining why a payment has been delayed.

We discovered, too, that many things we had thought we couldn't do without were not really that important. The house still shelters us even if it does need painting. Our car is not a new model, but it runs. Vacations can be fun on Lake Michigan's beach, just a few blocks from our door, and there is much to do in our own back yard.

When school started last fall, Sparky was back with his class as a full-fledged senior. During the months at Rehabilitation his mind had been exercised as well as his body. Our high school had sent a tutor to him, and he had finished his junior year with full credits.

Our weekday routine is probably not too unlike that of thousands of families across the country. Sparky's clothes are put on a valet rack that we resurrected from the attic, and he dresses himself in bed. There are trousers on the market with zippers down the side seams that would be much simpler for him to put on and take off over his braces. But he'd rather struggle and wear the same kind of wash pants and sport shirts the other boys do. By rolling and twisting he manages to get his clothes on. When I hear a thump over my head I know he is on his feet and on his way downstairs, and it's time to drop an egg in the poacher.

There is the usual rush of breakfast, gathering up school books and looking for car keys. By eight o'clock my highschoolers are off. Rod is able to take Sparky, in his chair, down the porch steps and out to his car. Last winter, despite a record amount of snow, Sparky missed only one day of classes because of the weather.

The most difficult thing for my husband and for me has been to be realistic parents and not overprotect our son. Sparky, with the resilience of youth, seems to shrug off his disability as an inconvenience rather than a distinguishing handicap. Because he had been a good athlete and always interested in sports, I asked him why he didn't write a letter to Roy Campanella, the great Dodger baseball player who had suffered an experience similar to his. Sparky looked at me as if to say, "How stupid can a mother be?" and replied, "Mom, you know the Cardinals have always been my ball club. Musial's my boy."

What is ahead? Problems, of course. Sparky wants to go away to college. He has been accepted at the University of Wisconsin, the school of his choice. We spent a weekend there last winter, and we know that the hills of Madison are not going to be easy for him. But he will be with friends. The Stickney twins have finished their first year there. Jim Purnell and Sparky, both being graduated from Evanston Township High School this month, plan to enter the university in September. The four boys plan to live together in an apartment on the campus and are confident they can work everything out. We are fearful over the many difficulties Sparky will have to face away from home, but his father and I believe that if he is ever going to achieve independence we must give him this chance.

I often think back to a comment made by the freshman football coach at our high school four years ago when he said, "Sparky has tremendous ability and could be one of the best quarterbacks we've ever had *if* we could just light a fire under him."

God moves in mysterious ways, and the fire was certainly scorching. Sparky is never going to be a quarterback or play on a basketball or baseball team again. But I am convinced in my own mind that our son is going to be a more worthwhile person than if he had not had these problems to face and solve. We are tremendously proud of him. He'll make his mark in the world. He has already made it on the hearts of all who know him.

THE END

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

"Say, hope you're not too far along with my house plans—
I've clipped a few more ideas that I'd like to work in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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History reveals this simple truth...

It takes a perfect brewing water to make a perfect beer. As early as the sixteenth century, brewers throughout Europe tried in vain to duplicate the distinctive character and taste of the beers produced at Munich, Pilsen, Dortmund and Burton-on-Trent. Years later, science determined that the unusual quality of the water in these regions made the difference . . . that different waters produced different beers even though all other ingredients and skills were equal.

As a student of brewing, Leopold Schmidt was aware of this historic fact. He recognized that the artesian waters at Tumwater, Washington, had the characteristics of extraordinary brewing waters of the world. It was there he founded the Olympia Brewing Company and produced "America's Original Light Table Beer." And still, today, this rare artesian water makes possible the light, sparkling flavor and distinctive character of Olympia Beer.

***"It's the Water"**

Visitors are always welcome to "One of America's Exceptional Breweries," Olympia Brewing Company, Olympia, Washington, U.S.A., 8:00 to 4:30 every day. **Oly* ®

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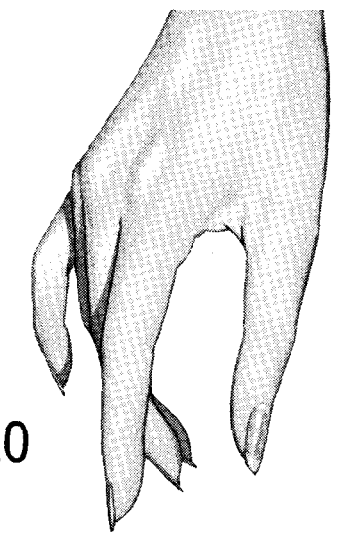
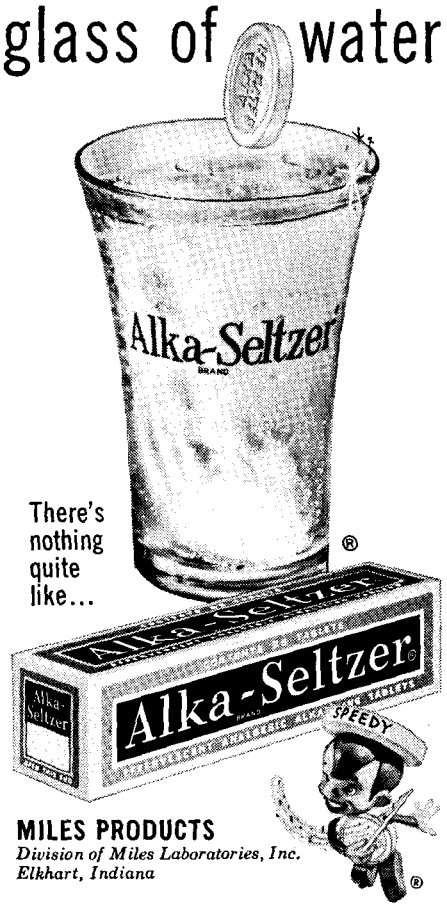
UPSET STOMACH
and relieve
HEADACHE
Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND
does
magic
things
to
a
glass of water



There's nothing quite like...
MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

They Killed Heydrich

(Continued from Page 39)

Reichsprotector, the following is decreed: A state of emergency for civilians in the whole Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia is declared and takes effect at once. Whoever hides the criminals, or gives them any help, or has any knowledge of their identity, or description of their appearance, and does not inform the authorities, will be shot with his entire family."

Jan's borrowed overalls suggested that the best place to escape notice was the railway station. He found a seat near the ticket counters and sat there half-hidden behind a newspaper. At lunchtime he edged near a party of railway workers eating bread and sausage on a pile of logs.

Shortly before three o'clock he walked to the underground rendezvous at 1837 Bishop Street. The place was deserted except for his contact man, an elderly schoolteacher known as Uncle Hajsky. None of the others were coming to the meeting, he said. Everyone must stay under cover until this blew over.

Uncle Hajsky had heard that Heydrich was on the danger list. He told Jan that SS troops had nearly got one parachutist, Lt. Adolph Opalka, and two others had had to hang outside a skylight for nearly an hour. There were bound to be more searches tonight. Uncle Hajsky advised Jan to take shelter for the night with Prof. Josef Ogoun and his family. If all went well, a really secure hiding place would be ready tomorrow.

Jan went back to the railway station for the afternoon, turning over in his mind the idea of using the professor's house. It did not seem fair to his family, but where else could he go? He might try his sweetheart, Anna Malinova, but a stranger in her flat, and a man at that, would certainly be noticed. Wherever he went he took the chance of bringing death to his friends. He could rejoin Josef—almost certainly Josef would be with his fiancée, Liboslava Fafka—but it would be safer if they stayed apart.

Jan waited until dark before he rang the Ogouns' bell. The professor let him in. When Mrs. Ogoun saw him, her face stiffened with fright.

"They surrounded our district last night and searched everywhere," said the professor quietly. "They came here. We have heard they are likely to repeat these searches."

"You are my last refuge," said Jan slowly. "I can go no farther. But I understand ——"

If the Nazis suspected this household, all would be killed. The elderly professor carried this responsibility, for the wife he loved so well, and for the two athletic sons of whom he was so proud. He looked at the figure in the dark-blue overalls and at the wounded face lined with fatigue. Professor Ogoun had joined the *Résistance* of his own free will; he could not back out now and keep his self-respect.

"My son," he said, "your mission is higher than ours, and therefore your life is more valuable. Stay here with us."

Jan sat down suddenly. "You're all right now," Mrs. Ogoun said. "I will get you some food."

"Your friend Josef is safe," said the professor. "He's staying with the Fafkas. Mrs. Fafka came round this morning."

They decided where Jan could hide should there be another raid. The kitchen window was blacked out with a panel of cardboard. He could open the window and stand outside on the sill, concealed by the blackout panel. If Jan slept in an armchair, he should be able to take this position quickly. They rehearsed the move many times, until the operation took only twenty-five seconds. During their final practice Professor Ogoun looked sadly at Jan. "Such a silly game for grown-ups to be playing, isn't it?" he said.

The next morning Jan awoke much refreshed. The swelling around his eye had gone; he looked almost normal. Now he felt ready to go and meet Josef.

At the Fafkas, Josef greeted him boisterously. Uncle Hajsky had visited him, he said, and there was good news. Vladimir Petrek, the bearded chaplain of the Czech Orthodox Church of Saints Cyril and Methodius, had offered to hide parachutists in a crypt under the church floor until they could be smuggled out of Prague.

Chaplain Petrek guided each parachutist to the church that afternoon. Jan went first, following the chaplain through the center of Prague, walking fifty yards behind him, until they turned into Resslova Street. There stood the church. Stone steps led up to its huge, iron-studded door, but the chaplain avoided this entryway. Set back from the street was a small door. Petrek opened it with a key, and Jan found himself in an anteroom.

A short passage led to the church and the altar. At the far end of the church, above the main doorway, ran a wooden balcony. Petrek remarked that the church had been built between 1730 and 1736, on the site of an old monastery. He spoke of a rumor that from some point in the crypt below an ancient tunnel ran down to the Vltava River. Perhaps it had been bricked up long ago; no one had ever located it. Jan and his friends would have time to look for it themselves.

The chaplain walked toward the main doors at the far end of the church. Strips of coconut matting lay on the floor. He stooped and pulled one strip aside, exposing a flagstone two feet square, with an iron ring set in. The chaplain took a double-handed grip on the iron ring, lifted the slab and swung it back. Jan could see the top rungs of a ladder.

With flashlight in hand, the chaplain led the way down. The crypt was not quite dark. Air and daylight came through a ventilation slot high up on one wall. This slot was small, about nine by eighteen inches, and it was barred by iron grillwork. Outside the church, the chaplain explained, the opening was ten feet above the sidewalk and hardly noticeable.

In the dim light Jan saw square holes honeycombing either side of the crypt, between thick stone buttresses. The recesses were about seven feet deep. Some had been sealed with bricks and mortar, and these contained bodies of long-dead monks.

At the far end of the crypt a steep flight of steps ran up to the church floor. This exit was sealed by an immense stone slab. The only entry to the crypt was the narrow ladderway through which they had descended.

Living in a tomb was not greatly to the liking of Jan or Josef or any of the others. The chaplain brought them in one by one, and by evening six were assembled: Jan and Josef, and Valchik, who had helped with signals at Heydrich's ambush; and three parachutists newly arrived from England, who had seen no action. Their names were Bublik, Hruby and Svarc. Two other men were expected later: Lt. Adolph Opalka, parachutist and saboteur, and Ata Moravec, the frightened son of Auntie Marie. Ata knew too much about the assassination of Heydrich to be left outside.

Chaplain Petrek estimated that they could use the crypt for at least two weeks without being discovered. By that time, he said, the man hunt should have petered out, and they should then be able to leave for comfortable lodgings.

In his view of the future the chaplain was quite wrong. The hue and cry did not die down; it gained intensity. Blindly, mercilessly, the Nazis lined up people before their firing squads. Scores and sometimes hundreds were executed every day, their names published in the newspapers and gabbled from the radio.

Karl Frank, the Nazi secretary of state for the protectorate, had taken over Heydrich's post. He was empowered to use any means he liked, not only to find the men who had attacked Heydrich but also to punish the whole Czech nation. Roadblocks were set up, whole areas cordoned off. The mass executions went on and on. Radio and newspaper exhortations continued at full blast, saying that all of Czechoslovakia would suffer unless the guilty men were found.

To Reinhard Heydrich, lying in his bed at the Bulov Hospital, all this meant very little. Doctors were constantly in attendance. Blood transfusion after blood transfusion was given, but his skin gradually grew more sallow, his pulse weaker. He died on the fourth of June.

Orders were given that the city should mourn. Black flags and black bunting were hung from every building. Bands played elegiac music in the streets and on the radio, but between the mournful melodies the Minister of Education was heard threatening that "the terrible murder committed by agents has put the question of our national existence upon a knife edge; it is quite right that seven thousand traitors should perish in order to save seven million people."

That afternoon Chaplain Petrek received in his office a scrubby little man wearing a dirty suit. He appeared to be a human cipher; actually he commanded the largest underground group in Prague. Parachutists looked to him for orders; so did Uncle Hajsky and Auntie Marie. He was called Jindra.

This was a meeting for an exchange of news. Uncle Hajsky was already there, with Opalka, Valchik, Jan and Josef. The other three parachutists were out for exercise in the sunshine; their faked identity cards made them reasonably safe in daytime.

Lieutenant Opalka, grave and composed, spoke for the parachutists. He reported that blankets, mattresses, canned food and a portable stove had been smuggled into the (*Continued on Page 54*)

Pacific Sundown

By Doris Moore

The sand is alien and tight,
The world is slow and deep,
And brooding in this leaden light
The sea is half-asleep.

Crabs are scuttling green and slick
As eyes. Our hands are cold,
For love feels somehow strange and sick
Beside a sea grown old.

Then the west erupts with fire.
We ripen like a peach
And, rich with sunset, our desire
Ignites the crimson beach.

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Nice and easy!

Easy does it when you bathe with Dial Soap. Dial with AT-7 protects you against odor everywhere you perspire (from two million pores all over your body). It works by removing the skin bacteria that give perspiration its odor. Dial—the soap for people who like people.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) crypt. The parachutists had also brought in their weapons and ammunition. At night three remained on watch on the church balcony while four slept in the crypt.

In the daytime the parachutists could leave the church, singly or in pairs, without arousing suspicion. On two occasions SS troops making spot checks had accepted the identity cards of Jan and Josef as genuine. It was better to take some slight chances, and preserve morale, than to insist that everyone rot in that dark tomb beneath the church.

Uncle Hajsky had news of other members of their group. Ata Moravec, who should have been in the crypt, was hiding in the country. Sgt. Karel Curda, one of Jan's parachutist friends, was hiding at his mother's farm near the village of Nova Hlina.

Several people, he said, had come forward to testify that a teen-age girl had wheeled a bloodstained bicycle from outside a Bata shoe shop to some address in Liben. The Nazis visited all the schools in the district, and questioned hundreds of little girls. When agents visited Mrs. Novotna's house, she convinced them that her daughter Jindriska had been sick in bed long before the attack on Heydrich.

Now Jindra delivered a brief report. Undoubtedly their plan had succeeded; spokesmen for the puppet government were hotly denying that conscription of the Czech nation was ever envisioned. That Heydrich had been assassinated to prevent such an occurrence was stupid propaganda, they said—"lying reports broadcast from London."

Uncle Hajsky interrupted, "But the executions are continuing."

"We expected reprisals," Jindra retorted. "This is a victory. London considers it a victory, and victories must be paid for."

On that note the meeting dispersed. None of them could guess what payment for their "victory" the Nazis were about to extort.

In the state rooms of Hradcany Castle Karl Frank drew up plans for one implacable gesture which would prove that no country could connive at murdering a senior member of the Nazi hierarchy and escape punishment. The action he planned was meant to establish a precedent.

On the tenth of June, at dawn, Nazi troops surrounded the village of Lidice a few miles outside Prague and began their grim and desolating work. Frank's lying propaganda was already prepared.

"In the course of the search for the murderers of General Heydrich," it ran, "it was ascertained that the population of this village supported and assisted the perpetrators. The population also committed other hostile acts, such as the keeping of an illegal dump of munitions and arms, the maintenance of an illegal transmitter. . . ."

All this was flagrantly untrue. No one in Lidice had ever heard of Jan Kubis or Josef Gabchik, or assisted the *Résistance* in any way. The men of the village worked in nearby mines or in the fields, and the women attended to their needs and bore their children. They were simple, hard-working people, and when the terror began, they were bewildered. What had Lidice done to deserve this?

All the men and boys were taken from their houses, lined up against the wall of a barn and shot. All the women and children were piled into trucks and driven off to concentration camps. Then the Nazis razed the village to the ground.

Lidice was a large village of many houses and farms, several shops, a church and a schoolroom. The business of reduction was a considerable task, for the Nazis intended to obliterate Lidice and erase its name forever from the map. Bulldozers and whole lines of wagons and trucks were needed to level the buildings and transport the rubble.

The corpses of 173 men and boys were buried in a pit. Workers on night shifts at the mines were arrested as they returned home and immediately shot. One man, sensing disaster, escaped into the forest; but he was later betrayed and shot. Another miner was in the hospital with a broken leg. By October he had recovered. He was then shot.

The women were transported to the concentration camps of Ravensbrück and Oswiecim where most of them died. Eighty-two of the children were killed; a few, born to their mothers in concentration camps, were adopted into German families, and years afterward were found by the Red Cross and the International Tracing Service.

Even in those dark war years, when death in many hideous forms was commonplace, the fate of Lidice horrified world opinion. It certainly did not intimidate anti-Nazis, as Karl Frank thought it should. The immediate reaction was one of enormous anger. The uncommitted ones now knew that there could be no compromise with an enemy such as this, that the fight must continue to the very end, and that end must be the defeat of Nazi Germany.

Men took care that the name Lidice, far from being erased forever, was perpetuated in a variety of ways. An American town and a Mexican village changed their names to Lidice. Tanks roared into action with "Lidice" painted on their turrets; blockbusting bombs, loaded into aircraft for delivery into the heart of the Reich, had "Lidice" chalked on their cases.

To Jan, on that sunny afternoon of June tenth, the news of the slaughter was crushing. Earlier executions already had caused him to tell Jindra that he and Josef were ready to give themselves up. They had to do something to end these killings. Jindra recalls how he put his arm around Jan's shoulders and told him that this was a burden he had to bear; it was a price that all Czechoslovakia had to pay.

Jindra could do little to assuage Jan's mental agony. With Josef it was easier. Josef was more of an extrovert; he did not worry so deeply, though he, too, was willing to give his life to end the slaughter.

On the afternoon that the news of Lidice reached them, Jan and Josef told Chaplain Petrek they intended finding seats in a public park. Then, hanging cardboard placards around their necks to announce that they were the assassins of Heydrich, they would swallow their poison pills. Their placarded corpses should satisfy the Nazi authorities.

Petrek declared at once that the possession of two bodies would never appease the Nazis. Their deaths would solve nothing, and might indeed provide a material victory for the enemy. Besides, as a minister of God, he could not condone the act of suicide.

The news of events in Prague brought a growing fear to Sgt. Karel Curda, hiding at his mother's farm, near the village of Nova Hlina. He was surrounded by terrified people. From the very moment he had parachuted into Czechoslovakia and taken shelter with his mother, sister and two married brothers, they had been frightened. More and more these days he heard the sound of his mother's weeping; more and more he saw the reproachful face of his sister.

It was in this sort of emotional climate that the courage of Karel Curda slowly began to leak. Daily he read of the mounting list of executions; morning, noon and evening he heard the radio threatening death and torture to the guilty men, but promising safety and rewards to those who confessed.

If he betrayed his comrades, could he trust the Nazis not to destroy his relatives? So far he had caused the Nazis little harm. Yes, he had landed in Czechoslovakia illegally by parachute; he had lighted a beacon to guide R.A.F. bombers, but that was all; and the raid had proved abortive.

He went back to his newspapers, and there he read Karl Frank's last offer. If information giving the identities of Heydrich's murderers was revealed before the eighteenth of June, the informant and his family would be protected, even if he was guilty; he would be rewarded too. And the reward now stood at 20,000,000 crowns.

So Karel Curda took a train to Prague. The rest of his story is documented by official German sources.

When the SS corporal snapped to attention before Commissar Jantur in his office, he reported with some excitement that there was a Czech outside saying he knew the assassins of General Heydrich. Commissar Jantur was not greatly impressed. In his time he had examined cranks, patriots, religious fanatics, the stupid and the completely insane.

When they brought the man into his office, Commissar Jantur looked at him with interest. He was of medium height and build. He had a black mustache and black hair brushed straight back.

Jantur beckoned him to a chair, and the man sat down. Two SS bullies flanked him on either side. The interrogation began quietly enough. Name? Age? Occupation? It was at this point that Curda confessed he was a parachutist.

Jantur said quietly, "I understand you wish to make a statement." Curda nodded. "You realize," said Jantur ominously, "that whatever you tell us may be of no value. We already have one parachutist named Gerik who has told us much."

"I know who the men are who killed Heydrich," said Curda. "I can identify the briefcase they carried ——"

Jantur made a small signal to the SS thugs. One hauled Curda to his feet by the scruff of his neck and grabbed both his arms behind his back. The other punched him in the face. Then they flung him to the floor and began to kick him. Jantur rose in his seat, bellowing. "You think you can bargain with us? Who are these men? What are their names? Where are they hiding?"

One of the thugs picked Curda off the floor, and the other punched him in the face again. Then they dropped him back in his chair.

"Now," said Jantur, "you'll tell us what we want to know."

They saw him tug a handkerchief from his coat pocket. Folded in one corner he had his small brown capsule of poison. He moved the handkerchief toward his mouth, but there was no determination behind his gesture. Karel Curda did not want to die. He allowed them to snatch the handkerchief; he saw the brown capsule drop on the carpet. Now the guards began to kick him again. He was half unconscious by the time they jammed him back into the chair.

Miraculously Jantur had stopped bellowing. With an almost kindly intonation he said, "Now tell me, who did you say committed the crime?"

Through bleeding, swollen lips Curda began his betrayal. "Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik," he said. "They are parachutists, dropped here from England. They have been operating in Prague for the last five months."

"And your part in this?"

"I was a parachutist, too, but I only took part in one operation at Pilsen which was a fiasco."

"Why should we believe your story?" demanded Jantur. "Doubtless you have heard we are offering a large reward for the capture of the assassins. Why are you betraying them? For the twenty million crowns?"

Curda hesitated. Perhaps he was beginning to realize how he would have to live from this time forward.

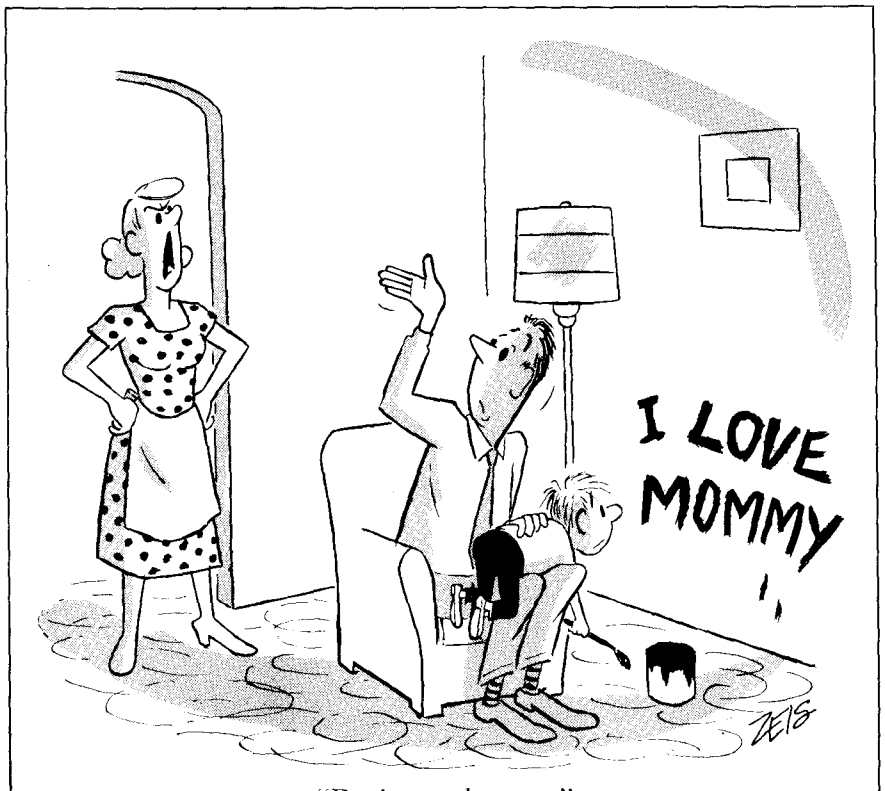
"I want to protect my mother," he said in a low voice. "I don't want her to be shot."

They brought in a bundle of briefcases and tossed them down in front of Curda.

"Now," said Jantur, "we'll see if you're telling the truth. Tell us which briefcase was found at the scene of the assassination."

Curda remembered Josef's briefcase from past times. He pointed to a black stain under the lock.

"This is the one," he said. "It belongs to Josef Gabchik." (*Continued on Page 56*)



"Don't you dare . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in this new General Electric Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer!

GOLDEN VALUE LINE
of the 60's

1 NO MORE DEFROSTING— FROST NEVER FORMS

2 ADJUSTABLE SWING-OUT SHELVES

3 BIG ROLL-OUT FREEZER

4 FREEZE-N-STORE ICE SERVICE

5 STRAIGHT-LINE DESIGN AND CHANGEABLE ACCESSORY PANELS

6

TURN the next 6 pages for closer look

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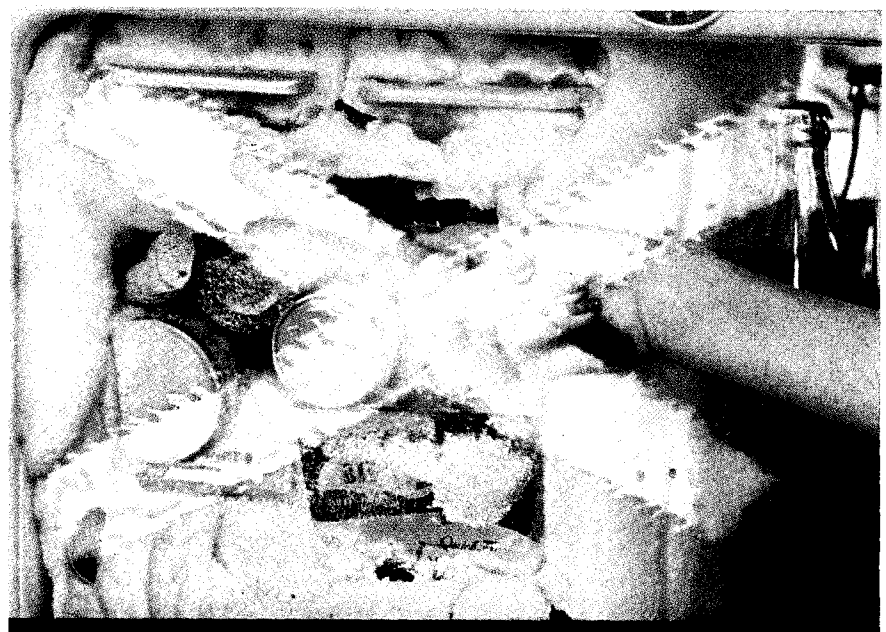
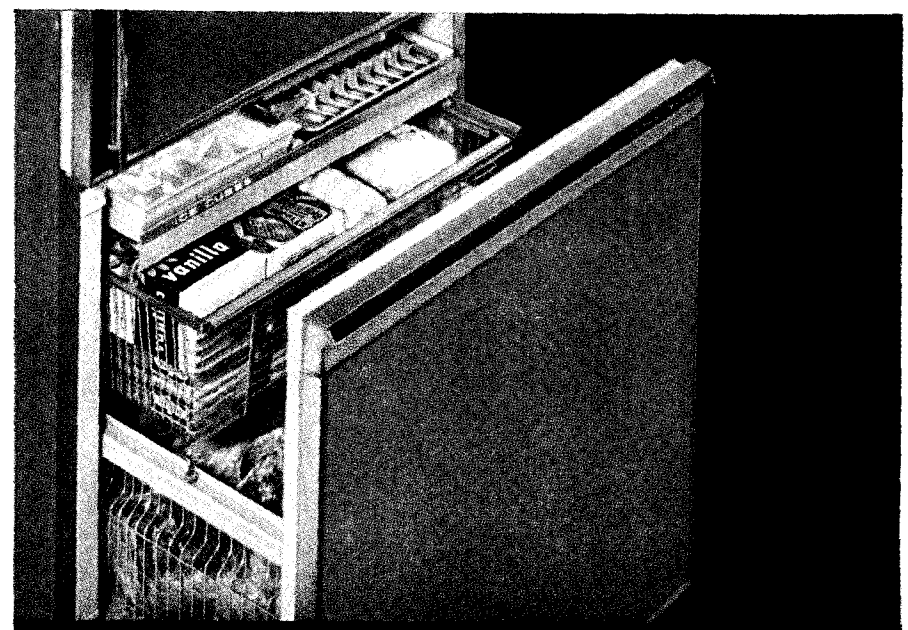
1. NO MORE DEFROSTING IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



FROST NEVER FORMS LIKE THIS



FROST-GUARD KEEPS FOOD LIKE THIS

COUNT YOUR CONVENIENCES!

No defrosting—anywhere! Thanks to General Electric's exclusive Frost-Guard System, frost never forms on walls, shelves or foods. No defrosting ever—not even the freezer!

No messy, melting frost! Frost-Guard solves the "puddle problem" once and for all! No melted frost to mop up, no falling chunks of ice to mess up your refrigerator and floor!

No hide-and-seek with foods! You'll never have to chip away frost to see what's in your freezer. Frost-Guard keeps packages from sticking together, and labels are always easy to read!

Keep counting—there's more! No defrosting is just one of the blessings! 3 Swing-Out Shelves, big Roll-Out Freezer, Freeze-N-Store Ice Service, Straight-Line Design, Changeable Accessory Panels . . . convenience is *everywhere* in this General Electric Golden Value Refrigerator-Freezer!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from Page 54*) Jantur's face changed at once. Until then he had been inclined to underrate this informer. After all, they had been questioning another traitor, Gerik, for some time now. He had been of no use at all in the Heydrich affair.

"Josef carried his Sten gun in this case," continued Curda. "It broke into two pieces."

"Where are these men?" snapped Jantur.

"I don't know. Hiding in Prague somewhere."

"Well, describe them! We want an accurate description."

Curda put a hand to his aching head. "Kubis is about five-feet-ten," he began. "He has fair hair, blue eyes. . . ." The shorthand writer copied down the details.

"Have you any idea where they might be hiding?"

"No," said Curda, "but I know the flat where they used to have meetings. The son, Ata Moravec, took me there once."

Two other Gestapo chiefs, Panwitz and Fleischer, were crowding into Jantur's office now to hear this eventful news. The three of them questioned Curda for hours. He told them about the underground organizations in Pilsen and Brno, Pardubice and Prague. He gave names and addresses of all the men and women he had met. He held nothing back. His duty, he had decided, was to save his mother's life. If in so doing he destroyed 100 other mothers, that was outside his responsibility.

The Gestapo waited until the early hours of the morning to ring Auntie Marie's doorbell. She pulled on her dressing gown, and as she walked into the hall she saw Ata's worried face at his bedroom door. He had come back that afternoon from his hiding place in the country. She motioned him back and called out, "Who is it?"

The caretaker's voice answered, "It's only me, Mrs. Moravec."

Auntie Marie lifted the latch. A shoulder was suddenly thrown against the door, and it crashed open. The landing outside was full of men in plain clothes. Gestapo!

"Back! Raise your hands! Turn and face the wall!"

This short, fat one she had heard about. He was Fleischer, one of the most important Gestapo chiefs in Prague. The men rushed into the flat with revolvers drawn. They hauled out her husband and Ata; they flung open wardrobes and cupboards. She knew that all was lost. Fleischer would not make a raid himself except in an important case. Someone had betrayed them.

"Where are they?" barked Fleischer. "Where are they?"

It was Mr. Moravec who replied. "I don't know what you are talking about. There is no one here."

It was true. He had observed his wife's underground work, even mildly disapproved, but he really knew nothing. Auntie Marie glanced at her son. Ata knew everything, but he would not speak. He was her son.

But she herself? The Nazis would try to make her talk. She dreaded torture, and in her heart she knew what she had to do. She had to die, quickly. The means of death she carried inside a medallion hanging from a chain around her neck. Surely the small brown pill must act quickly. But with her hands held above her head, how could she use it?

There was a shout from the drawing room. One of the searchers had found some papers. They looked incriminating. Fleischer walked swiftly from the entryway. Only three men guarded the Moravecs now.

The door of the lavatory stood almost opposite. Mrs. Moravec said to the guards, "Please? I must go to the lavatory."

The three men stared at her suspiciously. "It is forbidden," said one. She dropped a hand to her stomach and groaned. "Please! I must go!"

The Gestapo men exchanged glances. The tallest said, "Let her go. She can't escape now."

She entered the lavatory and closed the door and flooded the toilet to cover the sound of the locket snap. The small brown pill lay in her hand. Oh, God, was death this easy? She threw it into her mouth and swallowed.

She fumbled for the door handle and stepped out. Fleischer, hearing the toilet flush, came racing back. Auntie Marie crashed forward on her face. Ata, watching his mother die on the floor, said brokenly, "It's her heart. She often has these turns."

Fleischer stared at Ata with the saurian eyes of an expert torturer and said, "Take him away; he's got things to tell us."

They took Ata to Gestapo headquarters at the Petschek Bank and began their fiendish operations. Ata held out as long as he could.

The Gestapo beat his father brutally, but he was already numb with shock at the death of his wife. Life for him was finished. He was not confusing the end of it with blabber-mouth talk to hired bullies. Pain was merely another step on the road to the grave. Soon they left him alone.

Ata, they decided, would talk. He was punched and kicked, threatened and screamed at. When they had softened him up, they brought him face to face with the thoroughly cowed Sergeant Curda.

"There you are," said Fleischer. "Now you know that we've got everybody. All we need from you is corroboration."

Eventually, to spare himself more pain, Ata gave away his first name.

Uncle Hajsky had finished shaving when the loud knock came at the door of the apartment. He looked through the peephole in his front door. As heavy boots began to kick the door open he dashed for the bathroom. The pill was there, in a cabinet.

He heard the front door crash open, and then they were outside the bathroom door, firing into the lock. He felt a sharp pain in his hand. As he gulped down the small brown pill, blood spattered from his shattered fingers.

"If you stop shooting, gentlemen, I will come out."

There were no more shots. Uncle Hajsky managed to open the door. He took one step forward, and dropped to the floor.

Now Fleischer, Panwitz and Jantur knew they were in difficulties. Telephone calls had alerted the Gestapo in Pardubice, where parachutists had a secret radio transmitter. But so far they had only succeeded in catching a man named Krupka and his young, pretty wife. She had been acting as a courier between Pardubice and Prague. A fast car was bringing them to the capital.

The Gestapo commissars knew that news of the deaths of Auntie Marie and Uncle Hajsky would soon reach the underground; Heydrich's assassins, the men they wanted above all others, would find new hide-outs. They had to make Ata Moravec talk, and they had to do it quickly. Time was not on their side.

Alan Burgess' story of the assassination of Heydrich is taken from his book, *Seven Men at Daybreak*, which will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. early in October.

In next week's *Post*, the author describes the Nazi siege of the church in which the partisans had taken refuge. —THE EDITORS

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

(Continued from Page 35)

certificate, because she'd used an assumed name when she had the child; but there was something a lot better than that. It seems that there was such a marked family resemblance that as soon as the brother and sister saw Glamis they decided she was it. They offered a million and a half for settlement and finally made a settlement of around two million bucks after all taxes had been paid. There was a proviso in the settlement that the matter should be kept secret, so that Glamis wouldn't be given the stigma of being illegitimate. By that time Glamis was growing up and Nancy wanted her to have all the breaks."

"That was after she married Gilman?" Mason asked.

"About a year before."

"Where does Glamis think the money came from if she doesn't know anything about the will and the settlement?"

"That I can't tell you. Nancy has covered up in some way, but that's generally the story."

Mason got up and started pacing the floor. "Well," he said, "that's the kernel of the nut."

"What is?"

"The blackmail," Mason said. "This Vera Martel has found out about it in some way and she's putting the heat on Nancy, or perhaps on Glamis, or perhaps on both of them."

The phone rang. Della Street picked it up and said, "It's for you, Paul."

Drake scooped up the instrument and said, "Hello, I'm coming right back to the office. If it's anything that'll wait. . . . What! . . . You're sure? . . . O.K., give me the details."

Drake stood listening at the telephone for a good three minutes; then he said, "O.K., get men on the job. Find out everything you can. . . . That's right, give it the works. Don't spare any expense."

Drake hung up the telephone. Mason grinned. "You're spending a lot of someone's money, Paul. I'd hate to be the client in that case."

Drake looked at him with troubled eyes. "You are," he said. "Police found the body of Vera Martel early this morning. She was in her automobile, and the automobile had apparently gone out of control and gone over a mountain grade around Mulholland Drive somewhere.

"However, there were lots of things about the case that were suspicious. The cops started with the idea that the car had been deliberately driven off the road at a place where there was an almost perpendicular drop of more than a hundred feet. Then they got the body to the coroner's office, and a couple of hours ago the coroner gave them the information that it was murder, that there was a broken hyoid bone, distinctive petechial hemorrhagic spots and that Vera Martel had been dead when the automobile was pushed over the cliff.

"So the police started doing some high-class detective work, and they found sawdust ground into Vera's skirt and some sawdust in the inside of her shoes. It wasn't the ordinary kind of sawdust, but is the sort of sawdust that comes from a workshop where someone deals in rare woods—in short, a hobby workshop where someone makes fancy jewel cases and cigarette boxes as gifts."

"On the other hand—I'll bet you never rode a winner in the Kentucky Derby!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How long had she been dead?" Mason asked.

"The best guess is that she died sometime between seven o'clock yesterday morning and noon. If the police hadn't found the body when they did—in other words, if the body had remained there for a couple of days longer—police would have had great difficulty in fixing the time of death. The body was discovered because of good work on the part of a highway patrol who happened to notice peculiar automobile tracks in the dirt shoulder of the road. If it hadn't been for that, the body could have been there for days or weeks, because it was impossible to see the car unless someone got off the road and climbed part way down the mountain."

Mason said, "How long have the police been working on this thing, Paul?"

"Since a little after daylight. They didn't let the news leak out for a while and now they're really closing a lot of loose ends. They ——"

The telephone from the outer office rang. Della Street picked up the instrument and said, "Yes, Gertie." And then she said to Mason, "It's Muriell Gilman. She's on the line, and Gertie says she's all but hysterical. She wants to talk with you right away."

"Put her on," Mason said. "I'll talk with her."

The lawyer picked up the telephone, said to Della Street, "You stay on the line, too, Della."

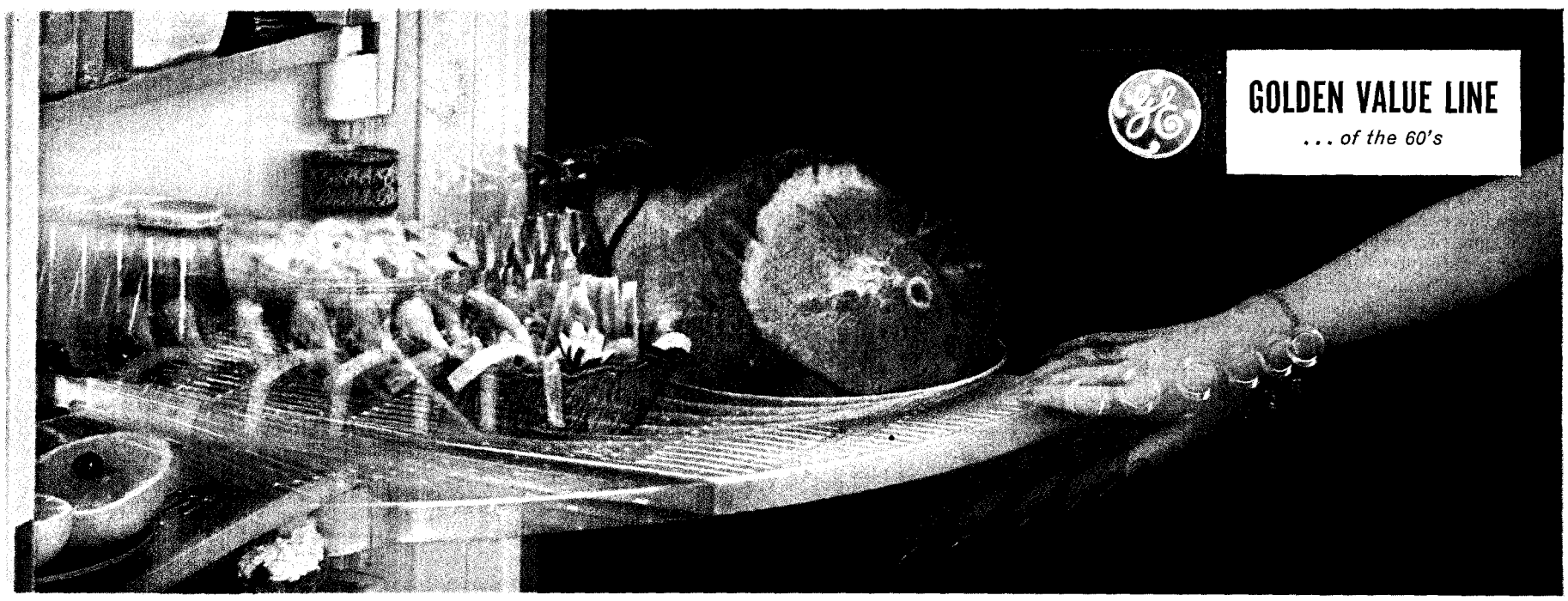
Della nodded and said, "Put her on, Gertie."

Mason heard a click. "Hello, Muriell. This is Mr. Mason."

"Oh, Mr. Mason, the most terrible thing has happened," Muriell said.

"All right," Mason said, "now keep calm and tell me in a few words what it is. We may not have much time."

2. SWING-OUT SHELVES IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



COUNT YOUR CONVENIENCES!

All 3 shelves swing out! Now everything in your refrigerator is right at your fingertips! No more groping and spilling—just swing out a shelf and even foods in back come out to you!

Shelves adjust up or down! Do you have a large ham or a flat apple pie? Just press a button and lift or lower any shelf to fit! All 3 adjust instantly, adjust even when loaded with food!

Lift out for easy cleaning! No awkward bending or stretching to houseclean *this* refrigerator! The Swing-Out Shelves lift out completely—you wash them in the sink, easy as can be!

Keep counting—there's more! GoldenValues galore! No defrosting, Roll-Out Freezer, Freeze-N-Store Ice Service, Straight-Line Design and Accessory Decorator Panels *plus* Swing-Out Shelves! All are yours in this General Electric Golden Value Refrigerator-Freezer!

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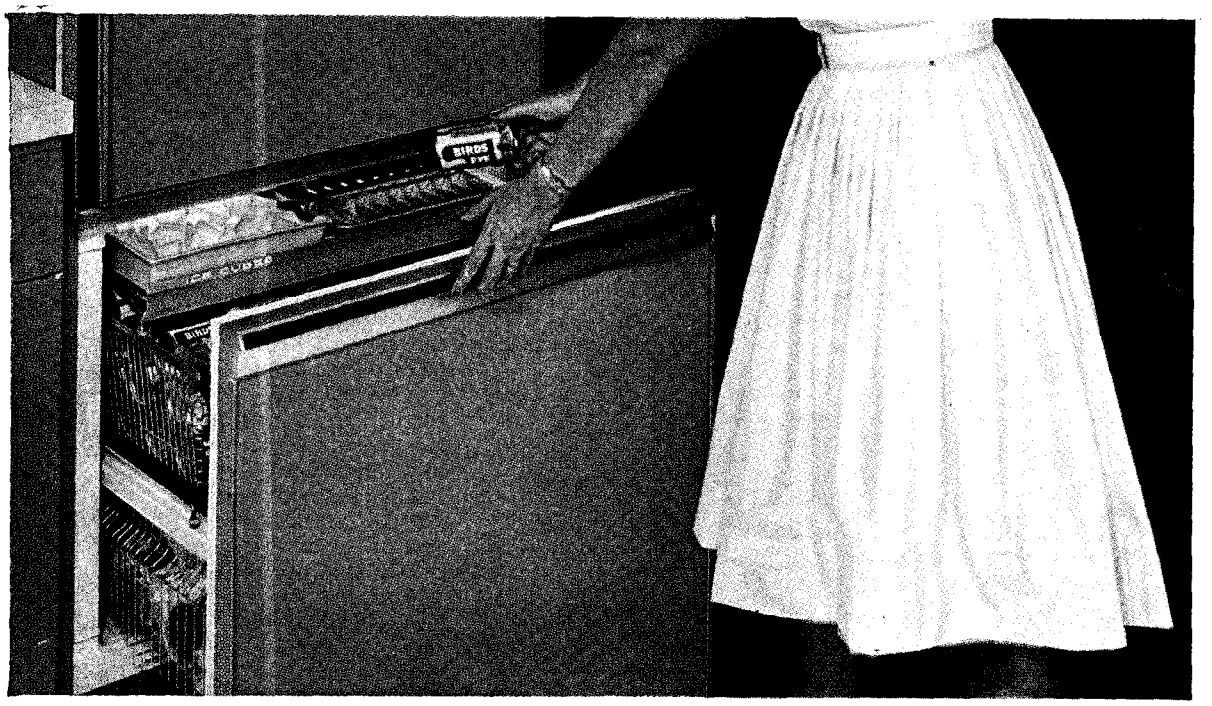
3. BIG ROLL-OUT FREEZER IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER!



COUNT YOUR CONVENIENCES!

Holds up to 4 huge shopping bags of food! You get big 4.8-cubic-feet-capacity in this exclusive Roll-Out Freezer! Convenient? It's like having your own supermarket right in your kitchen!

True zero-degree temperature! Regulated at this temperature, the Roll-Out Freezer protects the flavor of frozen foods, lets you keep them safely up to a year. And no defrosting—ever!

Glides out on nylon rollers! Just pull it out—it comes to meet you smoothly, easily. 2 large, removable storage baskets roll back and forth to put foods within easy reach! No awkward bending or stooping for foods.

Keep counting—there's more! There's another Golden Value right in the Roll-Out Freezer!—Freeze-N-Store Ice Service (read about it on the next page)! Plus no defrosting, Swing-Out Shelves, Straight-Line Design—*all* in this General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"The police were out here with a search warrant, Mr. Mason."

"All right," Mason said. "Who was home at the time?"

"All three of us. Nancy was asleep. Glamis got home in the small hours this morning and was asleep. But I was up."

"All right," Mason said. "The police served the warrant on you?"

"Yes. They asked me who was in charge here, and I said I guessed I was, and they said they wanted to look in daddy's woodworking shop."

"Did they?"

"Yes."

"What did they do?"

"They had a man who had some sort of a vacuum-sweeping attachment, and he got sawdust off the floor, and they looked at the broken chair and at the upset paint and they took some powder and dusted the can of enamel; there were fingerprints on there and they photographed those, and then they told me I had better wait outside but not to go near a phone."

"How long ago was that?"

"It must have been half or three quarters of an hour."

"Then what?"

"Well, they've left now, and—they were very nice, but they wouldn't answer questions."

"All right," Mason said. "Where's your father?"

"He's been in Las Vegas. He was supposed to be back on an early-morning plane and was supposed to be at the office at nine o'clock, but Mr. Calhoun called at nine-thirty and said daddy hadn't shown up and asked if I knew where he was."

"What did you tell Calhoun?"

"I told him I didn't know where daddy was at the moment. I left the impression daddy had been here for breakfast."

"Did he ask if your father had been home last night?"

"No, he didn't ask that specifically. He asked me if daddy had intended to be at the office this morning, and I told him I was quite sure he was going to be there."

"All right," Mason said. "Now, the police left there how long ago?"

"About ten minutes ago."

"Why didn't you call me sooner?"

"I was just completely flabbergasted. I didn't know what to do. I felt as though my knees had turned to rubber. I didn't know whether to tell Glamis and Nancy or what to do."

One great advantage in marriage is that you can't make a fool out of yourself without hearing of it.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"What did you do?"

"I haven't wakened either Nancy or Glamis."

Mason said, "I want to talk with Nancy and I want to talk with Glamis. It's probably better for me to go out there than to have you come in here. I ——"

The door from the outer office opened and Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide, his distinctive black hat tilted somewhat to the back of his head, entered the room. A plain-clothes officer followed behind him.

"Well, well, good morning, folks," he said. "I see you're busy as usual here."

Mason said in a sufficiently loud voice so Muriell would have no difficulty hearing him, "Well, well! What brings the lieutenant of Homicide to my office this morning, and why don't you ask to be announced? It's only a trifling formality, but it indicates a certain consideration for the conventions."

"I've repeatedly told you, the taxpayers don't pay me to be considerate of conventions," Lieutenant Tragg said. "I could waste a lot of the taxpayers' time waiting in people's outer offices. Now go ahead with your telephone conversation."

"I had just about completed my telephone conversation," Mason said. And then said into the telephone, "Was there anything else?"

Muriell said, "Oh, Mr. Mason, something terrible has happened. I know it has. I ——"

Mason interrupted. "Well, that's most interesting. Now a matter has come up which is going to keep me occupied for some little while. I'll probably have to call you back when I can get at the documents in the case. As it happens, a police homicide inspector has appeared at the office. They are a little troublesome at times because they always insist on their affairs being given the right of way. It may take me a little while to find out what this is all about.

"I'll be calling you back as soon as I have a reasonable opportunity, but I'll have to investigate those documents first. Now those matters which I suggested you keep in confidence are, I take it, still confidential. You haven't told anyone about them?"

"You mean about the ——"

"About *any* of them," Mason interrupted firmly.

"No, Mr. Mason, they didn't ask too many questions. They were asking about daddy, and I told them that he was in Las Vegas and was due in on the early-morning plane."

"Well, I'll be calling you back," Mason said. "Just hang around the telephone so you don't miss my call. Good-by."

Mason hung up the telephone and turned to Lieutenant Tragg. "What can I do for you this morning, lieutenant?"

Tragg turned to the plain-clothes man and said, "I guess you know Perry Mason. . . . That's Paul Drake, his detective . . . and Della Street, the very estimable secretary who chaperones his affairs. Don't underestimate the intelligence of any one of them; particularly don't be misled by that look of innocence on the part of Miss Street or those very, very beautiful eyes, which somehow seem to get your thoughts off of things you're trying to accomplish. Would you mind telling me with whom you were talking, Perry?"

"A client," Mason said.

"Good heavens!" Tragg exclaimed in mock surprise. "I thought from what I heard of the conversation it was a total stranger, someone who rang you up and wanted to know how to get to the post office from here or if you happened to know what the bus fare was to San Diego."

"It just goes to show a person can be misled jumping at conclusions. A good detective should never jump at conclusions," Mason said.

Tragg said, "Mason, I understand you have a client by the name of Gilman, Carter Gilman."

Mason said, "If you say you have a certain understanding, I see no reason to doubt the statement."

"Well, then, let me ask you—do you have a client by the name of Carter Gilman?"

Mason frowned as though trying to prod his memory. "Gilman . . . Gilman," he said, "Carter Gilman. Do you happen to know his address?"

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"Sixty-two-thirty-one Vauxman Avenue," Tragg said.

"Well," Mason said, "we could look it up and—no, Tragg, I don't think I should answer that question."

Tragg turned to the man in plain clothes and said, "Notice the cleverness of the guy. He acts as though he hadn't heard of Carter Gilman in a month of Sundays and then, having put on that act, he tells me that he isn't going to answer the question. In that way he hasn't lied to me; he hasn't said anything that wasn't so; he simply played it cute."

Tragg turned back to Mason. "Mason," he said, "I am asking you now an official question. Have you removed any incriminating evidence from the premises at six-two-three-one Vauxman Avenue—from any part of the premises?"

"Incriminating evidence," Mason said. "Now, let's see what we mean by that. Evidence, of course, is something that is legally admissible in the way of proof, and that, of course, calls for a legal definition. Now, incriminating is something else again. I would have to ask incriminating to whom. You see, Tragg, since you want to play games this morning, there are lots of things that you might consider evidence which a court wouldn't technically consider evidence because it wouldn't be admissible."

"I know," Tragg said. "Hearsay, for instance."

"Well, there again," Mason said, "you are up against certain exceptions. For instance, if a man asked you how old you were and you'd say fifty-five, perhaps. Now, of course, you have no way of knowing that you're fifty-five except because of something someone has told you. So you'd be testifying to something that was purely hearsay. Yet that is one of the exceptions to the hearsay-evidence rule which the layman never stops to think about."

"Well, now," Tragg said, "I see we're going to have rather a prolonged visit. I ——"

The telephone rang again. Della Street picked up the receiver, said, "Yes," then gave Mason a meaning glance. "Perhaps you'd better take this call in the law library." she said.

"Oh, you don't have to do anything like that," Tragg said. "We're not trying to eavesdrop, but we are in something of a hurry, and the business might be described as official; so perhaps you'd just better answer the phone, Perry, and tell whoever is calling to call back."

Mason caught the expression on Della Street's face, picked up the telephone, said, "Hello," and heard the voice of Carter Gilman.

"Mr. Mason, this is Carter Gilman. I am being held on suspicion of murder. They've interrogated me at the district attorney's office and I am now being booked. They told me that I had a right to call my attorney, so I'm calling you."

Mason said, "I'll be right down to see you. Now in the meantime, I don't know what you've said to anybody, but from now on you aren't to say a thing unless I'm there. Do you understand? You're not to open your mouth unless I give you permission—not even to talk about the weather. Don't give anyone the time of day. I'll be there just as soon as I can get there."

Mason hung up the telephone.

Tragg turned sadly to the man standing beside him and said, "That's what comes of all these recent decisions about depriving a man of due process of law—when you restrain him without taking him before a magistrate and when you don't give him an opportunity to call his attorney before you've even talked with him. The whole law-enforcement business has gone completely cockeyed. They're taking the handcuffs off the wrists of the criminal and putting them on the hands of the law-enforcement officers.

"Well, I guess the cat's out of the bag, Mason. I presume that you're not going to answer any more questions, that you're going to clap on your hat, shoot out of that door and dash down to the jail to confer with your client. Well, we can't stop you, Mason. So far, we don't have anything on you, but we're looking around, Perry, we're looking around."

Mason said, "Keep on looking, lieutenant. By the way, I presume you have your official car out here and you're probably on your way to the jail. Now, if you wanted to be really hospitable and a good sport about this thing you'd give me a ride with you and I'd save quite a bit of time."

"To say nothing of taxi fare or your own gas," Tragg said. "It's quite all right, Perry. Just to show you that we're good sports, we'll take you right through traffic and right up to where you can visit your client.

"Of course, you understand, Perry, I can't use the code signal that calls for red light and siren. I'll have to go just as an ordinary law-abiding citizen, but we know our way around and we can expedite things for you. It will look nice in case you should claim your client was deprived of due process of law or that the police restrained him unduly trying to get a confession out of him.

"Come right along with us, Perry, and we'll see that you're delivered F.O.B. the county jail, where you can talk with your client, who is being held on suspicion of murdering Vera Martel. And I don't mind telling you privately and confidentially, Perry, that this time we have an ironclad case, and unless you're very, very careful you're going to find yourself involved along with your client—right up to your necktie."

Mason bowed. "Thank you for the warning and the ride, lieutenant." He turned to Della Street and said, half jokingly, half seriously, "If you don't hear from me within an hour make an application for a writ of habeas corpus."

Della Street nodded silently.

Paul Drake, who had been a silent spectator, held the door open for the three men to go out.

Perry Mason sat in the counsel room at the county jail and looked across at Carter Gilman as the latter entered the room.

"All right, Gilman," Mason said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Mr. Mason, I don't know. I swear I don't."

"Save the swearing until you get in front of a jury," Mason said. "Then you'll have to be sworn. Now, tell me what happened."

"I had been in Las Vegas on business and came in on an early plane. I was supposed to be at the office this morning, but I thought I'd go to the house first. However, I never got there. Police were waiting at the airport and they picked me up and said they wanted to question me."

"What about?"

"About the death of Vera Martel."

"You know she's dead, then?"

"Oh, yes. They told me that."

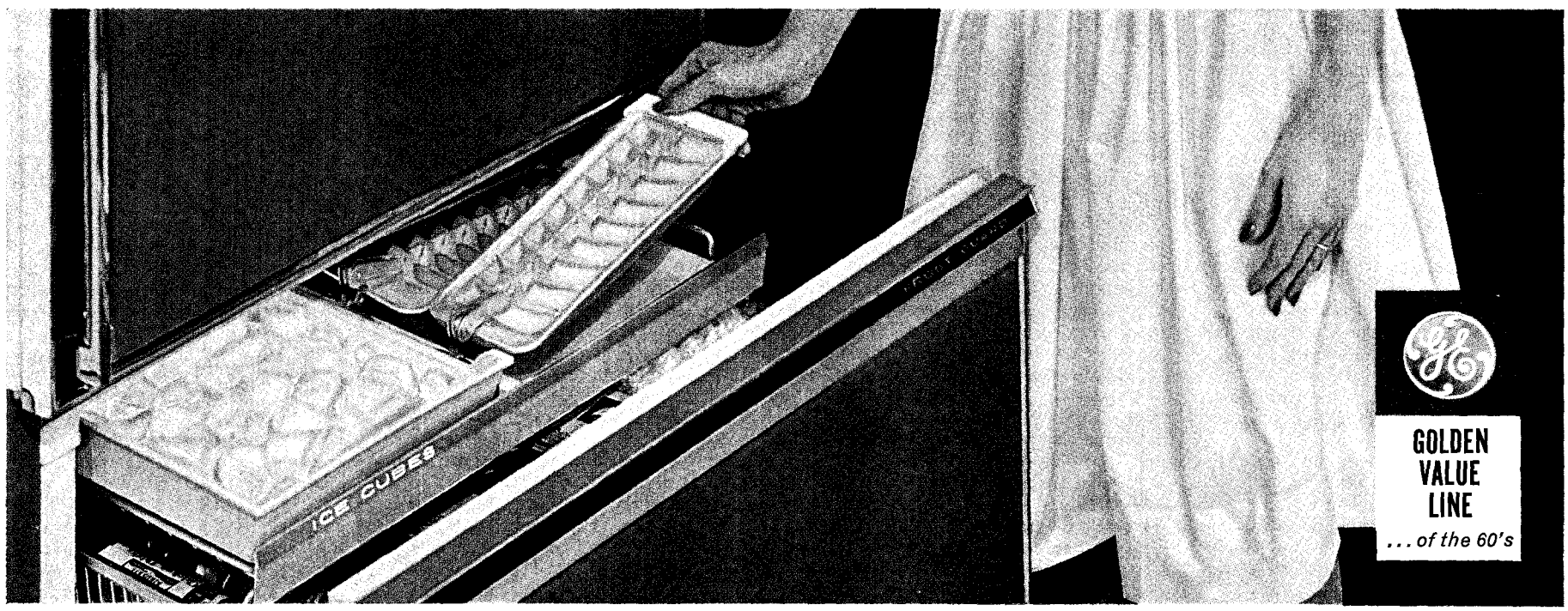
"And what did you tell them?"

"I told them that—well, I finally admitted that I had been to see you about Vera Martel."

"Oh, you did, did you? And what reason did you give for coming to see me about her?"

"Because I thought she was trying to blackmail some member of the family."

4. FREEZE-N-STORE ICE SERVICE IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER!



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Plenty of ice cubes—so easily! Just flip the trays over and out pop the ice cubes! Thanks to General Electric's Freeze-N-Store, you get ice quickly and easily—and so conveniently!

Stores up to 6 trays of cubes! Plenty of ice, even for the hottest, thirstiest days! The ice cubes flip right into their own storage tray, ready for use whenever you want them!

No more back and forth to the sink! With new Freeze-N-Store, just one trip with a pitcher of water and you fill all the trays at once—right in the freezer! No more going back and forth, no more spilled water to mop up!

Keep counting—there's more! What more could you want? Lots! No defrosting, Swing-Out Shelves, Roll-Out Freezer, Changeable Accessory Panels, Straight-Line Design—all these conveniences, and more, are yours in General Electric's Golden Value Refrigerator-Freezer!

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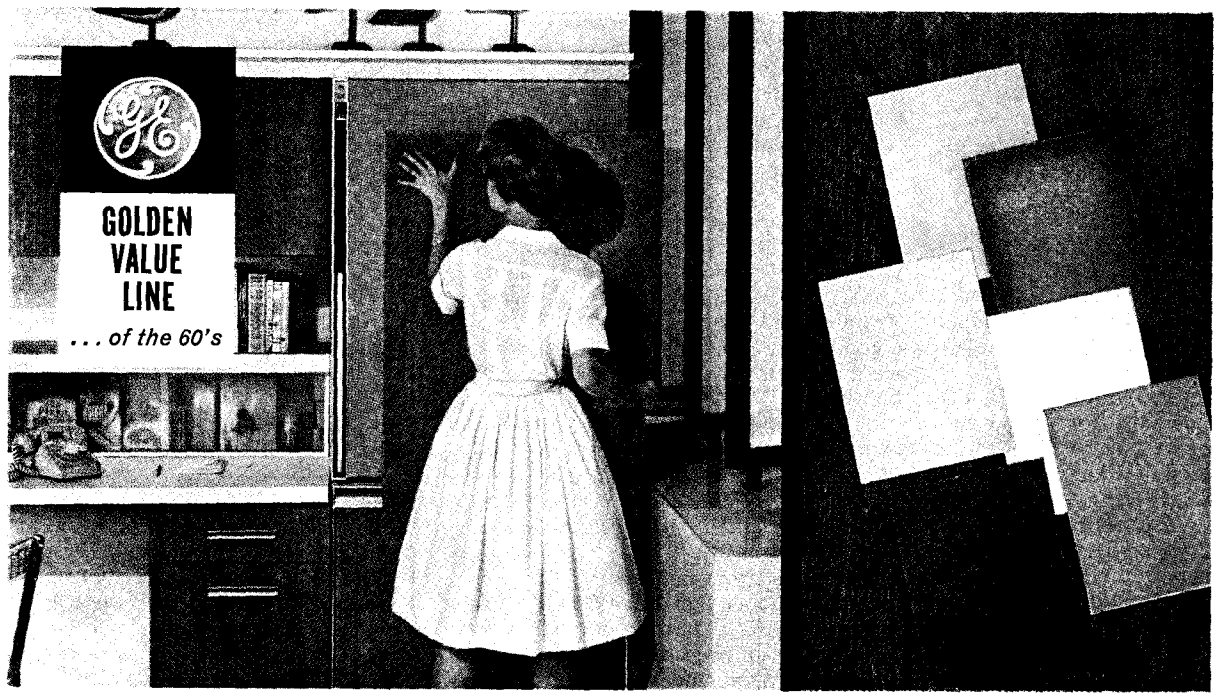
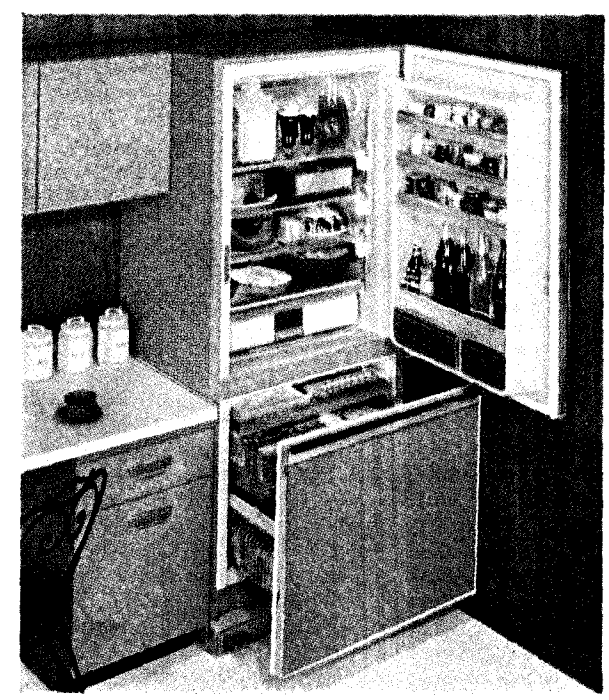
5. DECORATOR FEATURES IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER!





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Keep counting—there's more! Swing-Out Vegetable bins, egg tray, butter conditioner; magnetic safety door with adjustable shelves . . . Golden Value conveniences everywhere you look! See this new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer at your dealer's—ask about his trade-in allowances, and start counting *your* conveniences today!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Now you say some member of the family," Mason said. "Originally you told me she was trying to blackmail your wife."

"Well, I've been thinking things over."

"All right," Mason said, "go on. What else?"

"Well, they asked me about my workshop and what kind of woods I'd been working with and where I bought my woods, and they asked me what I'd been doing in Las Vegas."

"What were you doing?"

"Gambling."

"Win anything?"

"No."

"How much did you lose?"

"I guess I just about broke even."

"Rather an uneventful trip," Mason said.

"Well, I had my ups and downs."

"Did they ask you when you first learned Vera Martel was trying to blackmail some member of the family?"

"Oh, yes. They asked me everything."

"And what did you tell them in answer to that question?"

"I told them that I had seen Miss Martel's car parked near my office on two occasions and near my house once. I also said a Miss Martel had called the house a couple of times."

"Those were times when you were home alone?"

"Yes."

"And you asked Vera Martel for her name?"

"She gave her name and said for Mrs. Gilman to call as soon as she came in."

"And you gave your wife those messages?" Mason asked.

Gilman hesitated.

"Now look," Mason said, "let's quit beating around the bush. I don't think Vera Martel was ever inside your house; I don't think she ever called your wife. I'm pretty certain that you never delivered any messages to your wife saying that she had called and that your wife will so tell the police. Now what happened is that Roger Calhoun hired Vera Martel because he had heard there was some sort of a scandal connected with Glamis and he wanted to find out what it was.

"Vera Martel dug up something and then she decided to play it smart. She started playing both ends against the middle. She wanted to know how much Roger Calhoun was willing to pay to get the information and how much you were willing to pay not to have her give it to Calhoun. So," Mason went on, "yesterday morning you had a date with Vera Martel. She was to meet you in your workroom. You were to pay her ten thousand dollars. She came a little earlier than you expected and you wanted to get away from Muriell's field of vision; so, despite the fact you'd eaten a full breakfast, you sent Muriell back to the kitchen to do some more cooking ——"

"Good heavens! How do you know all this?" Gilman interrupted.

"I make it my business to know things," Mason said. "You got up and left the table. You went out to the workshop. Vera Martel took the ten thousand dollars and then told you she wanted some additional money. You lost your temper and flew at her in a rage. She may have pulled a knife or a gun. You choked her and then, frightened at what had happened, stuffed her body in the trunk of your car, drove out to where you could hide the body. Then you went back and got Vera Martel's car where it had been parked near your place, and ——"

Gilman was shaking his head emphatically.

"Just listen for a while," Mason said. "You got her car, drove out on Mulholland Drive, put her body in the car and ran the car over the grade. Then you decided you'd start building an alibi for yourself. You had an appointment with me at eleven-thirty. You did your best to try and make it, but you had been doing a lot. You were a few minutes late.

"So you told me this story about Vera Martel and about what you wanted me to do, knowing all the time that Vera Martel was dead. Then you went out and started building your alibi. You arranged to have someone with you all the time. You didn't know just when Vera Martel's body would be discovered, but you knew that the longer you could postpone discovery the more chance you had.

"So you decided to trap me and use me as a witness to show that Vera Martel had been alive some time after she was actually murdered. So you fixed up a message with your secretary about your fingerprints, and had your secretary, whom you felt you could trust, call me from a telephone pay station at Graystone 9-3535—that was only a few blocks from your office. You had your secretary call me from that station while you were standing beside her. You had her try to disguise her voice by talking rapidly and say that she was Vera Martel, that you had been to see me, that you had given me the name of Edward Carter, that actually you were Carter Gilman, that you were a fool, that I was to ring you at that number and give you a message about fingerprints.

"So I rang you up at that number. I gave you that message and you pretended to be tremendously impressed by it and very frightened. You hesitated and you wanted to know how in the world Vera Martel could have known you were there unless you were being shadowed. Then, after you had put on a pretty good act, you hung up and your secretary called the office to see if you had come in yet. You dashed back to whatever place it was where you were building an alibi—probably a conference with some banker, since that pay station is within three blocks of a branch bank where you do business.

"Later on you went to Las Vegas. The records of the airplane company will show what plane you took. Once in Las Vegas you didn't need to be quite so careful. Now I don't know what you went there for, but I wouldn't be too surprised if it was to try to get into the office of Vera Martel to look for incriminating documents.

"That's generally the plan you had worked out. By following it, you've bought yourself a one-way ticket to the gas chamber. Your secretary is loyal and she'd do just about anything you asked her, but when she finds out that she's given a choice of being an accessory after the fact on a murder or telling the police the truth, she'll tell the truth. They're probably grilling her right now.

"If you'd called me as soon as it happened and had given me the facts, I might have been able to do something to help you. We might at least have made it look like manslaughter or second-degree murder. But now, with all this elaborate skulduggery you've worked out you've made the whole thing appear to be premeditated murder, and they're going to get a verdict of first-degree murder."

Mason quit talking and let his eyes bore into Gilman's panic-stricken eyes. "Well?" he asked at length.

Gilman shook his head.

"All right," Mason said, "what's the truth?"

"I'll tell it to you," Gilman said, "but I won't tell it to any other living soul. I won't go on the witness stand. I won't even admit it if you should ask me."

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"All right," Mason said. "Go on, tell me what happened."

"I'm—I'm protecting someone; someone I love very much."

"Who?" Mason asked.

Gilman shook his head.

"Who?" Mason asked.

"All right," Gilman blurted, "I'm protecting a member of my family."

"That's a little better," Mason said. "Now perhaps we can do something. Tell me what happened."

"I was eating breakfast," Gilman said. "I knew that Vera Martel was trying to find out something about the family."

"How did you know that?"

"I'll come to that in a minute."

"All right," Mason said. "What happened at breakfast?"

"I saw Vera Martel hurry down the driveway and enter Nancy's darkroom."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I was absolutely thunderstruck," Gilman said, "to think that she would come to my house. I knew then that the situation was very desperate, that there was something in the nature of a payoff that was taking place. I intended to go down the driveway and have a showdown with Vera Martel.

"Now this is important, Mr. Mason, and you must remember it. In order to keep from arousing Muriell's suspicions, I didn't dare to sit there just looking out the window. I had to be pretending to read my paper, so I can't swear as to exactly what happened. I was looking at the paper part of the time."

"Go on."

"I got Muriell out in the kitchen cooking and I arose quietly from the table, dropped the paper on the floor and was about to tiptoe out of the front door when I looked out of the window and saw ——"

"Yes," Mason said.

"I saw a member of my family running from the workshop with a face that was indicative of panic."

"Who was it?" Mason asked.

Gilman shook his head. "I'll never tell even you that, Mason, because I know that if you take my case you're going to try to save my bacon, and as an ethical lawyer you'll save it at the expense of anyone who you think is guilty."

"All right," Mason said, "we'll let it go at that for a while. You saw a member of your family coming out of the workshop. So then what happened?"

"Then I hurried out of the front door. I ran on tiptoe along the cement driveway. I opened the door to the darkroom and hurried across the darkroom to the door to the workshop. I opened that and at what I saw I nearly fainted."

"What did you see?"

"There was a pool of crimson on the floor, which at first I took to be blood. There was a broken chair. There was money all over the floor of the workshop—hundred-dollar bills just scattered everywhere."

"All right, go on," Mason said. "What did you do?"

"I dropped my napkin, I guess. I just stood there. Then I saw that the pool of red I had thought was blood was actually red enamel which was leaking from the loose cap of a can which had been knocked off the workbench. I went over and picked up the can and put it back on the shelf, right side up. Then I realized what must have happened."

"What must have happened?" Mason asked.

The Perfect Squelch

Coming home from church one sweltering Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Halfhill met the Smiths on their way to a nearby beach. After a friendly greeting, the pastor mentioned that he had missed them in church that morning.

Mrs. Smith murmured an apology. But her husband, ever a stanch defender of the wrong, insisted on explaining at length exactly why he hadn't been in the congregation.

"You can't expect people to sit in a stuffy church on a day like this," he snorted. "Hotels are air-conditioned. Restaurants and movies are air-conditioned. And, if you expect to keep attendance up, churches should be air-conditioned."

"Well," the pastor said with a faint smile, "one place has been without it for ages, and I understand attendance is holding up well."

Paris Compton

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Changeable Accessory Panels

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MEDALLION HOME LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

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"This member of my family had gone out with a lot of money in hundred-dollar bills to pay for blackmail and—well, Vera Martel had raised the ante and there had been violence."

"So what did you do? Did you ask this member of the family about it?"

"I did not," Gilman said. "I ran and jumped in my car and started the motor and ran out looking for Vera Martel. I knew she couldn't have gone far. I circled the block; then I cruised around the various streets and I couldn't find her, but I did find her car parked within about half a block of the house."

"How did you know it was her car?"

"It had a Nevada license on it."

"How did you know it was her car?" Mason asked.

"It—all right, I'll tell you the rest of it. Roger Calhoun *did* hire Vera Martel to find out something about a scandal in the family. My secretary, Matilda Norman, who has been with me for some time and is intensely loyal, found out about it when a few words came in over the intercom before Calhoun realized it was open. For your information, Roger Calhoun's secretary, Miss Colfax, hates his guts, but she has to play up to him because she's drawing about twice the ordinary salary. However, she found out enough to know that Roger had Vera Martel in there and was going to pay her money to find out something about the family, and she knew that Vera Martel came from Nevada."

"So what?"

"So she came and told Matilda Norman, and Tillie told me."

"And you," Mason asked, "busted in on Calhoun and Vera Martel and asked him what he thought he was doing?"

"That's what I should have done," Gilman said. "I'm afraid I did the wrong thing."

"What did you do?"

"I wanted to find out more about what was going on, so I went down to the parking lot and looked around for cars with Nevada licenses. I found one and I really gave it the works. I found keys in a key container in the lock and looked in the key container and found an identifying tag of Vera Martel with a Las Vegas address."

"Go on," Mason said.

"There was some modeling clay in my car. I went over to it, took out the clay and made an impression of the keys in the key container."

"What did you do that for?" Mason asked.

"I simply don't know," Gilman said. "I just wanted to find out everything I could. I was in a panic at the idea that some scandal might be uncovered in connection with my family. I've known for a long time that there might have been something a little irregular—that is, a little premature about the birth of Glamis—but that wouldn't have been enough. It had to be something in addition to that, and I wanted to find out what it was."

"So you got the idea that while Vera Martel was available you'd make duplicate keys and go over and search her office?"

Gilman hesitated a moment and then nodded.

"You certainly have stuck your neck in the noose," Mason said. "Is that what you were doing last night?"

"Yes."

"What did you find?"

"I found that somebody had beat me to it," Gilman blurted. "The office was a wreck. Papers were scattered all over the floor. You couldn't find anything in the filing case in any kind of order. All of the papers had been mixed up. Someone had pulled everything out and just thrown them helter-skelter on the floor."

"Did you have sense enough to wear gloves?" Mason asked.

The look of dismay on Gilman's face was Mason's answer.

"All right," Mason said. "You probably left fingerprints all over the place. You've given them the most perfect first-degree-murder case Hamilton Burger ever had. There's only one peculiar thing about all this and that is that I am halfway inclined to believe you. Now, what did you do when you finished cruising around yesterday morning looking for Vera Martel? You say you found her car parked within half a block of your place. What did you do with your car?"

"I drove to the place where I usually take the bus and parked my car on the side street."

"That's how far from your house?"

"About four blocks."

"All right. You left the car there. Then what did you do?"

"I didn't know what to do, Mr. Mason. I was in a daze. I took a bus for the office, but I never went there. I walked around for some time, then I decided to go home and have a showdown with my family. So I got on the bus and went back almost to my house, and then suddenly realized that I had that appointment with you and that I had better go and see you, that I (*Continued on Page 66*)

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I miss you, too!"

A tone of voice that's just for you . . . a very special way of saying, "I miss you"—and almost at once your day takes on a brighter glow.

A Long Distance call can mean so much—it brings you good news and the warm feeling of being with folks you care for. Pick up your phone, and you can be with them right now.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

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Washington, D.C. to Philadelphia	50¢
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mary, can you find room in your heart for me?"

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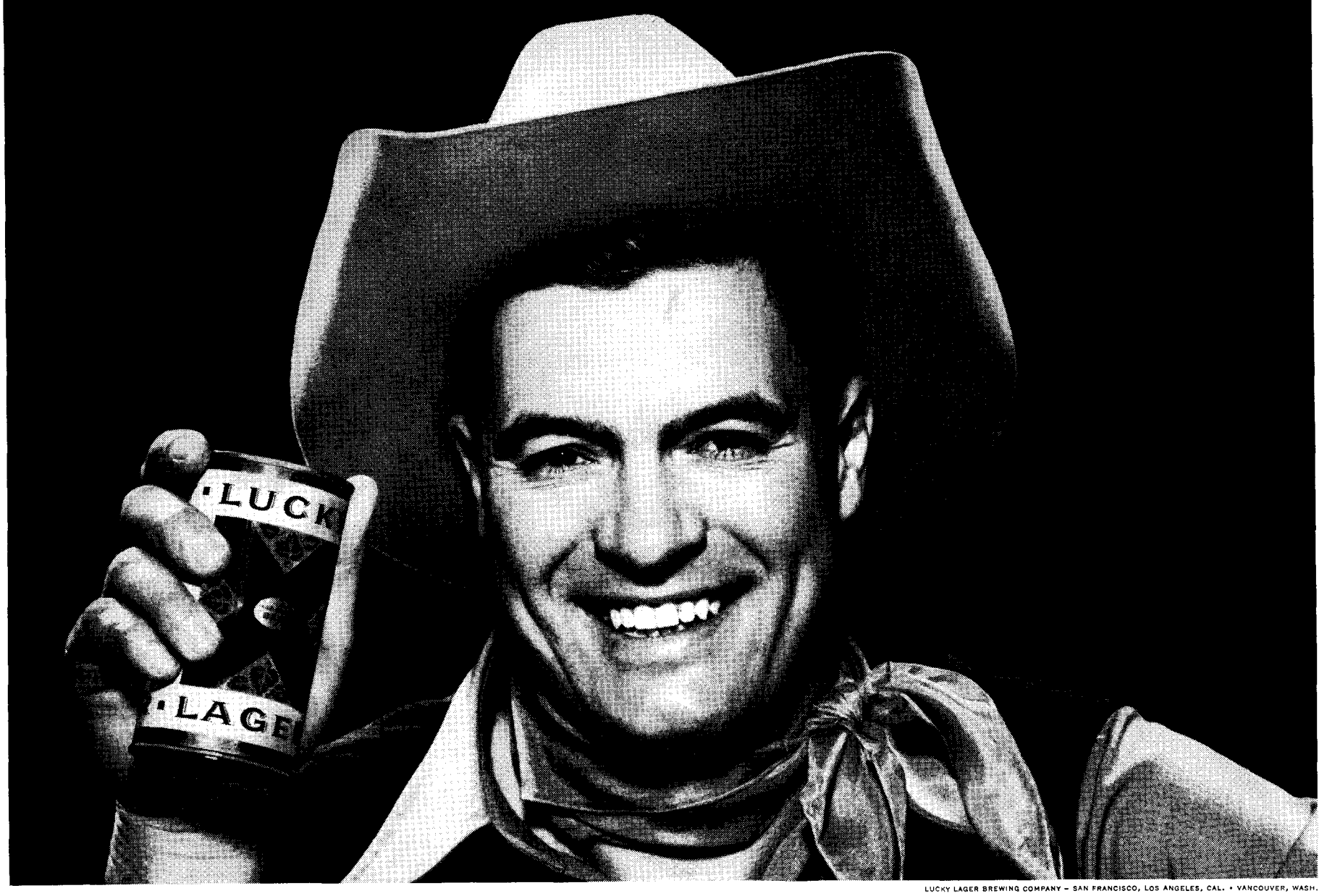
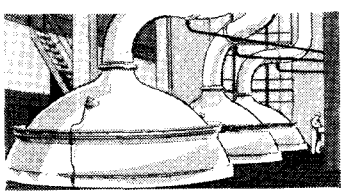
Men who like real beer choose real lager beer



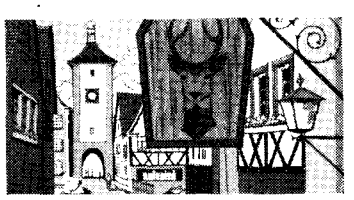
LUCKY LAGER BREWING COMPANY – SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CAL. • VANCOUVER, WASH.

Lucky Lager has a straight-forward quality, a "character" you just don't get in other beers

Lucky Lager has "character" in the great German tradition. One glass of Lucky Lager tells you: here is a real drink of beer. Completely different . . . absolutely distinctive. The Germans call lager "wunderbares bier"—magnificent beer. Americans call it Lucky Lager.



Lucky Lager is brewed by the famous German lager technique – a special process from start to finish. Only old world skills in the brewing and extra time in the ageing achieve the renowned body, aroma and taste of the *real* lager beer – Lucky Lager.



Lucky Lager begins with the best. Nothing else can produce true lager beer. The large-grained barley, the most flavorful hops, the purest water, the most modern breweries – these give lager quality to every golden glass of Lucky Lager – the *real* lager beer.

LUCKY LAGER

the real lager beer

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added an extra week to our vacation!

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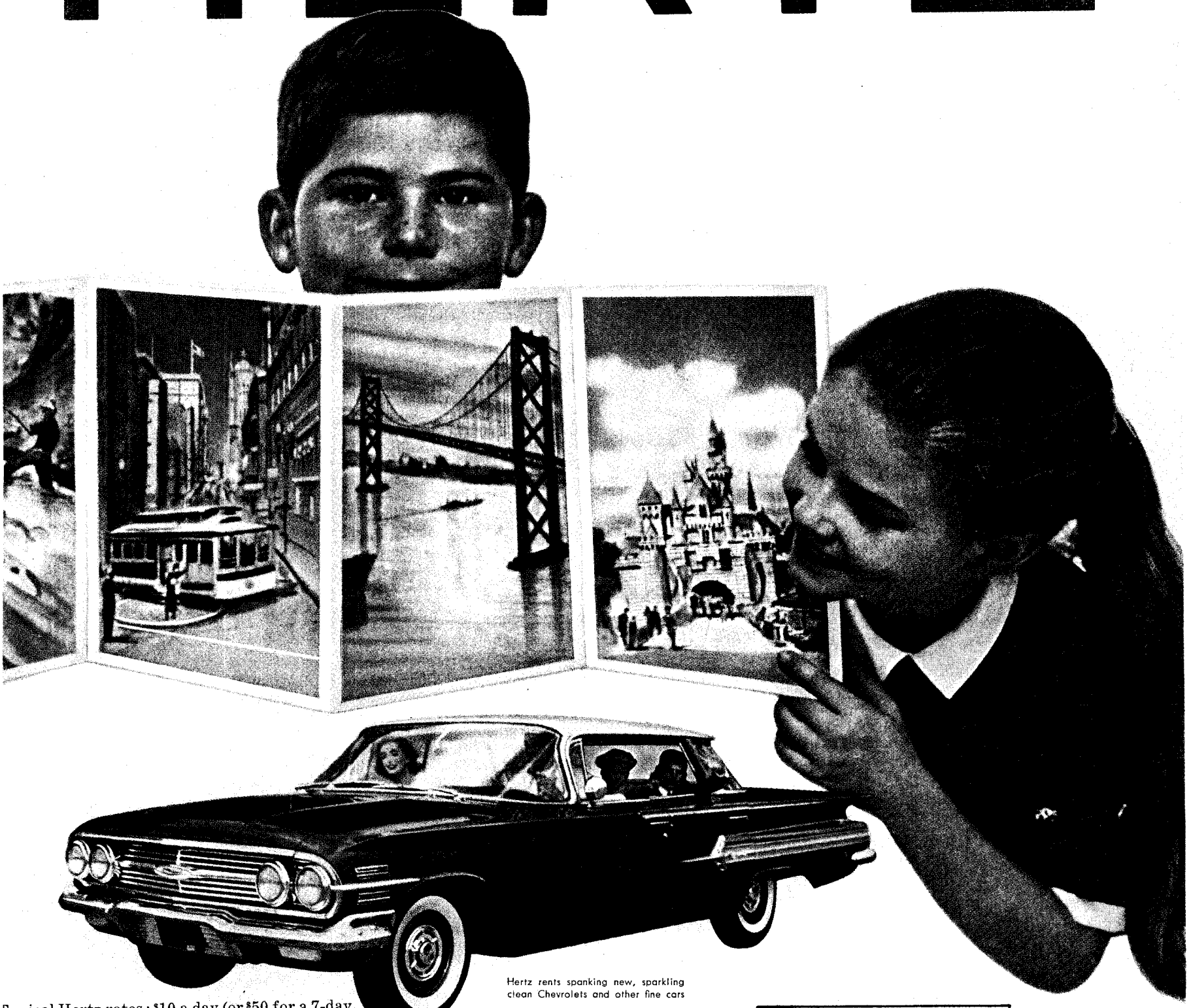
Fly first, then rent a car from

HERTZ



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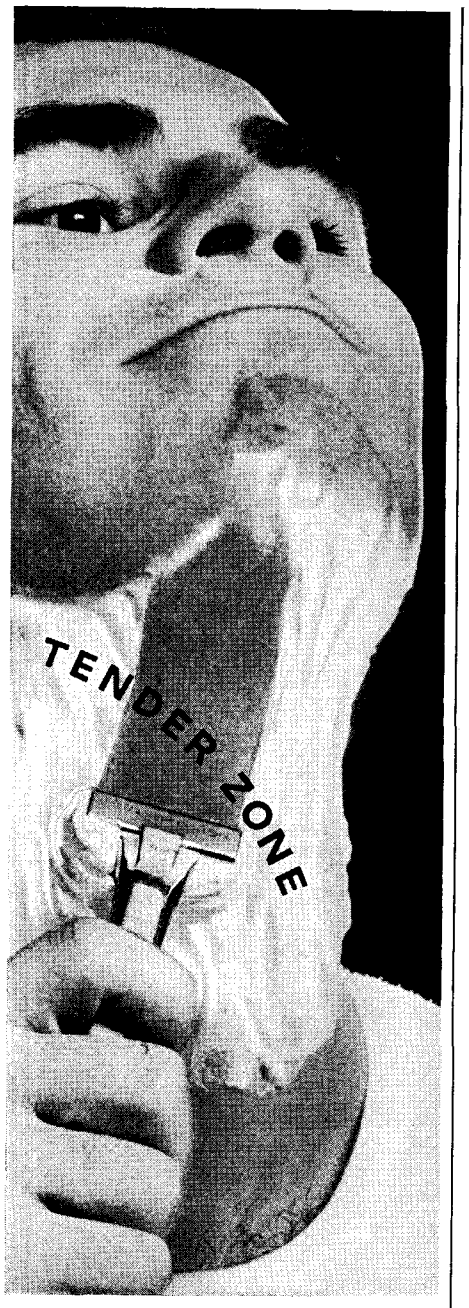

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REGULAR OR MENTHOL 69¢

(*Continued from Page 62*) could dump the whole thing in your lap. So I got off the bus, caught another bus back and came up to your office to keep my appointment.

"Now, you're wrong about my having Matilda Norman ring you for the purpose of making you think that Vera Martel was alive at that time. But I was afraid that you might be working a little too leisurely. I wanted to give you a challenge. I knew that if Vera Martel made it seem she was outwitting you, you'd get on the job and do something about it. So I fixed up this scheme with my secretary—but how in the world you found out who was calling is more than I'll ever know."

Mason said, "There's no time for you to ask me questions. I'm asking you questions. You try to answer them. There were three people besides yourself in that house—Muriell, your wife and Glamis. Since Muriell was up and cooking the breakfast, she could well be the one you saw running out of the workshop. That's rather an interesting possibility."

"Actually, there were four people besides myself in the house," Gilman said.

"Who was the fourth?"

"A young man from up in the northern part of the state somewhere. Hartley Elliott, a rather personable young chap, a manufacturers' agent."

"What about him?"

"He has been going with Glamis and he escorted her home at some time around two or three o'clock in the morning—the way young people do things these days really gets me."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, as I get the story now, he parked his car and went up and sat on the porch with Glamis for a while, leaving the ignition and radio on in the car. When he came back to turn the ignition key into the starting position, the battery simply refused to take hold; so Glamis suggested that he come on up and spend the night in one of the guest rooms."

"How many guest rooms?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"In the upstairs, on the north side. The guest room that he occupied was directly over the dining room. As a matter of fact, I heard him moving around up there and that tended to confuse me. I didn't know that he had spent the night there—not until later."

"How much later?"

"Last night, when I called Muriell from Las Vegas. Muriell was very much concerned about me and I could tell that she was curious. Well, I talked for some little time on the telephone and she told me about Hartley Elliott staying there overnight."

"You paid for the call?" Mason asked.

"No, I didn't. I called collect."

"From Las Vegas?"

"Yes. I asked for Muriell and told the operator to reverse the charges."

"So in case they were needing any more clues," Mason said, "they have a long-distance call to help out."

Gilman said, "Mr. Mason, if I have to, I'll plead guilty. You can make some sort of a deal with the prosecutor by which I can plead guilty to manslaughter, and then, what with my position and background, I can get out in a year or two."

Mason said, "You listen to me. I'll tell you what you can do and what you can't do when the time comes. In the meantime, you don't say one single word to anybody about pleading guilty to anything. You just keep your mouth completely, entirely shut. You tell everybody that your attorney has given you instructions not to discuss the case in any way, not to discuss your family, not to discuss your background, not to discuss your business. Now then, I want to know one thing. Did you kill her?"

"Mr. Mason, honestly, I did not."

"But you felt she probably had been killed, and you are morally certain that someone in your family did kill her?"

"Yes."

"Was it Muriell?"

"I am not going to answer."

"Was it Glamis?"

"I won't be cross-examined."

"Was it your wife?"

"I've told you, Mr. Mason, that I am not going to ever tell anybody. That name will never pass my lips as long as I'm alive."

"Was it Hartley Elliott?"

"Heavens, no. I wouldn't take a rap simply to protect him."

"Well," Mason said, "you're either a devoted husband, father and stepfather, or else you're a darned good actor. And right at the moment I don't know which, but I intend to find out. Now you sit tight and under no circumstances discuss the case with anyone."

"Where are you going now?"

"I'm going out to your house," Mason said. "I'm going to talk with the various members of the family, and while I'm talking with them I'm going to try to make up my mind whether any one of them is lying and, if so, which one it is. And if none of them is lying, I'll feel pretty certain that you murdered Vera Martel out in your workshop and have concocted a story that is designed to arouse my sympathy and cause me to use my best efforts in softening up the district attorney so you can, as they say in crook parlance, cop a plea."

And Mason turned, signaling to the guard that the interview was over.

TO BE CONTINUED

• •

On the Go

You've heard the phrase,
"the going rate"?
Well, this at least I know:
Applied to guests departing
late,
The going rate is—slow.

Richard Armour

• •

The Origin of the Elements (Continued from Page 41)

properties of the atom. Thus these properties depend on the charge of the nucleus. The atoms of one element are distinguished from those of another by the nuclear charge and the corresponding number of electrons. For example, the nuclei of hydrogen have a single positive charge. In the hydrogen atom this is balanced by one negatively charged electron. The nucleus of uranium has ninety-two times the charge of hydrogen nuclei, and this charge is balanced in the uranium atom by ninety-two electrons.

Even when we concern ourselves only with atoms, there is still considerable complexity. For one thing, there are now known to be 102 elements or atomic species—from hydrogen, the lightest, to Element 102, which has nuclei with 102 times the charge of hydrogen nuclei. In addition to the great number of the elements there is another point of complexity. Although the nuclei of a given element all have the same charge, they do not all have the same mass. These differing forms are called *isotopes* from the Greek—*iso*, the same, plus *topos*, place—referring to the fact that they occupy the same place in the periodic table of the elements, a classification of the elements according to their chemical properties. Chemists associated the isotopes of a given element because they had the same chemical properties in spite of their differing mass.

We have identified more than 300 isotopes of the elements found on the earth. Slightly over fifty of these are naturally radioactive. In addition to the 300 naturally occurring isotopes of the elements, it has been possible to synthesize another 900 radioactive nuclei in nuclear reactors or high-energy accelerators. Adding the 300 naturally occurring to the 900 man-made forms, we find that we know of 1200 nuclear species—the hearts of the atoms of the elements. Is this the number of the fundamental units of matter? Fortunately the answer is no!

In 1932 the riddle of this apparent complexity was solved; all nuclei were shown to consist of two still more fundamental building blocks, the *proton* and the *neutron*, collectively called *nucleons*. The proton is the central nucleus of the ordinary hydrogen atom. The proton has a single positive charge and slightly more than one unit of mass in the measuring system used by the nuclear physicist. The neutron also has slightly more than one unit of mass, but has zero electric charge; it is electrically neutral—thus the word *neutron*. Neutrons in a vacuum or free state transform to positive protons and negative electrons—always in combination, to preserve the over-all charge at zero. Inside nuclei, neutrons can retain their own identity and are just as good building blocks as the protons.

Each of the 1200 nuclear species is characterized by a definite number of protons and a definite number of neutrons. For example, there are three variants, or isotopes, of uranium found in nature, all with ninety-two protons, but with 142 or 143 or 146 neutrons. Adding the number of protons and neutrons yields the designations uranium 234, uranium 235, and uranium 238. It is the uranium 235 which serves as the most effective fuel in supplying fission energy in nuclear reactors.

Thus we see that atoms with the same number of protons but differing numbers of neutrons in their nuclei are isotopes of the same element. In ordinary physical and chemical processes isotopes behave alike. In nuclear processes, however, isotopes behave quite differently because of the differing numbers of neutrons. In other words, these differences in isotopes are not important under ordinary circumstances; only in the nuclear laboratory or reactor or at the high temperature and density in the center of stars do the isotopes of an element play their individual nuclear roles.

It is well to emphasize that the relative amounts of the isotopes of one element remain unchanged in most geological processes. The ten isotopes of the element tin, for example, have come down to us unchanged in (*Continued on Page 70*)

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"HEAT-BEAT"

(TENSE, IRRITABLE, HEADACHY)

TAKE A "BAYER® BREAK!"

How the "BAYER BREAK" makes you feel better fast!

1. **First take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache.**
2. **Then, relax. Sit down...put your feet up and rest for a while.**
3. **This brief rest plus Bayer will have you feeling better fast, so you can face the heat with a smile. Try it.**

Make this promise to yourself—when you feel headachy, worn down, and tense, stop—take a "Bayer Break." You'll find it's not only sensible, but rewarding. For two Bayer Aspirin and a few minutes of relaxation quickly relieve that fretful, headachy feeling often caused by the hot weather.

You see, thanks to Bayer's newly discovered *instant flaking action*, a Bayer tablet enters your stomach—*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. So there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work *instantly*, to make you feel fine in practically no time.

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!

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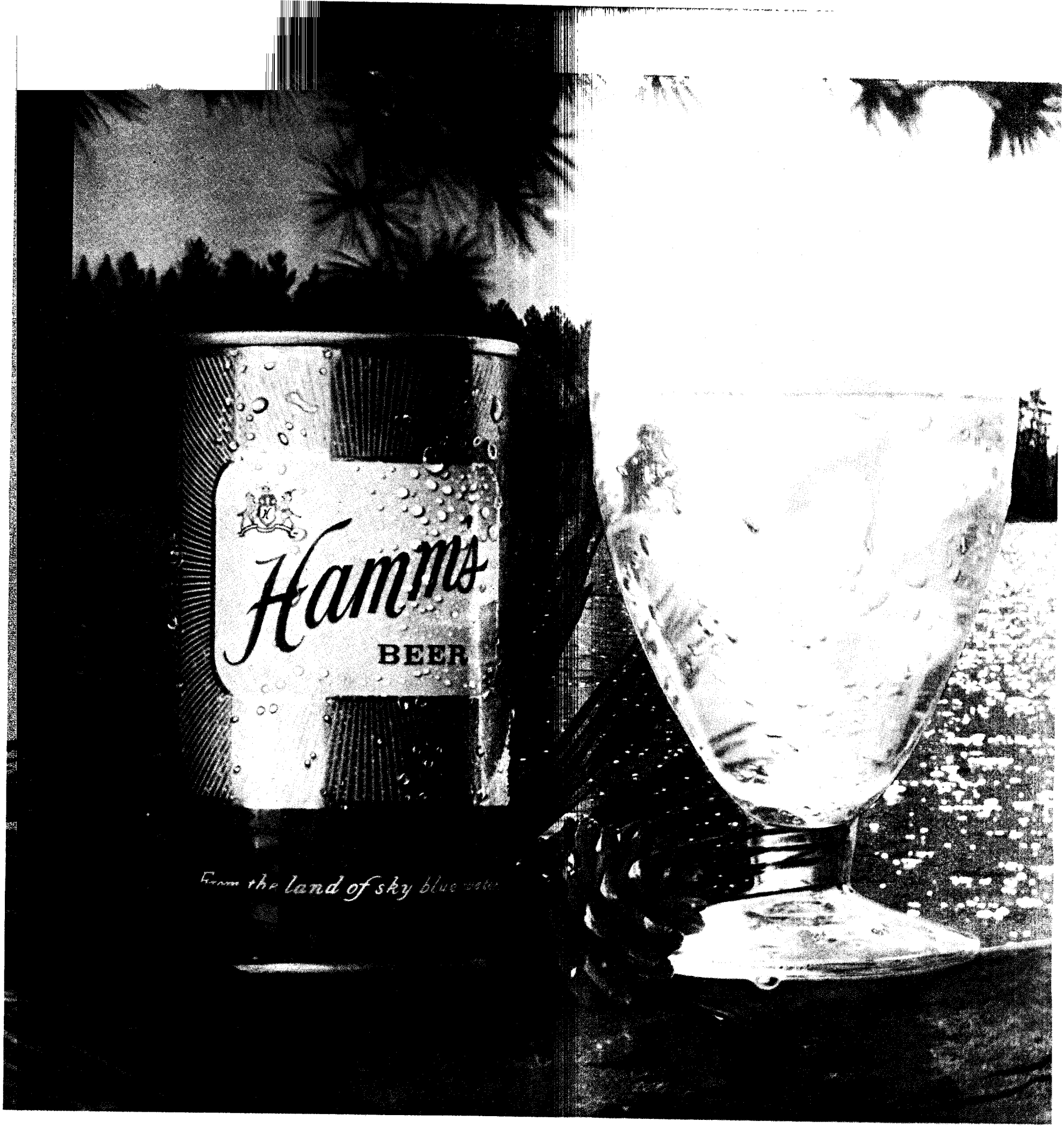

When you drink Hamm's Beer
...it's almost like being there...
in the land of sky blue waters. Let's go!

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Hamm's

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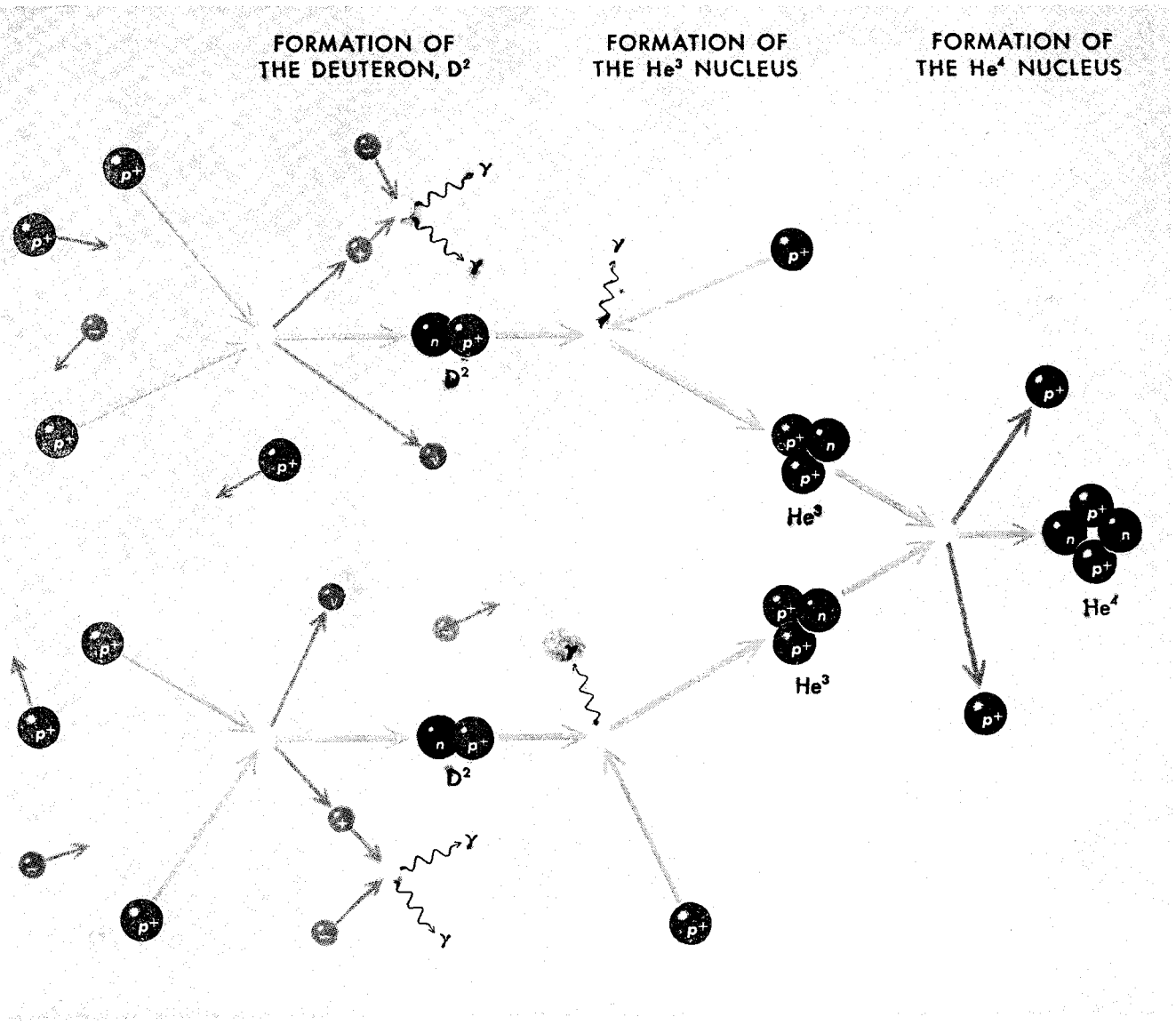

The Fusion of Hydrogen Into Helium in the Interior of the Sun

The fusion of hydrogen into helium is the primary source of energy in stars such as our sun. It occurs in the stages illustrated above. At the high temperature in a star's interior the hydrogen atoms are broken down into protons (p+) and negative electrons (−) all in rapid motion. In a violent collision (left) two protons fuse together to form the deuteron (n p+) which consists of a neutron (n) and a proton and has a mass of two units. A positive electron or positron (+) and a neutrino (ν) are emitted in the fusion process. The neutrino escapes directly from the star because it interacts only very infrequently with other forms of matter. The positron soon collides with an electron, and both are annihilated with the appearance of energy in the form of two photons or quanta γ of radiation. The deuteron eventually collides with a proton (middle column) and forms a nucleus of helium with a mass of three units (He^3) and the appearance of more radiant energy. The collision of pairs of He^3 (right) results in the release of two protons and the production of a nucleus of helium (He^4) which has a mass of four units. In this way four protons and two electrons (those annihilated by the positrons) have been converted into one helium nucleus plus radiant energy and kinetic energy of motion. Starting with primordial hydrogen a new element has been produced. Energy is released because the mass balance before and after is not exact. The four protons and two electrons are slightly heavier than the helium. By Einstein's famous law the mass lost is converted into energy. The energy thus produced in the center of the sun travels out to the surface, and is radiated away as light and heat.

(*Continued from Page 66*) their relative numbers since they were produced in cosmic events. They tell us of the nuclear history of the universe, and in what follows it will be seen that we have learned to look upon the isotopes of the elements as truly eternal clues.

The proof of nuclear structure comes from experiments in nuclear laboratories. These experiments have shown that all nuclei can be dissociated into neutrons and protons and all can be fused or put together again from these same nucleons. Some progress has even been made in understanding the internal structure of the nucleons, but the story is by no means complete. In most acts of the drama of creation the nucleons may be considered immutable.

This immutability of nucleons is not inviolate. When nuclear collisions occur at high velocity and great energy in the nuclear laboratory, particles called *antiprotons* can be produced in pairs with protons. An antiproton escapes with considerable velocity from the proton with which it is born. In ordinary matter it eventually meets another proton which it annihilates along with itself in a great burst of energy. Similarly, *antineutrons* which annihilate neutrons can be produced in pairs with neutrons. The nomenclature for these new particles is quite literal and graphic—antimatter annihilates matter!

Thus, protons and neutrons can be created and destroyed at high energies. We have pointed out previously that free neutrons and some neutrons in radioactive nuclei can transform to protons along with negative electrons. It is also known that protons in certain other radioactive nuclei can transform to neutrons along with positively charged electrons, called *positrons*. In low-energy interactions, in a world of our kind of matter, protons and neutrons, collectively as nucleons, are stable and immutable. This is in spite of the fact that no previously known laws prevent them from transforming to electrons and other lighter particles with the disappearance of mass and the release of large amounts of energy. For this reason we have to accept another law of nature: Nucleons at low energy are immutable. If this law did not hold, then the universe as we know it would not exist.

With this picture of the structure of the nuclei of the elements in mind, it is natural to attempt to explain their origin by a synthesis starting with the fundamental building blocks, the protons and neutrons. Here we will not attempt to account for the origin of the protons and neutrons. Some cosmologists believe in a steady-state cosmology in which nucleons are constantly being created. Other cosmologists think that the nucleons were created many billions of years ago in a primordial event. Both points of view have the common difficulty that we only know of processes in which nucleons are created in pairs with antinucleons—and antinucleons annihilate nucleons. We live in a world of nucleons. How did our nucleons escape completely from the set of annihilating antinucleons with which they were born? No one knows. But today we can ask and partially answer at least the following question: Given protons and neutrons as the building blocks, how and when were they put together in various combinations to form the elements and all of their isotopes? How did the complexity come to be, starting with universal simplicity?

Just as there are two antithetic theories of the origin of the nucleons, the continuous creation and the single creation, so there are two divergent points of view concerning the synthesis of the elements beyond (*Continued on Page 75*)

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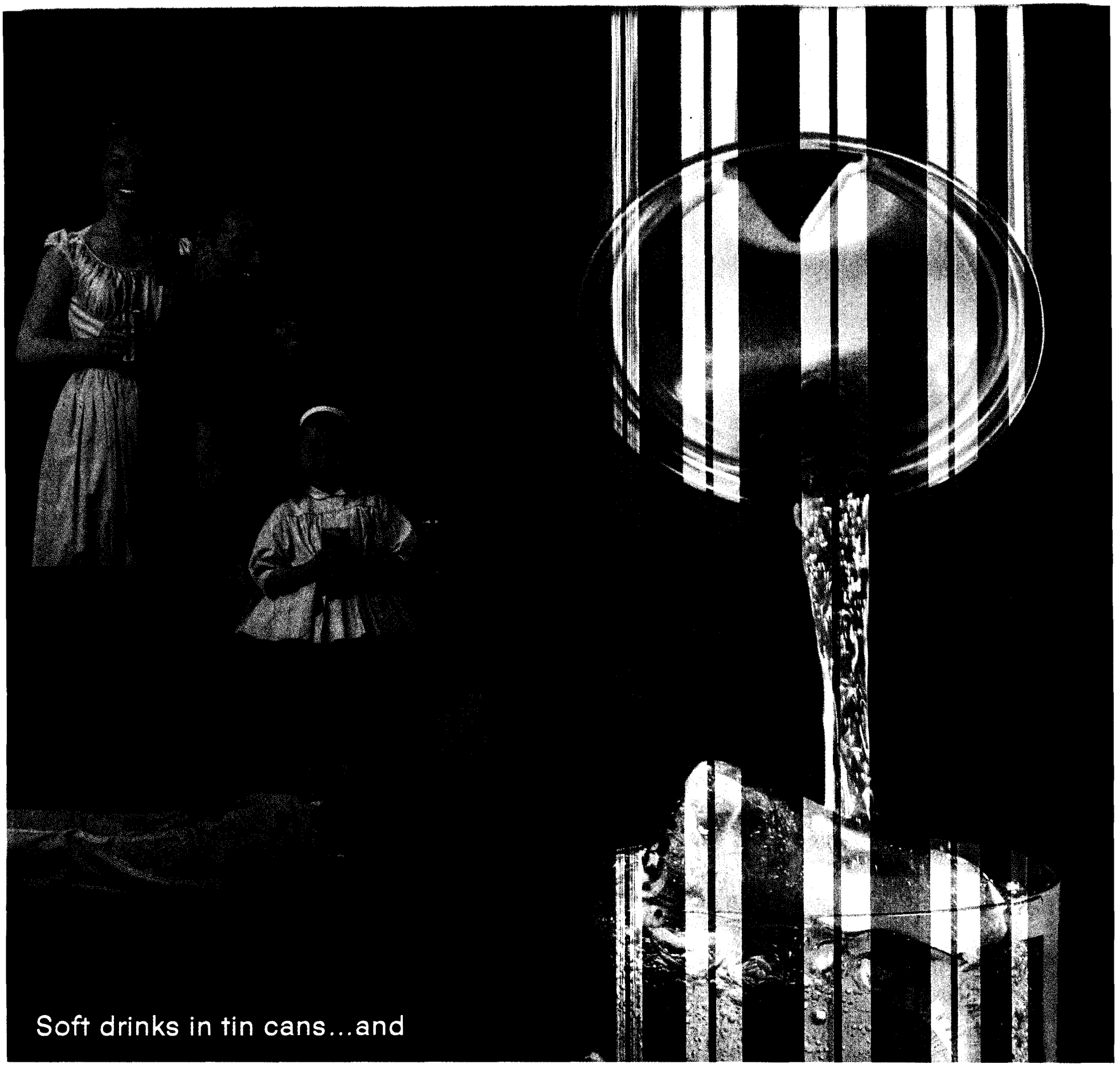

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Among the many swallows that make a summer perhaps the most welcome ones come from soft drinks in tin cans.

Tin cans serve up your favorite flavors at their tingly best—providing clean, sanitary protection from point of origin to your opener.

Tin cans chill faster. They take up less space in the refrigerator. They're easy to handle, easy to open—light and unbreakable so you can carry more. You can take them on picnics, to parties, without worrying about deposits and returns.

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And quite an order it is—as the parched throats of Americans keep calling for more and more. Within the past year alone, the consumption of canned soft drinks has increased 40%. And there's a hot dry summer ahead—when Weirton will continue to keep pace with the growing trend, rolling the tons and tons of tin plate it takes to help keep America cool.

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LOTS OF THINGS LIKE ◇ the husky tires and rims on which the platform truck, fire engine and cars roll ◇ the yards and yards of fire hose ◇ the Neolite soles and heels the bandsmen are stepping along on ◇ the resin in the traffic-marking paints ◇ the vinyl in the coating on the convertible top ◇ the Vitel polyester resin used to make the uniforms and spectators' clothing ◇ the tires on the beribboned bicycle ◇ the resin used in making Mom's vinyl plastic purse ◇ the Airfoam in the automobile seats ◇ the Rubarite that protects the asphalt pavement against the impact of events like this ◇ and many, many more.

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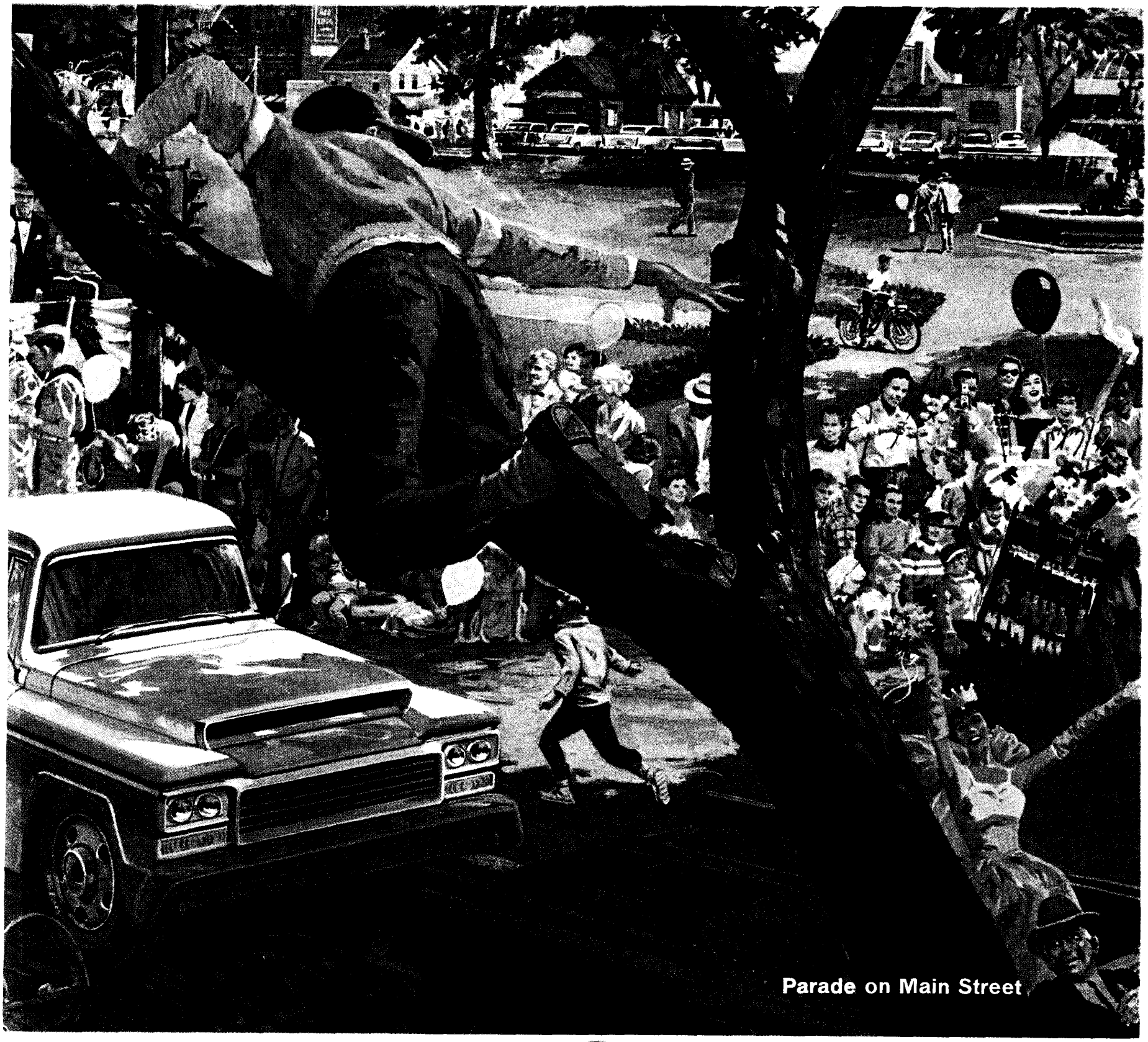

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America loves a parade. And wherever you watch one, you're sure to see a varied array of Goodyear products.

Not just the sturdy tires on which the procession rolls. (Although, in parades as elsewhere, more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.) Dedicated research has made Goodyear a leader in such diversified and important fields as chemicals, film, foam, flooring, industrial, shoe and metal products, aviation products—even atomic energy and products for national defense.

Today a growing list of Goodyear products makes living better, safer, more comfortable than ever before—for you, your family and your country. Everybody benefits when a research-minded company works mightily and successfully to "Protect Our Good Name." Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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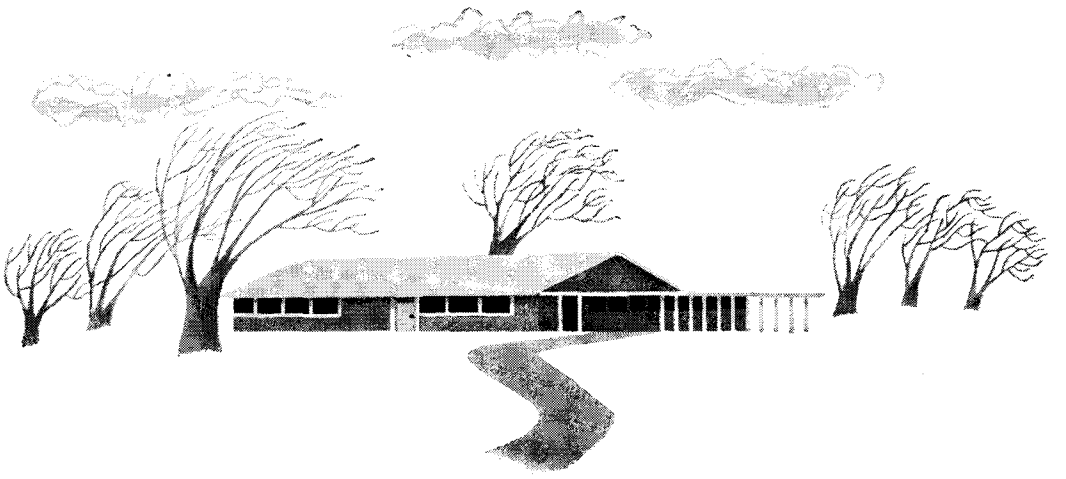

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(*Continued from Page 70*) hydrogen. In one point of view, physicist George Gamow and his collaborators have appealed to the astronomical evidence for the expanding universe. This evidence shows that the light from other galaxies is shifted in color to the red. A similar shift to longer wave lengths is observed for the radio waves from these same galaxies. These shifts indicate that the distant galaxies are receding from us. The light we receive from them is reddened and the radio waves are lengthened just as the sound from the whistle of a receding train is shifted toward the bass. We also know that the more distant a galaxy the greater its red shift and thus the greater its velocity of recession. The most distant galaxies observable have velocities measured up to one third the velocity of light, which would have them moving away from us at 200,000,000 miles per hour.

Such a recession suggests a primordial "big bang," in which all the matter of our universe was ejected with high velocity from a common region; the galaxies whose matter received the greatest velocities relative to that of our own are now the most distant from us. The distances to the galaxies divided by the velocities as deduced from the red shifts fix the time of the creation. This turns out to be ten to twenty billion years ago.

Holding to the explosive evolutionary cosmology with its expanding universe, Gamow suggested that in the early stages of the expansion the density of radiation and matter was very great indeed and that under these circumstances neutrons rather than protons and electrons were the major constituents of matter. And so, *in the beginning*, Gamow postulates a huge "neutron ball" that promptly began to expand because of its great internal energy. This was the start of the expansion of our universe which we now observe.

We can study the nuclear processes which took place during the early stages of the expansion in the nuclear laboratory. We have mentioned that neutrons in vacuum transform to protons and electrons. This transformation takes time and, in the case of the neutron, the "half-life" is found to be twelve minutes—that is, of a given number of free neutrons existent at a given time, one half transform in an interval of twelve minutes, one half of the remainder transform in another twelve minutes, and so on. Thus, as the primeval expansion took place, neutrons gradually changed into protons and electrons.

Again laboratory observations tell us something relevant. When we produce neutrons in hydrogen gas, rather than in vacuum, they fuse together very rapidly with the protons in the hydrogen atoms; the protons are said to capture the neutrons. We can think of this as happening during the primeval expansion. One of the free neutrons transforms. The proton from this transformation captures one of the remaining free neutrons. The result is the formation of the deuteron, the nucleus of an isotope of hydrogen called "heavy" hydrogen. The deuteron has a mass twice that of the proton or neutron. The first of the nuclear species beyond ordinary hydrogen has been produced.

The deuteron can in turn capture another free neutron to form the triton, a still heavier form of hydrogen with a mass of three units, but still with the single positive electrical charge of the original proton. At this stage, experiments show that one or the other of the two captured neutrons in the triton emits an electron and becomes a proton, leaving a nucleus with two protons—and the remaining neutron—and therefore a positive charge of two units and a mass of three units. This makes the resultant atom an isotope of helium, whose nuclei are doubly charged. A new element has been formed. The common form of helium has a mass of four units, and this comes into being when the helium with three mass units captures a neutron to keep the chain of events going.

Thus, according to this theory, by a succession of neutron captures, interspersed from time to time by electron emission to form protons, all of the elements were built in a matter of a few minutes during the earliest epoch of the expanding universe. (Naturally there had to be enough electrons from the neutrons to neutralize the protons and produce a universe of neutral atoms.) This picture of the creation and the element-building, followed rapidly by the formation of galaxies, stars and planets, seemed to be demanded by the astronomical evidence when it was proposed some years ago. At that time the age of the universe was thought to be the same as that of the solar system, namely 5,000,000,000 years. This suggested that the elements, the galaxies, the stars and the planets had been created in a relatively short time. Recent research has set the age (*Continued on Page 79*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, stop talking about it and play the music."

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Movies *with sound* are twice the fun because you never know what they'll say next!

ODDS ARE, the first scenes you shoot with a sound movie camera will depend on loud noises and distinctive sounds. Shouts. Clangs. The shriek of a siren. The temptation is practically irresistible. And the new Fairchild Cinephonic records these with astonishing fidelity. Yet this is a mere *fraction* of the fun. For it isn't until you film *candid* scenes that

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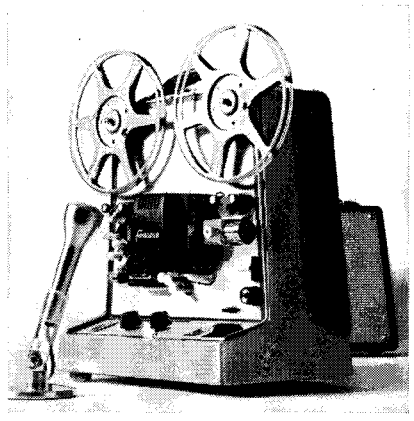
sound adds its special magic. The sound track becomes a vital part of the action. It completes the mood. And the result is stirring realism. Not just *pictures* of boys at play. But the boys themselves, shouting and laughing, or serious and subdued. Not just silent *pictures* of a game or a trip. But the event itself—as if you were there again.

Surprisingly (miraculously!) the Cinephonic is as easy to use as conventional silent cameras. Simply follow the action. *The camera hears all it sees.* Picture and sound are automatically synchronized—on the film. (Cinephonic sound film is edged with a magnetic recording stripe. It is altogether the equal of the finest color film you have ever used.)

CINEPHONIC CAMERA: *8mm, electronic sound synchronization, omni-directional microphone, volume control, headphone "monitor," rechargeable permanent battery, power drive (no winding), 100' film capacity, 3-lens turret. With 13mm Cinphar f/1.8 lens,* **$249**
Cinephonic Sound Film: 50 ft. double-8mm rolls (100 ft.) fine grain color, $7.50

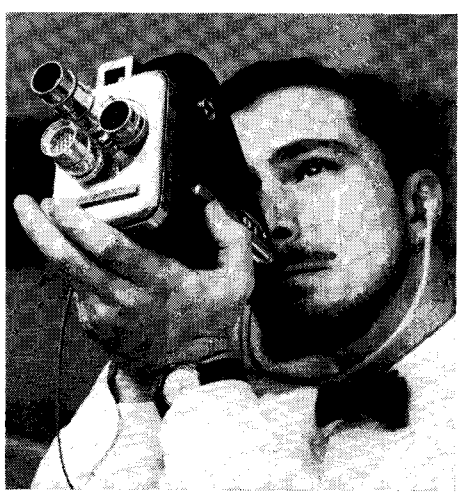
The Cinephonic records *inside* the camera. There is no outside power source, no bulky equipment, no winding! Sound is picked up by a small, sensitive microphone. You can "plant" it in the scene, wear it round your neck—or tucked in your shirt pocket.

The Cinephonic *projector* is no less revolutionary than the camera. It shows your new *sound* movies with uncanny realism. It can even add narration, background and sound effects to your old *silent* films.



CINEPHONIC PROJECTOR: *shows sound and silent 8mm films. Adds sound to silent films. Removes sound, adds sound over sound. Self-contained in carrying case, with separate speaker which can be placed beneath screen. Complete with mike,* **$259**

See and hear the Cinephonic for yourself. Any of the Fairchild dealers listed at the right will gladly demonstrate. And ask for your free copy of the fascinating new booklet, "At Last! Home Movies with Sound" or write today to Fairchild, Box 609, Dept. G, Yonkers, New York.



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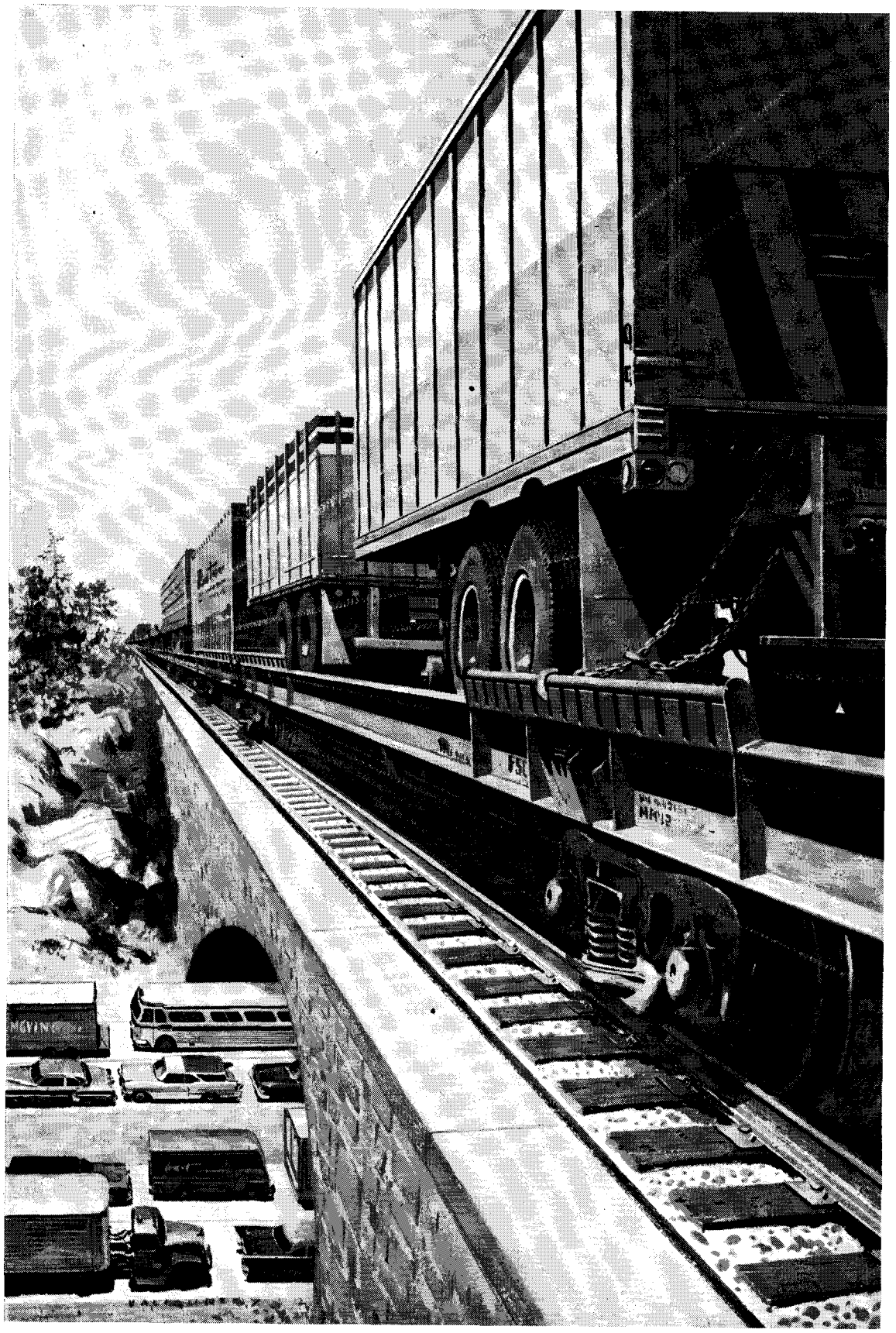

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(*Continued from Page 75*) of the universe as at least 10,000,000,000 years—while the solar-system age remains at 5,000,000,000 years—so a somewhat less hectic early history is now possible, even in this evolutionary picture of cosmology.

There are widely recognized difficulties in the foregoing element-synthesis chain. The most striking difficulty arises from the fact that among all the nuclear species found in nature, none has a mass of five or a mass of eight units. When produced in the laboratory, nuclei with these masses break up again very rapidly. Thus the chain of neutron-capture events—one unit of mass at a time—has two broken links. We are forced to conclude that only the lightest elements could have been produced in the primeval explosion.

We now turn to another point of view—one that has been advocated by several scientists, but primarily by Prof. Fred Hoyle (ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 21: WHEN TIME BEGAN, *The Saturday Evening Post*, February 21, 1959). Hoyle and Geoffrey and Margaret Burbidge and I have collaborated in one of the recent studies of the subject. In this point of view the elements beyond hydrogen have been produced in the stars.

All of us have heard the nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder *what* you are?" But have many of us ever really wondered what is in a star? According to Hoyle, the answer is right in ourselves; because all of the elements in our bodies, all of the elements in the earth and in the sun—all those beyond hydrogen, that is, and even part of the hydrogen—have been at some time or other in the hot interior of a star. We are "star dust." The reader will be skeptical, and so let us turn for confirmation to certain astronomical observations.

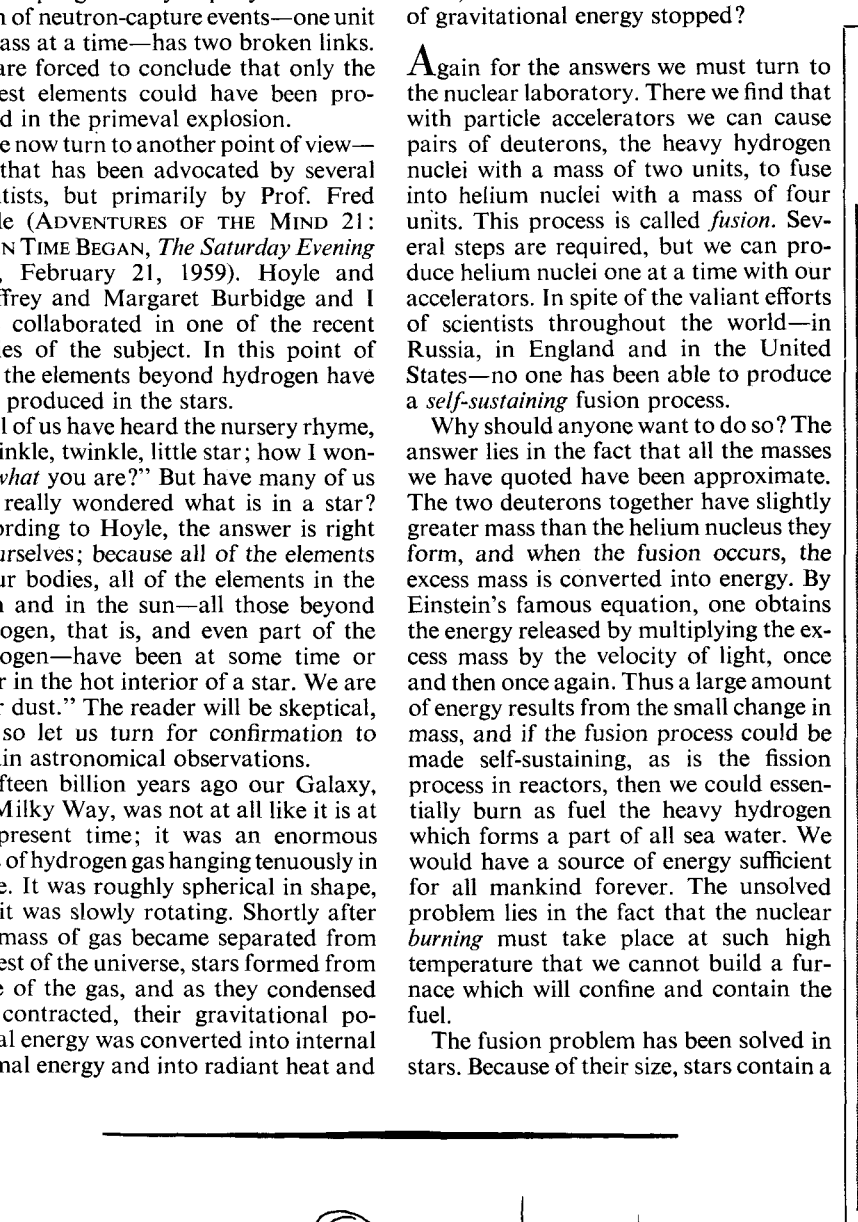
Fifteen billion years ago our Galaxy, the Milky Way, was not at all like it is at the present time; it was an enormous mass of hydrogen gas hanging tenuously in space. It was roughly spherical in shape, and it was slowly rotating. Shortly after this mass of gas became separated from the rest of the universe, stars formed from some of the gas, and as they condensed and contracted, their gravitational potential energy was converted into internal thermal energy and into radiant heat and light. Eventually, as more and more stars were born, lived and died, the rotation caused the collection of present stars and uncondensed gas to take up the flattened disklike shape of the present Galaxy. What about the individual stars? After a few tens of millions of years of contraction, stars stop contracting and settle down for a relatively long period, constant in size like our sun, during which they emit light uniformly and steadily, again like our sun. How did this stability come about? Where did the energy come from, after contraction and the release of gravitational energy stopped?

Again for the answers we must turn to the nuclear laboratory. There we find that with particle accelerators we can cause pairs of deuterons, the heavy hydrogen nuclei with a mass of two units, to fuse into helium nuclei with a mass of four units. This process is called *fusion*. Several steps are required, but we can produce helium nuclei one at a time with our accelerators. In spite of the valiant efforts of scientists throughout the world—in Russia, in England and in the United States—no one has been able to produce a *self-sustaining* fusion process.

Why should anyone want to do so? The answer lies in the fact that all the masses we have quoted have been approximate. The two deuterons together have slightly greater mass than the helium nucleus they form, and when the fusion occurs, the excess mass is converted into energy. By Einstein's famous equation, one obtains the energy released by multiplying the excess mass by the velocity of light, once and then once again. Thus a large amount of energy results from the small change in mass, and if the fusion process could be made self-sustaining, as is the fission process in reactors, then we could essentially burn as fuel the heavy hydrogen which forms a part of all sea water. We would have a source of energy sufficient for all mankind forever. The unsolved problem lies in the fact that the nuclear *burning* must take place at such high temperature that we cannot build a furnace which will confine and contain the fuel.

The fusion problem has been solved in stars. Because of their size, stars contain a sufficient amount of material so that they can confine nuclear fuel gravitationally, sustain fusion processes and shine on the energy that comes from these processes. Moreover, in the star's early stages of contraction the stellar material is heated until the nuclear processes are triggered by the high temperature. The release of the nuclear energy adds to the violent internal motions, and the contraction of the star is stopped with a delicate balance resulting between inwardly directed gravitational forces and outwardly directed thermal pressure.

Stars, including our sun, have solved another problem. They consist most abundantly of ordinary hydrogen, with practically no heavy hydrogen. It will be recalled that ordinary hydrogen nuclei are called protons. In principle it is known that four protons, each with a mass of one unit, can fuse into a helium nucleus with a mass of four units. Two positive electrons, or positrons, are produced in the process, but these annihilate immediately *in situ* in combination with two negative electrons. Two ephemeral particles with no mass or charge, called neutrinos,



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are emitted with the positrons. The neutrinos move outward with the velocity of light and escape from the star. The mass balance in the over-all fusion process is not exact, and the mass lost reappears as energy—the fusion of ordinary hydrogen into helium goes on in the deep interior of most stars, and this is the source of their stability and their energy.

The fusion of protons into helium can occur in stars even though protons are all positively charged and mutually repel each other. As a matter of fact, on classical Newtonian mechanics, the fusion cannot occur, because even at stellar temperatures the protons do not have sufficient relative velocities to overcome their mutual repulsion. Sir Arthur Eddington, who proposed hydrogen fusion as the source of energy in stars in 1920, gave a magnificent answer to those who criticized him on classical grounds: "We do not argue with the critic who urges that the stars are not hot enough for this process; we tell him to go and find a hotter place." Eddington's critics were saved from their classical fate by modern quantum mechanics, which governs the behavior of atomic particles and permits fusion to occur even when it is "impossible" on Newtonian mechanics.

We now begin to see the evidence for the role played by stars in the nucleosynthesis of the elements. We can postulate that the Galaxy formed from pure hydrogen and so did the first stars within the Galaxy. As time went on, the internal hydrogen in these stars was consumed, like the fuel in a furnace, and the ash was helium. If the early stars broke up or exploded at this stage, they would contaminate the otherwise pure primordial hydrogen of the Galaxy with helium. Then, any stars which formed at a later state in Galactic history, as our sun did, would contain, as does our sun, not only hydrogen but also helium.

Stars do not necessarily break up after converting their central hydrogen into helium. They may continue their element building. When the central, hottest part of a star becomes all helium, the hydrogen being exhausted, this new element is truly an ash because it is inert at the temperature, about 10,000,000 degrees absolute, at which the hydrogen was burning.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Return to Bedlam

By E. B. de Vito

Among the thousand things
or so
That parents are the last to
know
Is the secret preparation
For a gay, mad never-
ending row
Of parties offspring plan to
throw
When they are on vacation.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Higher temperatures—about 100,000,000 degrees absolute—are required to burn helium. But now gravity takes over again as the nuclear hydrogen fire goes out. The helium core of the star contracts and raises the temperature to the ignition point for helium. How does the helium burn? This was a great puzzle for many years, but now we know that—in a complicated two-stage process which can be studied only in reverse in the laboratory—three nuclei of helium, each with a mass of four units, can be fused into a nucleus of the element carbon, which has a mass of twelve units. This is, in fact, the most abundant form of carbon which we find in nature. Moreover, the process leapfrogs over the missing links at mass five and mass eight and winds up at mass twelve.

The production of carbon with mass of twelve units in the helium core of a star which remains stable is followed by a succession of similar building processes until the elements near iron in the periodic table are produced. We know that these processes must terminate near iron, which has been found to have the lowest energy content of all the elements because it has the lowest excess mass in the sense we previously discussed. Thus, the end of the line is reached for the first-generation stars of the Galaxy, formed from pure hydrogen, when they have developed an iron core at their center surrounded by layers of intermediate elements out to still-unconsumed layers of carbon, helium and hydrogen in their cooler outer regions. When the iron core begins to collapse, no further energy can be released. The collapse of the innermost regions becomes catastrophic. The ultimate result is ejection of the outer parts of the star in a gigantic explosion. The supernovae seen by astronomers as "new" stars which flare up to great brilliance in a few days are probably such explosions. New elements, synthesized by the stars as they produce energy through nuclear transformations, are eventually dispersed throughout the interstellar medium in the Galaxy. Thus, stellar systems formed at a late stage of the life of the Galaxy, such as our sun and the earth and the other planets, contain not only the primordial hydrogen of the Galaxy but also heavier elements. This, then, is the origin of the more complicated forms of matter which enrich our surroundings.

The essentials have now been told. There are many more details. In second-generation stars which formed from hydrogen plus the helium, carbon and iron produced in the first stars, nuclear reactions can take place which produce neutrons. Neutrons, which are neutral, are not repelled electrically by other nuclei. Furthermore, they can be captured by iron and other elements to form still heavier elements. The process proposed by Gamow for the synthesis of all the elements in the primordial universe can take place in stars which contain small amounts of iron. There are no broken links in the chain beyond this point, and synthesis up to the stable elements with the heaviest nuclei, lead and bismuth, can take place slowly but surely in stars which are second generation of stars. Following their demise, later-generation stars—our sun would seem to be one of these—form from material containing all of the elements which have stable forms.

What nuclear processes occur in the sun? It is fairly certain that the sun did not produce the heavy elements observed in it and on the earth. The earth and the outer part of the sun which we can see tell us of what the solar system was formed. Our plentiful supply of heavy elements is consistent with the fact that the sun formed relatively late in the Galaxy, long after many other stars had enriched the galactic medium with the products of their internal nuclear transformations. We use the term *enriched*, but this is truly a figure of speech. The material of the sun is still mostly primordial hydrogen, some 75 per cent, and in its hot interior hydrogen is being converted into helium as a source of energy. The sun is middle-aged as a star; about one half of its interior hydrogen is consumed. The sun is about 5,000,000,000 years old, and in another 5,000,000,000 years it will have

how to outsmart the sun
coming

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developed a large helium core. Then in a relatively short period the sun will produce carbon and heavier elements and eventually die in a final explosive outburst. It will be imperative that our space ventures be successful before that time!

This would all be fine and dandy if it were not for one thing. How were the radioactive elements thorium and uranium produced? They cannot have been produced by the steady neutron-capture process in slowly evolving, second- and later-generation stars which we have previously described. This process reaches to lead and bismuth, which have the heaviest nonradioactive nuclei. Between bismuth and thorium there are many short-lived radioactive elements which spontaneously emit helium nuclei with a mass of four units. This emission more than counterbalances the gain of one unit of mass on capturing a neutron. Obviously the thorium and uranium can only be produced when many neutron captures can occur before radioactive loss. This is somewhat analogous to scooping up water with a sieve—it can be done if one scoops rapidly enough. Rapid neutron captures occur astrophysically only during the explosive stages of stellar evolution. Evidence for rapid-neutron synthesis became available terrestrially in the first hydrogen-bomb explosion at Eniwetok in November, 1952. After the explosion the thermonuclear debris revealed that an isotope of element ninety-eight, named californium, with a mass of 254 units had been produced. Since the heaviest material in the bomb was uranium 238, it became clear that in the intense neutron flux produced in the explosion, the uranium 238 had captured some sixteen neutrons in a very brief space of time to become uranium 254. After the explosion the uranium 254 transformed in a short time to californium 254.

The californium has the unique property that it transforms spontaneously by breaking into two roughly equal parts by the fission process, with an enormous release of energy. The half life for the transformation was observed to be fifty-five days. This is also the half life of the decrease in the light intensity of supernovae after their original flare-up. It has been suggested that californium 254 is produced in supernova explosions and that after the explosion it contributes fission energy to the expanding stellar debris. In some way the light output from the star follows the californium activity, decreasing in time just as the californium disappears. The neutron flux in the supernova is so much more intense than in a man-made bomb that we can think of the californium as being produced from elements such as iron and not from uranium. This permits the possibility that uranium and thorium were also produced in the same manner along with certain isotopes of many of the other elements.

We find uranium and thorium in the earth today because, although they are radioactive, their lifetimes fall in the range of billions of years. Their survival tells of supernova events which happened billions of years ago. Radioactive nuclei remind one of an hourglass—perhaps *aeon*glass would be more apt in this connection. The nuclei which have not transformed are the grains of sand in the top of the glass, those transformed are the grains in the bottom. The action of these nuclear clocks is impervious to all the ordinary cosmic and geologic events to which these nuclei have been subject since their original nucleosynthesis. Thus they can be employed to tell us when they were produced.

The conclusion is that the uranium and thorium in the solar system were produced in stars in the Galaxy over a period which started at least 12,000,000,000 years ago and ended when our system formed some 5,000,000,000 years ago. The stars which explode as supernovae are, on the average, about 3,000,000,000 years old when they do so, and so we see that our Galaxy must be at least 15,000,000,000 years old, three times the age of our own solar system. It would seem that we have on our hands a problem in cosmic geriatrics. Since Copernicus we have not believed our earth to be central in the solar system; in recent times we have found that our sun is not central in the Galaxy. Now we see that the sun and the earth are not central in time—that is, they did not originate at the beginning of our Galaxy. The last vestige of our primitive geocentric beliefs must be abandoned.

How do we know that the supernova events which are frequently seen at the present time by telescopic observations of other galaxies are really stellar explosions? There have been three such events in *our* Galaxy in recorded history. Johannes Kepler studied one which occurred in 1604; Tycho Brahe made beautiful observations on a previous one in 1572. The most interesting of all is one recorded by Chinese astronomers of the royal court in A.D. 1054. Exactly where they reported the position of the new star in the sky, astronomers now see a tenuous, filamentary mass of gas called the Crab nebula. It looks for all the world like an explosion in space, with the debris now far-flung after travel outward for more than 900 years. The Chinese observed it first on, of all days, the fourth of July, 1054. They called it a "guest" star, visible by day, like Venus. They could see it with the naked eye—they had no optical aids—for two years, and from this we know that they observed the same decreasing luminosity, down by one half every fifty-five nights, which we think is due to the radioactivity of an isotope of californium.

And so we come to the end of the line in element synthesis. The elements which make up the sun and the earth, with the exception of some primordial hydrogen, were formed in the hot caldron of the interiors of many previous stars over an epoch of incredible duration. There is some possibility that some of the material was even made in stars in other galaxies and was spread throughout space. We can speculate that this material condensed into our Galaxy at the time of its formation or even at a later stage.

This would make our sample of homely materials universal on a truly grand scale. It might mean that we do inhabit a steady-state universe and that our sun and our Galaxy, as they die, will contribute material to countless stars and galaxies yet to be formed. If we are truly universal in our physical make-up, it may well mean that the chance of other systems' occurring in the universe with similar intelligent life to ours is immeasurably enhanced. It may be not just "one world," but truly "one universe." THE END

For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Gamow, George
Matter, Earth and Sky
Prentice Hall, Inc.
$6.95

Lemaître, Canon Georges
The Primeval Atom
D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc.
$3.95

The Universe
A Scientific American book
Simon and Schuster
$1.45

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Counterfeit Wife (Continued from Page 28)

and I found him charming. He headquarters in a suite of offices you wouldn't believe at Radio City."

"Suppose Rosden C. Baker finds you are his type—what then?"

"I'd be put in charge of southern European continental operations," Harry said, "with headquarters in Madrid. It's the same as being ennobled. The future is unlimited. Probably fifty thousand a year, stock options, a huge expense account, entree everywhere ——"

"I've never been to Europe," Elaine said, "but I'm sure I'd ——"

"Now I realize I did right to hammer away at languages at New Haven. But I haven't got it made yet, darling. There's one little hitch."

Elaine sighed. "Ah, yes. You mentioned matrimony, the turning point in your life, the most important decision a man can make."

"Uh—exactly." Harry hesitated. "Mr. Baker prefers married men in his higher echelons. He feels that having a wife, and even children, gives a man greater stability and purpose, especially if he's abroad. Mr. Baker has come out strongly—as far as Acme World-Wide is concerned—for home and mother, high morals and clean living, no hanky-panky with fascinating foreigners, and sensible hours."

"I'm with Mr. Baker. He sounds sound."

"Uh—yes. Well, Elaine, I'm pretty young for consideration in such a job and I was pressing rather hard the day Mr. Baker and I discussed certain aspects of my private life. In an effort to cover every rathole, I fear I gave him the impression I was a husband. What I'm going to say next may sound silly to you, but ——"

"No, no," Elaine said, a bit concerned that she might be perspiring in an unfeminine fashion. "Referring to marriage as one of the ratholes you had to cover and lying to Mr. Baker isn't the kind of thing I ordinarily applaud, but you go right ahead, Harry. Romance doesn't have to be absolutely romantic with me—I don't mind a little business mixed up in it."

"I said I conveyed the impression I was married," Harry replied with dignity. "It wasn't a barefaced falsehood. And I retract the ratholes statement. The trouble is, Mr. Baker evidently swallowed my impression hook, line and sinker. Do you know how corporations investigate and evaluate their potential executive material in every particular these days?"

"No. Apparently I'm not up on the really late stuff."

"Elaine, they cover the field, including social aspects. The wives come in for a searching scrutiny—misalliances are not unknown among the comers, and a wife without proper background and poise can break a man."

"I'll be darned!" Elaine said. "Women have finally become indispensable, haven't they? Go right ahead, Harry."

"Mr. Baker, who is as shrewd in his own fashion as a used-car dealer, does the distaff private-eye work for Acme World-Wide himself. You can imagine my chagrin when he phoned me last night and suggested I have him and Mrs. Baker to dinner so they could meet my little woman. What could I say?"

"I suppose it's too obvious, but you could have told the truth."

"That occurred to me, pet," Harry said irritably, "and I discarded the idea at once. I could also have turned in my resignation then and there, before I was hired. Instead, I invited the Bakers to my apartment tonight for a home-cooked meal."

"Eh?" Elaine said. "This *is* terribly sudden."

Harry cleared his throat and smiled somewhat forcedly. "Then I spent part of the night going through the list of the few gentlewomen I know. Who, I asked myself, personifies the ideal young American matron—the girl next door in the kitchen, the rosy-cheeked housewife? There could only be one answer—good old Elaine Brooks."

"Good old Elaine. Go right ahead, Harry."

"Won't you please stop saying, 'Go right ahead, Harry'? You're making me nervous." Harry paused, his ragout of beef forgotten, and dabbed at his forehead with a handkerchief. "Now we arrive at the turning point—the great decision. To put it briefly, should I turn crooked? Have I the right to deceive Mr. Baker? Does the end justify the means? Can I get away with it?"

"Harry, I'd turn crooked," Elaine said, "just this once. Why, Abraham Lincoln remarked that you can fool some of the people all the time. You aren't actually being dishonest if you intend within a few days to—uh, to ——"

Reaching across the table, Harry took her hand. She had to restrain an impulse to say "yes" before the question was put, and approved of his reserve in not dropping to his knees on the restaurant floor, which would have attracted unfavorable attention even in blasé Manhattan.

"Darling, I knew you'd understand," he said. "You've cleared up all my doubts. You're the kind of girl men dream of. Do this favor for me, and I'll be your friend till the end."

"Friend? This is the end?"

"The beginning, Elaine. Don't worry about me. If I go to Madrid, I can always explain that my wife is coming along later. Eventually I can say Mrs. Ashley didn't want to live abroad and decided to call off the marriage. That will win me sympathy. Once I take hold on the job, Mr. Baker won't have the strength to bounce me—little white lie or not." Harry stared at her. "Since the start of this interview you've been as red as a traffic signal. Now you're as green as one. What's the matter?"

"I was indicating 'stop' before," Elaine said very quietly. "I've changed to 'go'—and that means you, buster. Get out of here or I'll take these lamb chops of mine by their frilled pants and beat you into a pulp."

"But, Elaine ——"

"You heard me!"

"Stop being girlish! We're pals, aren't we? A pal makes a small error, he requests his pal to help him out with a harmless impersonation, and the other pal is delighted to be of assistance. What is wrong with that, when the pal of the first part is willing to pay regular photographer's hourly rates to the pal of the second part? You aren't turning crooked—I am. You're merely an accessory after the fact."

Elaine arose, clutching the lamb chops, attracting nearly as many curious glances as if Harry had dropped to his knees. Harry got up and retreated rapidly. Sitting down again, she pondered for a long while on man's inhumanity to woman. Finally she managed to eat the cold chops and drink a cup of coffee, thus avoiding an utter loss. A worldly captain, evidently accustomed to such scenes, came by to tell her the check and tip had been taken care of.

Under the impression she had aged considerably, Elaine walked with dragging steps to the foyer. By then she had reached the view that Harry was frightfully mistaken—he'd said he was turning crooked and she wasn't, but the opposite was true. She went in the ladies' room and used the telephone to con painstakingly a fretful man into delaying her sitting for an hour. Next she found Mr. Baker's number in the directory and talked successively to a switchboard operator, a secretary and the executive assistant to the head of Acme World-Wide. The ladies'-room attendant, a fat woman, came out and listened curiously with her hands on her hips to Elaine's assertions that she was turning crooked, prepared to sing and had certain free undercover information of a detrimental character concerning a rat that Acme World-Wide might, in its madness, try to employ. At last Mr. Baker came on, requested Elaine not to raise her trembling voice, said he was a trifle fatigued from having been on a round trip to Cleveland in the corporation's jet aircraft and urged her to join him at Radio City immediately.

Scorning expense, she took a cab. Rosden C. Baker's office was incredibly large and luxurious. He was a calm, genial, bald man, with kindly jowls and rather penetrating blue eyes. As he led Elaine to a chair, she said, "You're awfully nice to let me come over at once, Mr. Baker. This is a matter of life and death. No doubt you've heard hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, but in this case Mr. Ashley has just gone too far. I am acting from the highest principles in fingering him— (*Continued on Page 84*)

"In the next selection his opponent will be Beethoven."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 82*) all I want is a lasting peace, good will on earth, truth, justice, freedom, the sanctity of marriage, stability for Acme World-Wide and Mr. Ashley's pointed little head served on a ——"

"Of course, my dear," Mr. Baker said. "Do stop shaking—you look as though you were riding on the subway. May I offer you a cigarette or a drink?"

"I don't drink or smoke."

"Really? How fine and old-fashioned. I love the color combination of your red hair, white face and green suit. Haven't we met previously?"

"I don't think so," Elaine said. "You've probably seen me in magazine advertisements—I'm the young mother, generally of two, who does all those home-appliance and detergent things. The—the married woman. I've even been in the fashion journals, showing the latest in housecoats, lounging pajamas and aprons."

"That's it," Mr. Baker said. "You represent happy wedlock to the rest of us. Well, well, Miss Brooks, start at the beginning, in your own words."

Her damp hands clasped tightly together, Elaine told the whole story from the blind date up to and including the incident of the lamb chops. At intervals Mr. Baker clucked his tongue, smiled, sighed or closed his bright eyes for a moment. A silence ensued after Elaine finished.

"I did it and I'm glad," she said. "If I had it to do over again, I'd do it over again. I only wish I were a man and could give Harry a thick ear to accompany this stab in the back." She wiped her cheeks. "Why do I suddenly feel like a stool pigeon?"

"Nonsense," Mr. Baker said. "Harry is neither Acme nor World-Wide, it would appear. You have only done your citizen's duty, Miss Brooks. But I wouldn't stop at that."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Go through with the impersonation. Pretend to make up with Harry. Mrs. Baker and I will be happy to come and watch you break him on the rack."

"How could I?"

Mr. Baker regarded Elaine closely and smiled. "Enact a non-U wife tonight. The villain will die a thousand deaths, seeing his hopes go down the drain. We'll probe him to his unpleasant depths, reveal him for what he is and then expose the plot. It will be a good lesson to him."

"Oh, no," Elaine said. "I used to like the bum."

"Remember, we are doing it for the bum's own future welfare. He must be taught the folly of playing fast and loose with fine young women and the truth. In addition, we'd better show him up completely in order to cure you of the infatuation."

"Look, who said I was infatuated?"

"I did," Mr. Baker said, looking every inch the executive.

"Oh," Elaine said. "Yes. I need help, all right. Well, I'll see what I can do."

"Until the auto-da-fé, my dear," Mr. Baker said and patted her shoulder.

Elaine spent a strained two hours with the photographer, who kept saying plaintively that a dead pan and watery eyes was no way to sell avoidance of dishpan hands. Afterward she phoned Harry, broke through Donna's dogged resistance and waited until she heard his voice.

"If you've called to yell a few extra dirty names," he said, "you needn't bother. I am already convinced I'm the leading heel of this century and about to tell Mr. Baker I'm a liar. I wish I'd let you flatten me with those lamb chops. Elaine, I suppose there's no use attempting to apologize ——"

"Oh, I boil over easily. That's past. You need the job, and I've decided to be a pal."

"Huh?"

"I'll require an engagement ring and wedding ring to round out my ensemble. Where shall I get them?"

"Good old Elaine," Harry said reverently. "My best friend. I'll have the jewelry sent to you on loan by special messenger. There'll be a selection, so you can pick the right size. And don't worry about the home-cooked meal—I'll have it catered by Mrs. Weiss's Hungarian House around the corner."

"Harry."

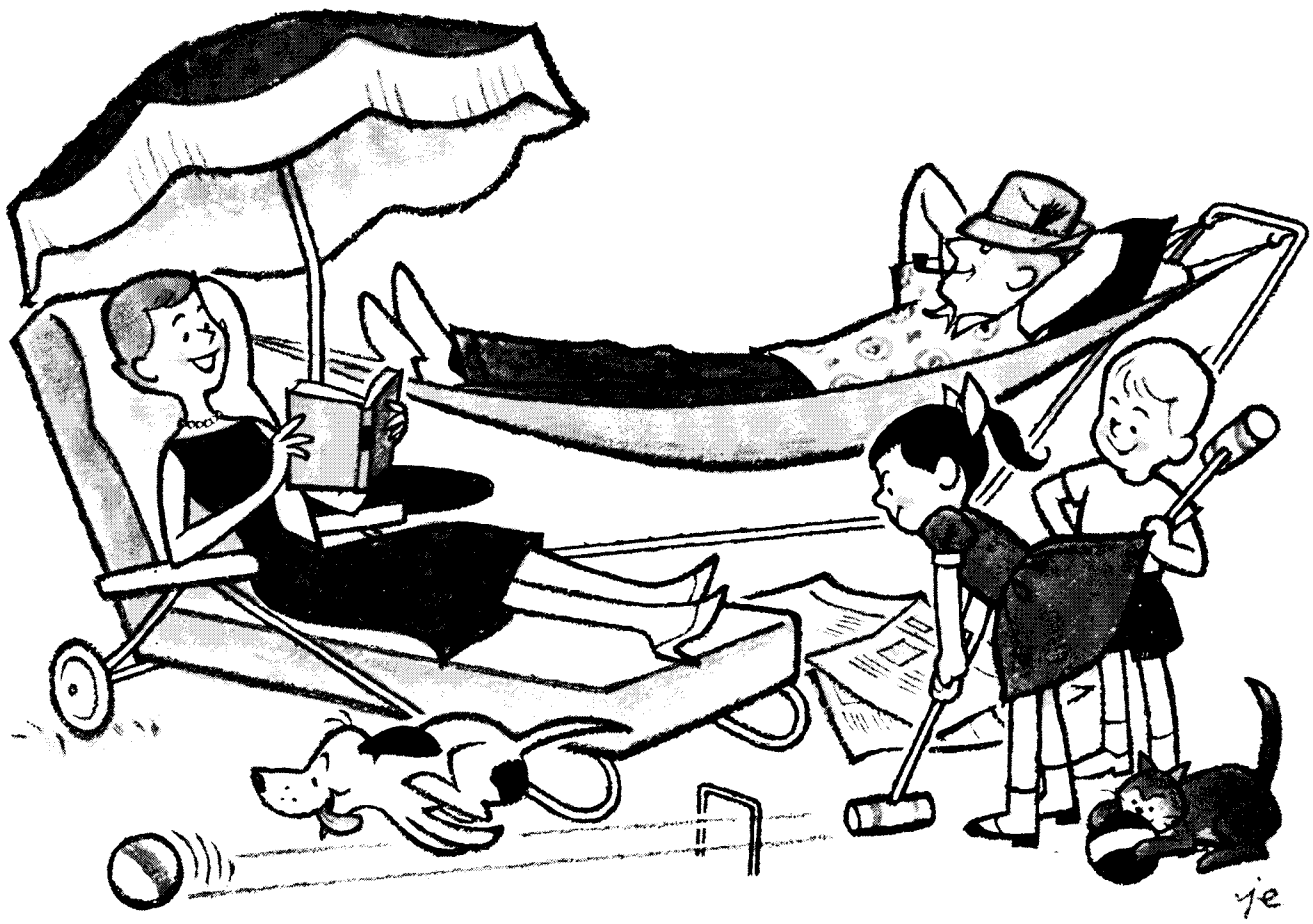
"Yes?"

"Nothing. I've been in enough kitchens to have some of the recipes wear off on me. I'll take care of the dinner. Bring red wine. Tell your cleaning woman to set the table."

"They don't construct girls like you any more." Harry's tones were unsteady. "I must make a note of that. My one consolation is that I don't deserve you. Why are you making that funny noise?"

"My blood pressure is down," Elaine said, "and now I have an allergy. I'm allergic to you, I think. So long."

By six o'clock her rings were fitted—the Fifth Avenue jeweler had obviously sent his best—she had made the rounds of the tradesmen, dismissed the helpful cleaning woman and was firmly and dizzily ensconced in Harry's attractive apartment in the East Sixties. Her first intention had been to serve some cheap, especially atrocious, prepared food, but something had snapped inside her while she was pacing the market, and a rib roast was in the oven and oysters Rockefeller under preparation. With feelings as mixed as the cocktails she had put together with aid from a bartender's guide, she lighted candles and ascertained the condition of the baked Alaska in the



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freezer compartment of the refrigerator. *The bum might as well perish on a full stomach*, she thought.

Harry appeared at 6:38, thirty-eight minutes behind schedule, sailed his hat across the living room as Elaine appeared in the dining-room doorway, and walked smilingly up to her. Observing no preliminaries, he took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips. In spite of various good arguments against it, she clung to him until a warning light flashed on her mental instrument board and bells rang. She pushed him back, and he stared at her queerly, requiring a moment to pull himself together.

"Let's cut that out," Elaine said. "That service isn't included with the hourly modeling rate."

She broke away and returned to the kitchen a bit shakily. Of course, it was the confidence man in him; he'd got what he wanted and now he was going to ooze charm. But she had to admit he used the greatest underhand sales pitch she had ever seen.

The Bakers came at one minute past seven. In her haste to join her husband—the illusion was getting more and more perfect—in greeting them, Elaine forgot to remove her apron. She tried to apologize to Mrs. Baker, an unaffected, rotund, middle-aged lady.

"Not a word, please, Mrs. Ashley," Mrs. Baker said. "I've seen you a hundred

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How far your children go often depends on how much gas you leave in the family car.

CHARLES RUFFING

---

times like that in the illustrations—you look absolutely darling."

"You're white *and* red now," Mr. Baker said, gazing at Elaine keenly. "How do you manage those delightful color combinations?"

"It's the result of heat from the stove and my low blood pressure," Elaine said. "Excuse me."

She retired to the kitchen, coming back with hot and cold canapés and the cocktails in a silver pitcher. Harry was saying, "We live very simply, Mr. Baker. No night life and carousing for us. Elaine has her housekeeping, and I study Spanish and French and catch up on office detail."

"A typical American scene," Mr. Baker said, raising his glass. "The young couple entertaining the boss and his wife. Here's to a happy conclusion to our first socializing, Ashley."

The cocktails and canapés were pronounced excellent—so was the dinner. Rosden C. Baker and his Lillian beamed, and the conversation was gay. A personification of a delightful host at the head of the table, the condemned man ate heartily. When they went to the living room for coffee, and Harry disappeared to rummage in a closet for a bottle of old brandy, Elaine leaned toward Mr. Baker and hissed, "I can't do it! I haven't got the nerve. I'm living the part."

"Come, come," Mr. Baker said. "Drink some brandy. You've already almost spoiled the affair with the best dinner I've had in years." He winked at her and Mrs. Baker. "As the lone Christian returns to the arena, we will release the lions."

"Courage, Miss Ashley," Mrs. Baker said. "We'll murder him."

Dodging Harry's eyes, which expressed surprise and disappointment, Elaine rapidly drank two glasses of brandy. After that, somebody seemed to be rudely pushing her from behind, and she dug an elbow backward into the chair and assumed a fixed smile.

"We've talked enough to Mr. Ashley," Mrs. Baker said. "Mrs. Ashley is much too modest and silent. Tell me something of your background, my dear."

"Well, there isn't much to relate," Elaine said. "All my records are on file in the Department of Correction, if you care to refer to them. And I've been going straight ever since I married Mr. Ashley."

"How interesting," Mr. Baker said.

Harry opened his mouth, failed to speak and took on a fresh supply of oxygen. To Elaine's astonishment, he seemed groggy, but game.

"My parents were divorced," Elaine said, "and I never got no high-school education. However, they did teach me home economics and how to keep my mouth shut in reformatory. I guess you could call me an ex-juvenile delinquent, although I think mugging old ladies in Central Park and shoplifting are pretty promising capers for a lousy kid. Mr. Ashley and I met when he was studying practical sociology at Yale, and he took an interest in me. I gave him my zip gun one year as a Christmas present. The governor paroled me to Mr. Ashley after he promised to marry me—I always serve oysters that way out of gratitude. I speak only one word of Spanish—'*ole*'!"

"*Ole!*" Mr. Baker said and got up. "Our meeting has been interesting and instructive, but I feel we ought to be getting along, don't you, Lillian?"

"Instantly," Mrs. Baker said. "My, I'm full."

"Ashley," Mr. Baker said, "thank you for your hospitality. In fairness to your blighted hopes, I must tell you frankly that although you measure up to Acme World-Wide standards, your wife doesn't. The battle isn't entirely lost, though. A quiet, amicable divorce might ——"

"Just leave my wife out of the discussion, Mr. Baker, if you please," Harry said. "I don't permit criticisms of Mrs. Ashley in my presence and I would not part from her under any circumstances. She is far more satisfying to me than Acme World-Wide could ever be. . . . Good night, Mrs. Baker. . . . Good night, sir."

"Harry!" Elaine said and began to weep. "My boy!"

"Come, darling," Harry said in a dignified fashion. "We'll go to bed."

"No, you won't," Mrs. Baker said. "You're not married. We'll see her home."

"Huh?" Harry said.

"I double-crossed you," Elaine said. "I squealed to Mr. Baker. I'm sorry."

Mr. Baker shook Harry's limp hand. "Welcome to the Acme World-Wide family, Ashley. I knew you'd come through when the chips were down. I'm a father to my men—and to their girls as well. I'll expect a call in the morning."

"Yes, sir," Harry said. "Uh—for the information of the curious, I made up my mind to marry her the moment I tested the oysters." He looked at Elaine. "You may keep the rings."

"Thank you, Mr. Ashley," Elaine said. She went into his arms, and they clung together again. "I'm drunk."

Mrs. Baker was tugging on her arm, and Elaine had to part from her affianced. She regarded the head of Acme World-Wide in humble admiration.

"How can I ever thank you?" she asked. "You're wonderful—a genius."

"That is universally acknowledged," Mr. Baker said, "and if you keep thinking it, your husband's future is going to be very, very bright."

Elaine was out on the sidewalk before she discovered she was still wearing an apron. But, under the circumstances, the costume seemed appropriate.

THE END

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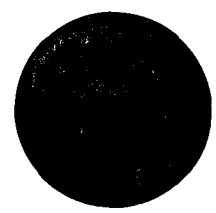

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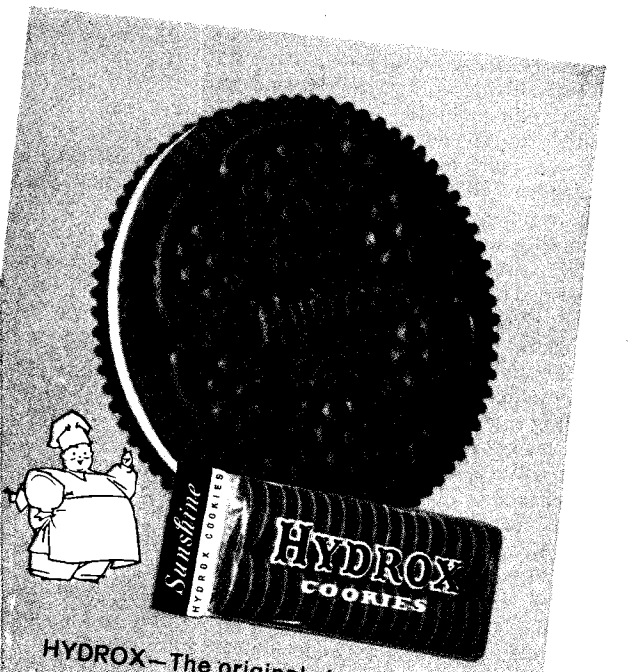

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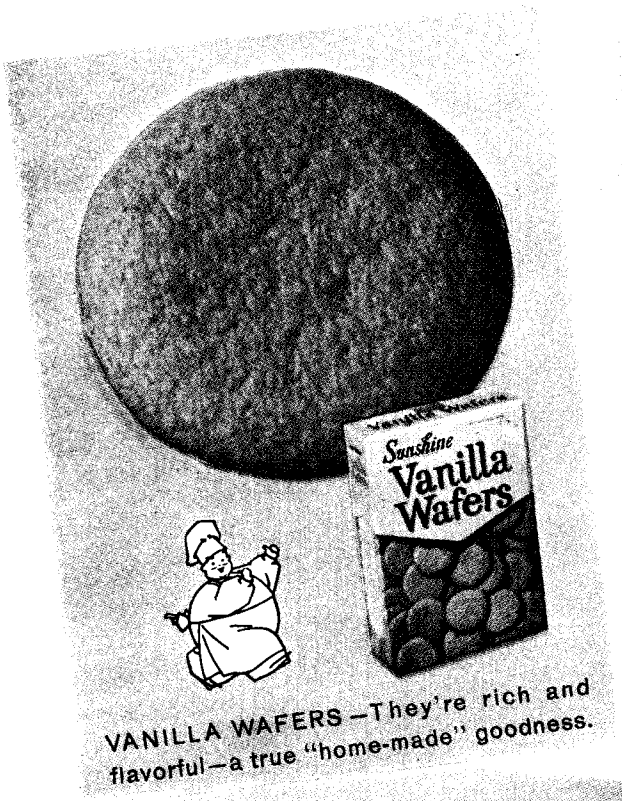

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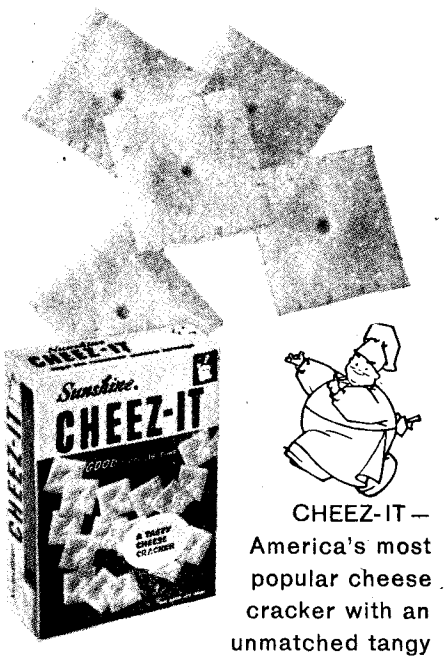


CHEEZ-IT—America's most popular cheese cracker with an unmatched tangy flavor. "Good any old time."

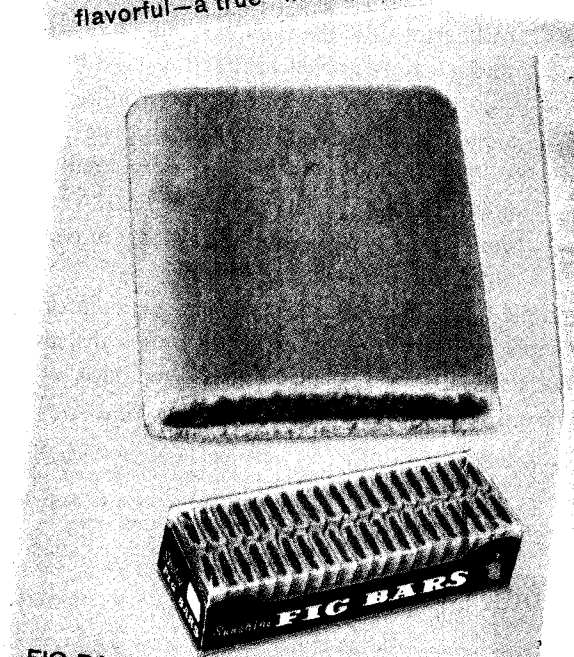
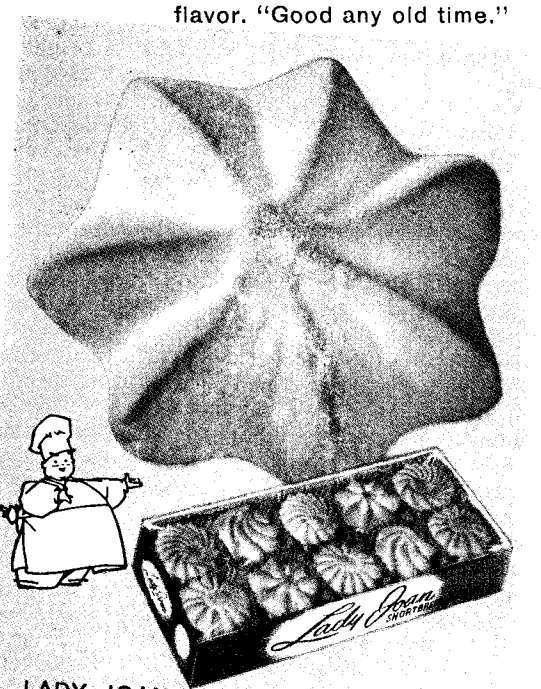


FIG BARS—They're chock-full of delicious fig jam. Preferred by the entire family.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES—Plenty of chocolate tidbits baked right into a crunchy, tasty cookie to please every appetite.



LADY JOAN—Dainty, flavorful short-bread cookies, especially for party use.

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HI HO—The "all-'round round cracker."
You'll "taste the difference."

GRAHAM CRACKERS—Good to eat and good for you. Be sure they're Sunshine!

...and there are many more.
Baked by Sunshine
the 'Finest Ever Made!'

Great Day in the Morning

(Continued from Page 23)

as an expression of the dignity of citizenship.

Then, since the only amusements in Alligerville except for election days were Fourth-of-July parades, medicine shows and church socials, he hurried crosscanal to the Dutch Reformed Church with its keen skewer of a steeple.

At eight at night naphtha flares were blazing like great sunflowers in the churchyard. People who had already put away an enormous dinner at four o'clock were eating supper at trestle tables under the elms—boiled chicken, mashed potatoes, baked beans, squash, coleslaw, pie and cake; a light collation.

Emma Van Klipperklong and Noddy Roosa—Emma in pearly taffeta with a modest bustle, Noddy flaunting a brocade vest with a golden watch chain and seals, although Noddy certainly had no letters to seal since he did not know how to write—strolled about in the dazzling illumination chatting with friends. Amos did not speak to them, did not so much as notice them, thus making the point that he had matters of more serious import on his mind. With friends of his own, other bachelors too shy or too bucktoothed to possess lights-o'-love, he ate several pounds of food in order to make sure he got his quarter's worth, after which, swollen, he settled in the long grass to enjoy the program.

The entertainment at a Dutch Reformed social was always a humdinger. First a fat lady recited a poem about her little daughter who was a pure white orb atwinkle in the pellucid empyrean. The moral of it seemed to be that everybody ought to catch a mortal disease at the age of eight in order to pass away before he was old enough to do any sinning, which struck Amos as impractical, but the lady's gestures were captivating—especially when, to visit her angel daughter, she swam up to Heaven with a slow, graceful breast stroke. Next a squad of small boys in the dark-blue uniforms and forage caps of the Union, billed as The Marching Orphans, performed the manual of arms with miniature rifles, played fifes and drums and marched in pinwheels and a hundred other complicated evolutions.

Then the melodeon was pushed out onto the church porch where Elfreda, Emma's elder sister, played a brisk waltz by some foreigner named Chopping. Elfreda looked a deal more like her father, the blacksmith, than she did like Emma, but her powerful arms certainly made the melodeon jig. And last but not least there was a concert by a visiting aggregation that had played before the crowned heads of Europe, the Garfinkle Family Silver Bugle Band, papa, mamma and five cross-eyed daughters of various sizes in capes and shakos blaring out hymns so commandingly that the sparrows whirred shrieking out of the five-fingered ivy and a mare in the carriage shed woke at *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and kicked the dashboard of a light rig to smithereens.

As the families got their wraps and said their good nights, Amos just happened to bump into Emma's small, stylish bustle—by accident, of course, and ever so gently. "Evening, miss," he said politely, tipping his hard hat. "I trust you enjoyed yourself in spite of the company?"

Noddy Roosa was not polite. "I smell a canawler that's been towing green hides," he remarked. And to make it worse he pinched his handsome nose and added, "Pea-yew!"

"See you get Emma right home," Amos directed him tersely. "Her pa wants her home by nine always, and it's near ten now."

"I'll git her home after we go for a walk up the Peterskill," replied Noddy, "if it's any of your biz, you puny shrimp."

"It's my biz, all right," said Amos bravely, "because she's my girl, and I'm agoin' to marry her."

"Why, Amos Stokes," exclaimed Emma, indignant, "you got no right to talk like that just because we've knowed each other since we was knee-high to grasshoppers!" She did not appear to be altogether displeased, however. She blushed and giggled some.

"You hearn Emma," said Noddy. "Git, boy!"

"I hearn her," answered Amos, "but I'm marrying her no matter what she says; and don't nobody forget it, neither!"

... ...

Menu for a Summer Day

By Margaret Grahame Collins

Drink the golden morning up
Like orange juice in a
cut-glass cup;
Savor the clouds of
whipped-cream froth
Spilled on the sky's blue
tablecloth.

Lift a clover-flavored spoon
To sip the honeyed afternoon.
Feast your eyes on frosted
cakes—
Mint-green hills and
grape-blue lakes.

Then, sated with such
princely fare,
Stagger up night's starlit
stair
And, pillowed on scent of
pine and hay,
Dream of the taste of the
summer day.

... ...

"Don't you forget this," said Noddy, hooking a fist to the side of his head that set bells quite unlike wedding bells to clanging in his ear.

Pretending that he had merely stumbled, Amos bounced up from the grass and charged, but Emma quickly stepped into his path. "Don't you tech him, Noddy Roosa. You're twicet his size," she cried angrily. "And as for you, Amos, you ought to know better. A church is the Lord's house, and that goes for the lawn. I wouldn't walk by the crick nor to home with one or the pair of you; I'm agoin' with pa." So furious that she held her skirts above her white cotton ankles, she swished away across the dandelions.

By this time a small but enthusiastic cluster of young bachelors had gathered. Canalers' fights were far-famed.

"I'll call you out any time, any place, any fashion, Noddy," said Amos, spitting on his palms.

"Oh, no you won't, neither," sneered Noddy, with a guffaw, "because I can outfight you, outrun you, outswim you,

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outclimb you and out-everything-else you, an' you know it down to your boots." Even this brag did not satisfy him. When one canaler really wanted to insult another, he belittled his boat. "And speaking of the *Wilhelmina Stokes*," he added, although nobody had been speaking of her, "my boat kin beat her if the *Wilhelmina* had effelunts to haul her an' I drug mine by hand!"

"I don't need no effelunts," retorted Amos. "I challenge you!"

"You hear this, boys?" demanded Noddy, haw-hawing. "Shrimp, you got a race. Sunday a week from today I'll race you from Ellenville to Alligerville—empty boats, toss for first away, abide by the lock tender's watch."

It was a sober Amos who walked back to the *Wilhelmina Stokes*. In the bright moonlight—socials were held on nights when there was a good moon, or else everybody would have had to carry lanterns—the whippoorwills moon-bathing in the floury dust of the street regarded him in disgust, their eyes flashing like tiny rubies. A billion katydids accused him hoarsely, "You did, you did, you know you did." He found his father sitting in the bow enjoying the moonlight, awake and sober.

"Hello, son," Mr. Stokes greeted him. "Hear the loon that just passed over? The Indians used to hide in their wigwams and pull their blankets over their heads when a loon cried. Thought they was ghosts."

Amos was in no mood to hear about Indians. "Sir," he said penitently, "I done a *dumm* thing."

"We all do," answered his father. "Youngsters do 'em a mite oftener, that's all. Set and tell me about it." He moved aside his ironwood walking sticks.

Amos straddled the gunwale. "I dared Noddy Roosa to race us in his company boat."

Mr. Stokes said nothing. He knew, Amos knew, everybody knew the canal company levied a heavy fine on a boat that exceeded the speed limit of three miles an hour. The commotion of the water, which was only four feet deep, started leaks in the embankments. "Noddy's boat is an eighty-tonner, a lot lighter than ours," he said at length. "And he drives horses, not mules. He'll beat the tar out of our seams. Why'd you do it?"

"He was lallygaggin' around Emma."

"A girl that favors a man because he wins a fight or a race," said Mr. Stokes, "is a light-minded chit, to my way of thinking."

"It ain't Emma. She don't know. It's me, pa. Noddy has been besting me all my life, because he's bigger 'n me. I'm agoin' to marry Emma for all of him, but I got to whup him just once before I do, for my own sake."

Mr. Stokes nodded. "You got any idea how to do it?"

"Yes, sir. A prize team could win for us, and I know where to lay my hands on the team. But that's the trouble. They'd cost two hundred dollars, maybe more."

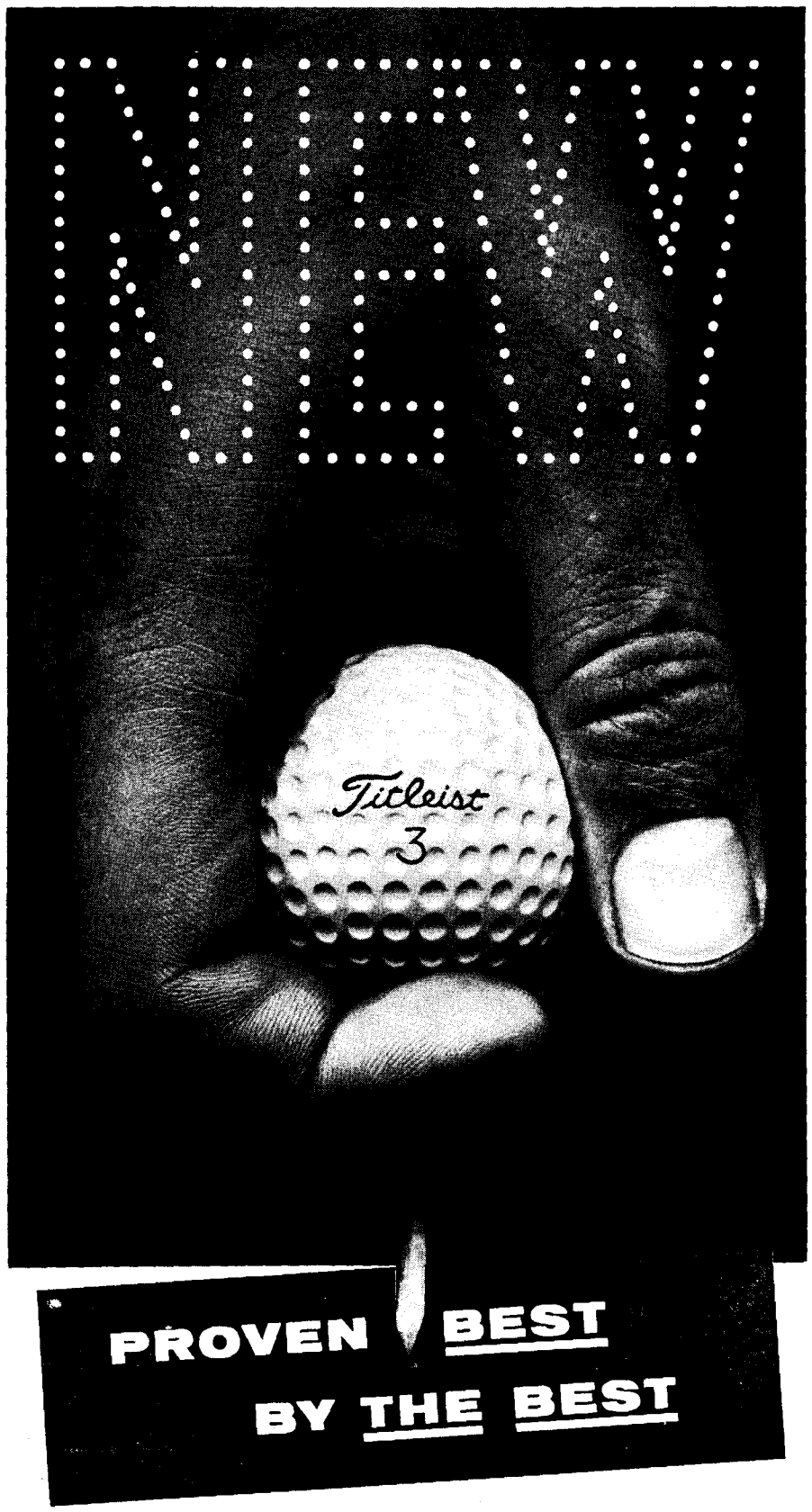
Mr. Stokes remained silent for a long, thoughtful minute. "Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "If you was a hired mule boy I'd be paying you a dollar a day. Far be it from a man that was blessed with a wife like your mother to let money stand between you and your little Emma. Buy the team. We'll find the money to pay for it. We'll find the money to pay our fine, too, if it comes to that."

Amos was out of his bunk at four to fetch the mules from the stable, and before noon the *Wilhelmina Stokes* was tied up in the Rondout estuary in sight of the rolling gray Hudson. A farmer lugging a Shawangunk-grit millstone in a buckboard gave him a lift to the fairgrounds. Amos strode past the exhibits, past the hognut and ice-cream booths, past the freaks with the scantiest of glances. He was interested in one event and one alone, the championship contest for draft horses.

He arrived just in time. Officials were roping off the fifty-yard stretch, while a constable chased children away from its dangers. The block of granite, looking as big as a belfry, sat on oaken skids at the lower end of the run.

"Contestant Number One," announced the judge through a megaphone. "A matched pair of dapple grays, Ned and Nellie, owned by Mr. Hanson of Feather Farm, High Falls."

The team of titanic grays, plopping feathered hoofs the size of Thanksgiving pies, came out snorting and prancing like a couple of colts, eager to show off and hear the applause. A groom hitched them to the chains of the stone sledge. Mr. Hanson, in a straw hat, linen duster and boots, barked, "Hi, hi!" and cracked his long-lashed whip in the air. The handsome heads went down, the great muscles bulged, clods flew from the cleated iron shoes and down the course plunged the grays, dragging the massive block of granite behind them on its smoking runners as if it were a cruller. Where the runners peeled the grass from the sod the earth (*Continued on Page 90*)



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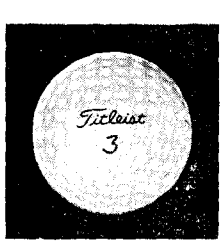
These touring Professionals are playing for money—for their livelihood, so the ball they play has got to be the longest, the truest and the most consistent. If you've tried the new Titleist, you know how this astounding new ball performs. If you haven't, take a hint from the majority of this country's most skillful serious golfers. Try the new Titleist.

And remember; no one is paid to play the Titleist!



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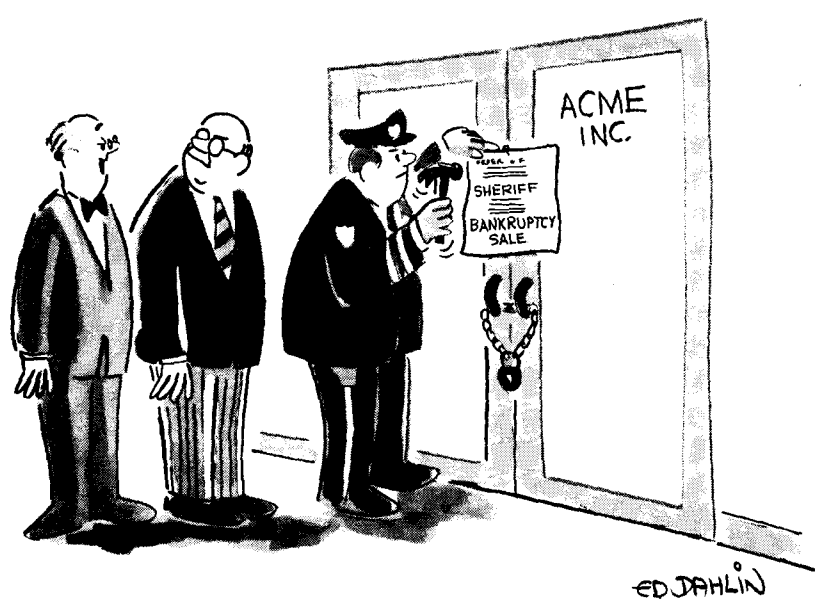

"I wonder how this will affect our corporate image?"

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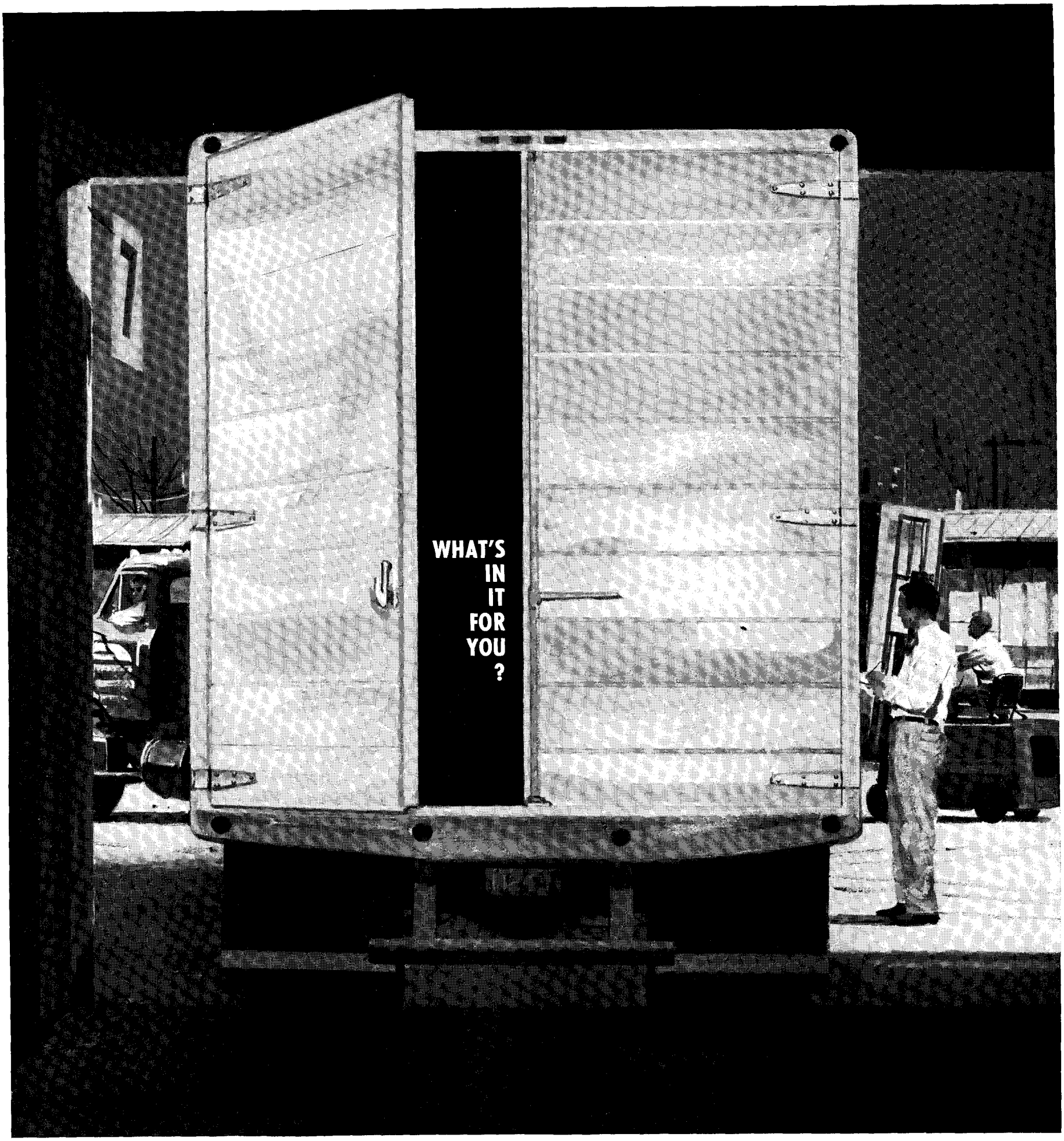
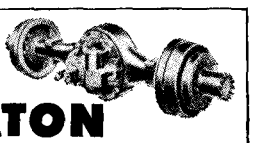


TRUCKS HELP YOU LIVE THE GOOD LIFE—Ever stop to think what a big part trucks play in your life? Almost everything you use and enjoy is, at some point, shipped by truck. The food you eat, the clothes you wear, the furnishings in your home—the list is virtually endless. Day-to-day essentials, plus the luxuries that are so much a part of comfortable living—all come to you by truck. Today, trucking is one of the largest and most vital of all industries. And each year it grows in size and importance, keeping pace with our booming economy. We, the makers of Eaton 2-Speed Axles, are proud to be part of the trucking industry, and partners with the more than 7 million people it employs.



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(*Continued from Page 88*) looked as if it had been greased.

"Nine seconds for the fifty yards!" shouted the judge.

Amos watched all of the teams lovingly, the bays, the whites, the black Belgians with yellow ribbons braided into their splendid tails, but the dapple grays were what he wanted. He had known it the moment he clapped eyes on them. He liked their gay willingness. He gulped hard when Mr. Hanson named their price as three hundred dollars. Many a family lived on less than that a year. But the wealthy, kindly farmer agreed to take the canalboat mules in part payment, whenever Amos liked, if they proved to be sound. He visited the bank with Amos and ordered his groom, a gnarled old black man who had been a slave, to walk Ned and Nellie out to Alligerville.

"Not in the daytime, please, sir," said Amos. "Can they come tonight?"

"You want them delivered at night?" demanded Mr. Hanson in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. There's a canawler mustn't see them. They're a kind of—uh—surprise for him," said Amos.

In the end he told Mr. Hanson the whole story, and the plan he had in mind. "Well, by gum!" exclaimed the farmer, laughing. "Sonny, I'll do better by you. I'll take Ned and Nellie straight home with me to High Falls. You can come and train them there, where nobody'll know. How's that, eh?"

Amos had worked hard since his tenth birthday, but never had he labored as he did that week. He accepted only short hauls for the *Wilhelmina*, so as to be certain of getting back to Alligerville or High Falls by nightfall. Then each evening, as soon as it grew dusky, he jog-trotted a mule to Feather Farm, riding bareback. Mr. Hanson kept a manure wagon loaded with cobblestones ready for him. Gentling them, accustoming them to his voice and scent, he hitched Ned and Nellie to the heavy wagon, and out they plodded onto the dark road. The grays were used to short bursts of speed at full power. He had to train them to spend their strength shrewdly over a long pull. Not until Friday did he drive them down to the canal, harness them to the long towrope and teach them the feel of the actual boat gliding along behind them on the water. On Saturday night he coaxed them aboard the *Wilhelmina*—a job in itself—and let the mules haul them as pampered passengers to Ellenville. There he stabled them, treated them to extra oats, let them get a good night's sleep and got a full night of rest for himself—his first in a week.

Sunday morning dawned cool, as did all mornings in the Shawangunks, but quickly hotted up. By nine the air was as sticky as a bee tree. The race was scheduled to start at ten, when everybody would be getting ready for church and the canal would be deserted—so Mr. Stokes hoped—except for youngsters angling for sunfish. However, by the time Amos tied up at Terwilliger lock, the starting point north of Ellenville, there was a crowd on the towpath. Mr. Hanson, it was clear, had told his friends among the sporting gentry that a forbidden race was in the offing, and the friends had spread the news. Sad to say the rumor had reached numerous good Christians as well—the males, at any rate. They were out in force on the towpath too. And, more scandalous still, some of them were placing bets. Either that or they were waving greenbacks at the kingfishers, which seemed unlikely.

Noddy Roosa appeared, swaggering in his gingham shirt, corduroy breeches and high boots. He was in a rage. "You got horses, you dirty cheat!" he yelled at Amos from the path, mopping his sweating face with a bandanna.

"Ain't you?" retorted Amos vigorously. "Not that we couldn't beat you with mules, but fair is fair. You didn't say nothin' about teams."

Young Mr. Roosa eyed Ned and Nellie with misgiving, but there was nothing he could do about them short of quitting, and if he quit his name would be White Feather from Rondout to Honesdale. Everybody knew he had the lighter boat by twenty tons. Muttering that cheaters never prospered and that he would win anyhow, he subsided.

The lock tender, who went by the nickname of Possum because he looked like one, came alongside in his blunt-end rowboat. "I'm supposed to be at divine services," he said around a chew of snuff, "and if you whippersnappers tell the canal superintendent I started this, that's just where I'm going to say I was. And I got witnesses to prove it." Resting his scull, he tossed up a silver dollar and caught it. "Heads, Amos goes first. Noddy, you're first if it's tails. There's going to be no passing on the berm side, no passing at all; this here is a race against time. . . . Heads it is. Amos, gee-up when I say. Noddy, I'll start you ten minutes after I start Amos."

At this moment the crowd cheered. Looking aft, Amos saw his father on the deck of the boat. Crippled or not, Mr. Stokes was taking down the *Wilhelmina* name board and putting up another in its place. The new sign, painted red and white, with a gilt eagle above and "1875" in gilt below, read: QUEEN OF THE CANAL.

Possum raised his arm. "Go!"

"Hi, Ned; Hi, Nellie," shouted Amos. "Gee-up, gee!"

From Terwilligers, to Napanoch, the first leg of the twelve-mile course, the dapple grays thought they were back at the county fair. "We're setting up a bow wave that'll breach the banks and start a washout," warned Mr. Stokes, watching astern. By Wawarsing, crooning "So, so" to them as if they were a couple of cows at milking time, Amos managed to slow the team. They were sweating too much, but they were pulling evenly. Kerhonkson came abeam at eleven o'clock—and by then, it was obvious, news of the race was spreading from one end of the valley to the other. The towpath was black with gawking, cheering people.

"Pa," called Amos in alarm, "they're blocking us! What shall I do?"

"In the words of the immortal Farragut at Mobile Bay," roared Mr. Stokes, absorbing Dutch courage from a clay jug, "'Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!'"

There was nothing else to do, as a matter of fact, immortal words or no immortal words. Amos could only shut his eyes and let Ned and Nellie plunge straight into the mass of people. Fortunately the animals' size and speed frightened the crowd, which scrambled out of the way at the last moment. There were cries of, "You're making six miles an hour, boys!"—at which a woman with a parasol, gasping that such speed over water was bound to suck the breath right out of a body's lungs, fainted dead away.

The *Queen of the Canal* left Kerhonkson astern with impassioned small boys running and capering alongside, paced by a heavy-set gentleman in a beaver hat riding six feet up in the sky on a breakneck bicycle. It was only by the greatest good luck that the intrepid beaver tumbled into the canal before he frightened the horses into bolting.

At Port Jackson a cloud of deer flies came out of the forest to plague Ned and Nellie still further, deviling them into breaking their stride and making them fight the reins as they tried to plunge into a gallop to escape the torment. Amos had heard of horses pulling a driver's arms out of the sockets; he learned what it felt like. By St. Joseph the animals were covered with foam and blowing hard. They were tiring.

"I can't see him for the turns," said Mr. Stokes, "but Noddy may be closing on us fast, son, for all we know. Best take to the lash."

"No, sir," Amos refused. "I'll lose, I swear, before I lash beasts like these."

Instead he talked to them. Ned and Nellie pricked up their ears to listen, tired as they were, as he spoke to them softly, telling them to keep on just a mite longer, assuring them they were on the home-stretch, promising them cool shade and barrels of oats and the best rub they had ever had in their lives. Alligerville had to be near at hand, he knew, simply had to, for Mohonk Mountain lay abeam and he could hear the bell of the little church in the clove tolling noon. And ten minutes later he spied it—the Alligerville lock, with the general store beyond it that sold opium and laudanum for teething babies.

"Pa," he sang out, tired but triumphant, "we're in! Ned . . . Nellie—hi, hi!"

Well, decided Ned and Nellie, at last the boy is getting horse sense and giving us a block of granite to move in style. Down went the beautiful mottled heads. The *Queen of the Canal* lunged ahead as if she had suddenly sprouted a brace of paddle wheels.

"Pa," yelled Amos, gritting his teeth against the ache in his wrists, "start cookin'."

"You'll need me to help snub us," demurred Mr. Stokes, hobbling forward.

"I'll tie us up. Git them pans onto the stove, pa, please."

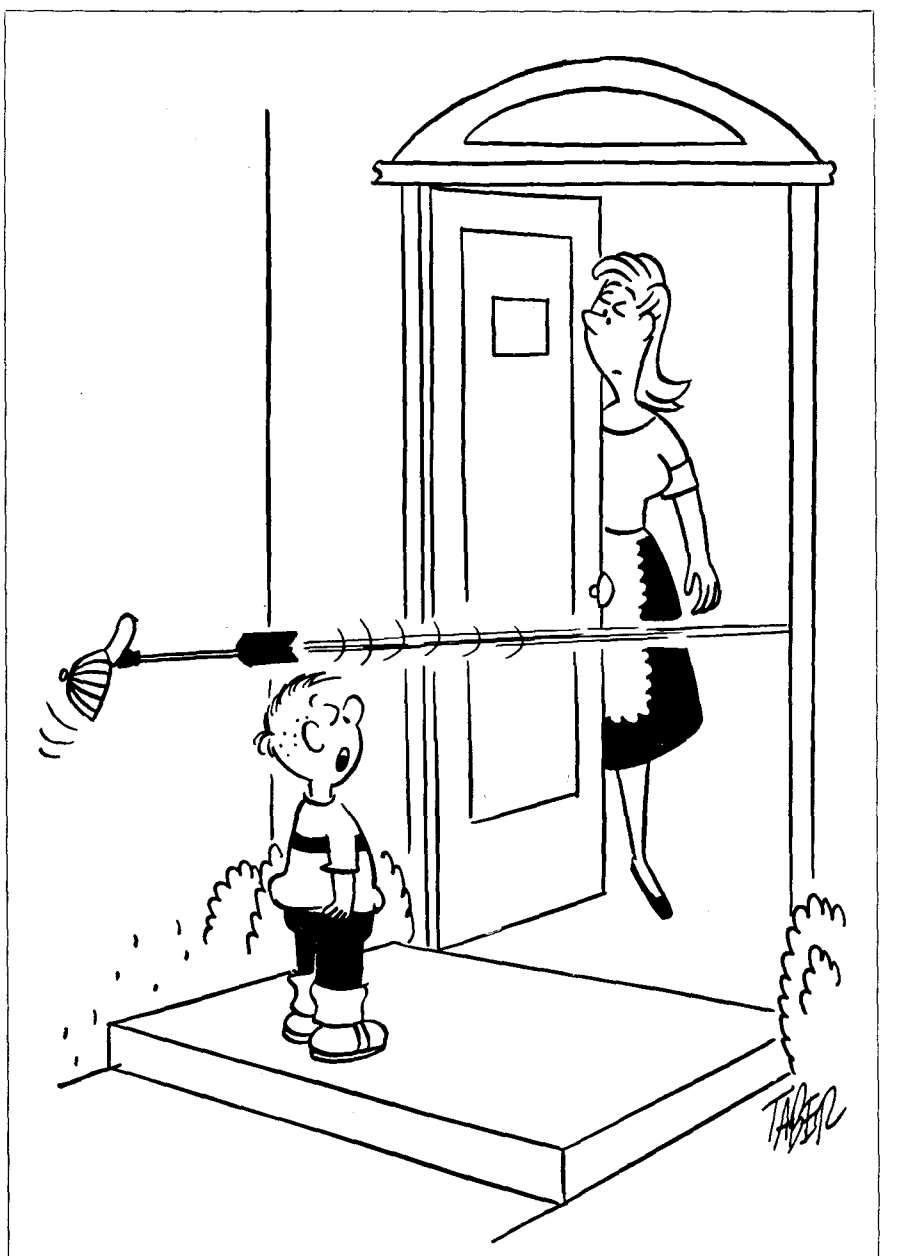
So it was that when Noddy Roosa's canalboat pulled in, loser in the fastest race in canal history, the Stokeses, father and son, sat in leisurely style on the *Queen* munching fried chicken for their Sunday dinner—looking, as Amos intended they should, as if they had been sitting there shooing the flies for an hour. Noddy took one look, cursed and stalked away without caring for his blown team, without so much as a sportsmanly word of congratulation.

Among the well-wishers gathered on the bank stood a blacksmith's daughter, an exceedingly pretty girl in a lilac *casaque* for morning-promenade wear. The *casaque* buttoned from the neck downward in front, while its basques were open to the waist with the dress front caught round the underbasque—a lightweight costume for a hot summer's day, weighing not more than ten or fifteen pounds. Emma's golden hair was braided into a massive figure eight, like a loaf of fancy bread, coiled low on her nape. Upon it she wore a fringed turban of lilac silk. Oh, she was a sight!

"Amos," she called down exultantly, one hand on her fluttering heart, "you beat him; you done it, you done it!"

"Yes-yes," replied Amos nonchalantly. "Uh—you're welcome to step aboard, miss. I saved a drumstick for you, but I don't rightly know what part of the chicken you relish, and I best learn now if I'm to do the carvin' in our family."

THE END



"Hi, Mrs. Drew; is Timothy ho—?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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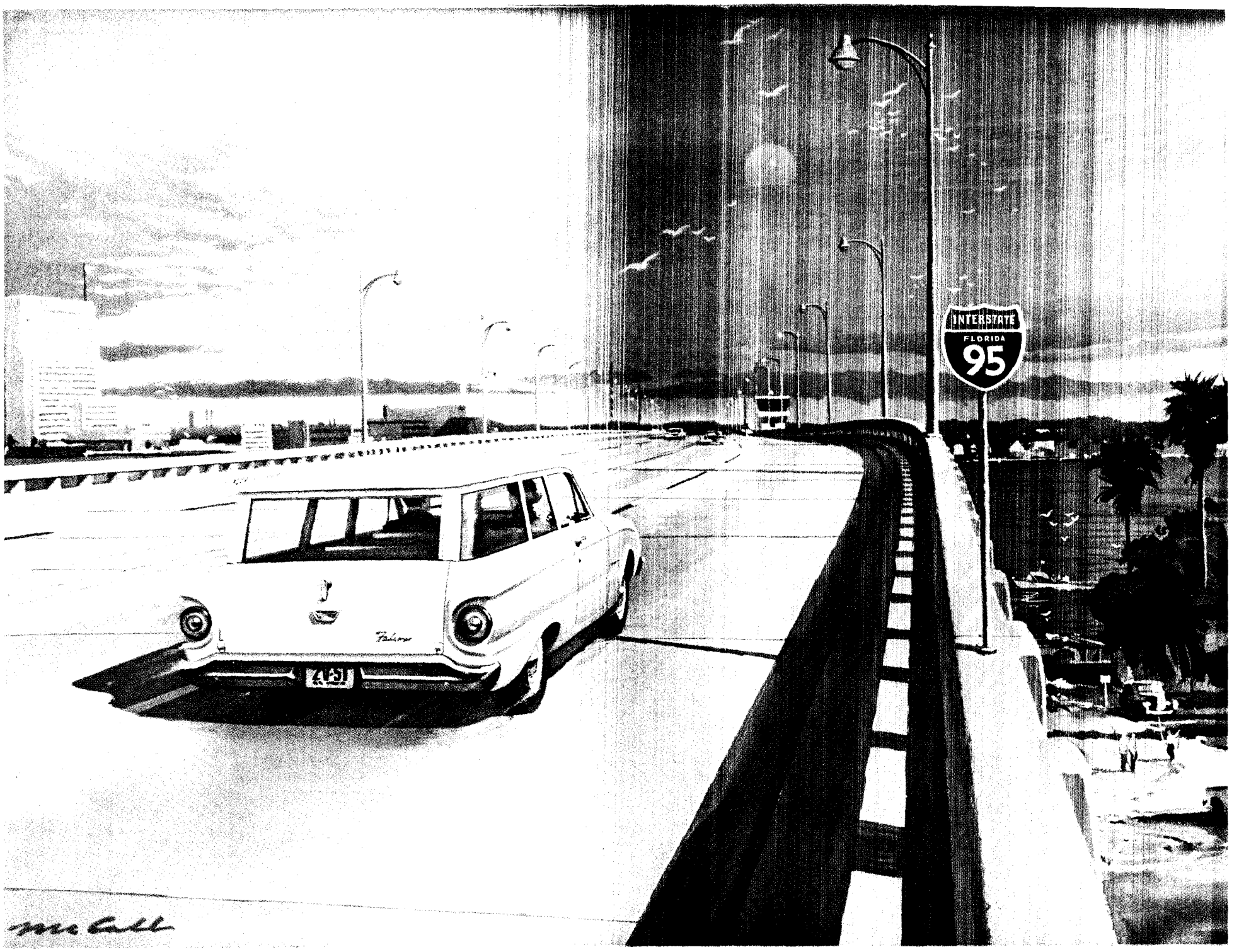

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Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 45)

They all laughed, for he was among the most skillful at the more delicate and dangerous tasks. In the camp, the girls were both excited and bored. Miemie looked over the men as if they were cattle while she swung her hips and made eyes at them from under her *kappie*, which she often allowed to slip back and hang from her shoulders. She no longer wore her leather mask, and her pretty face was soft, smooth and white as milk. Of the men who had come in the wagons only one was married. They had come with the smous to hunt elephants, but they said if they liked the country they would return, bringing new wives and stock with them.

The youngest among the newcomers was Adriaan le Roux, and it was for him that Miemie set her cap. He was very tall and strong, with gray eyes and almost yellow hair and—from his clothes, guns and servants—rich. It was he or the predikant for her. If she could get either of them, she would be content, she told Francina.

"Do you know what I said to *Meneer* le Roux, Cina, last night when he returned from working on the road? I said, '*Meneer* le Roux, why go back to the Colony for a wife? Surely you could find one among us? We are pioneer girls, *voortrekkers*, who know the wilds and are inured to danger. What would a tame little miss do up here?' He did not answer me," she said, "but I could feel his eyes upon me. Ah," she said, "there was nothing he missed, and my insides turned to water."

"*Ja*," Francina said, "I am sure they did, and also for the other young men. It is in my heart that you see naught but men."

"And you naught but horses. Surely it is more maidenlike to think of men. But that is not true either, for you play with men as if they were toys and do not know what you do, as if you were still a child. *Magtig*, if I sent a man mad, I should know what to do. If I sent him mad now, with the predikant sent by God Himself, I should make him marry me, and ——"

Francina drew her friend to her and kissed her. "I hope you get him, Miemie. I hope you get him."

"But which, Cina? And while I seek the one I may lose the other. This is what I fear—to fall between two stools."

At last the road was finished. It was decided that the Beyers wagon should be the first one down, and they set about the preparations that were needed. It was first emptied of all small things that could be carried down by hand or that might break. The cases and barrels of provisions and furniture were lashed securely to the wagon rails. Holes were bored into the planks of the wagon bed through which extra thongs were passed to hold the containers still more firmly in place. The wagon was then jacked up, and the great rear wheels removed. Two fork-branched trees were drawn under it by oxen pulling them forward from the rear till they could go no farther. The trunks were then made fast under the wagon, the jacks were removed, and the wagon stood supported by the springy branches of the trees upon which it lay like a sled on runners. The front wheels were now lashed so that they would not turn, and riems were tied to the near rails so that the men who went down with it could pull it toward the mountainside if it began to veer over the cliff's edge. All this was done ten yards from the beginning of the ramp. Just enough room was left to inspan the two pole oxen—the wheelers who alone would drag the wagon, now more of a sledge than a wheeled vehicle, down this terrible road where destruction was certain if the smallest error were made.

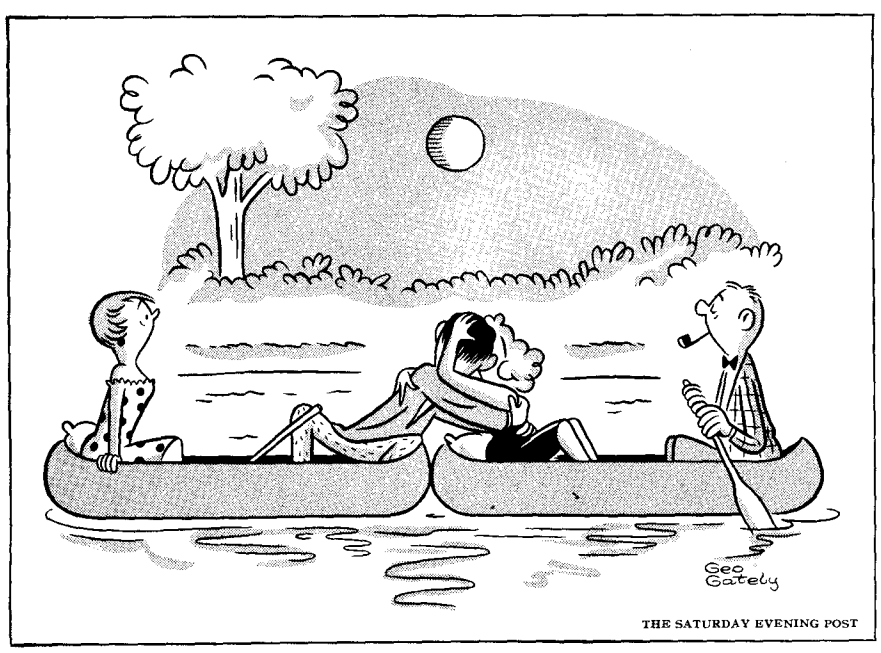
The Beyers wagon had been chosen because of Flip's boldness, skill as a driver and the quality of his pole oxen, two immense red beasts that Barend had trained five years ago, which stood sixteen hands and were as tame as dogs.

Flip led them to the disselboom—wagon pole—himself, raised the yoke, dropped it upon their willing necks and fastened the straps onto the skeys. Then he gave the lead riem to his *voorlooper* and climbed onto the wagon, his long whip—with the lash rolled round the bamboo stock—in his hand. By touching either ox with its tip he could guide them.

About the wagon were grouped the whole trek, with *Oom* Willem, the predikant and Harry nearest the cliff's edge. Facing the people, the predikant raised his hand. "Let us pray," he said. "Let us pray for a safe descent for our brother and his leader and for the brave oxen too." Everyone knelt—men, women and children. The women put the babies on the ground in front of them, beside their husbands' hats.

"Oh, Lord," the predikant began. "Oh, Lord, Who so far has blessed this *trekkie*, saving it time and again from danger and death, extend Thy hand once more, we pray You, to support this frail wagon in its terrible descent. Support it, Lord, that these Your children, when they reach the promised land below may raise a tabernacle to glorify Your Holy Name. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed the people.



"Amen!" said a child, who had been dreaming, after the rest had done.

"God bless you, Flip Beyers," the parson said.

Oom Willem shook Flip's hand. "You will be the first man in Canaan."

Flip called to his boy. The boy, who had been squatting by the wet black noses of the oxen, rose, turned his back on them and faced the road ahead. The men who were going to hold the wagon from falling grasped the riems. "You are ready?" Flip cried, looking round and raising his hat.

"We are ready."

"Then *loop*," he cried, "*loop!* Rooiland, Rooiman, *loop!*" His voice rose to the scream that the cattle knew and loved. They leaned into their yokes and stopped, surprised, as if they could not understand their failure to move the wagon.

"*Loop!*" Flip shouted again. The oxen pulled harder, the bound front wheels scraped along, cutting a furrow in the ground. The trees behind them swept the ground bare, like a broom, as the oxen moved slowly forward. Now they were off the flat, down the ramp and on the road. They disappeared. Only the end of the tent, cocked up into the air like the back of a great gray sheep, was visible against the sky line as the people crowded forward.

Two men ran to take the riems that trailed behind to help hold the wagon back and prevent it from overrunning the oxen in the steepest parts. They heard Flip's voice calling to his beasts, "Rooiman, Rooiman," as rocks fell bounding down into the void below.

One by one, at a rate of three or four a day, the other wagons followed. Some of the riding horses had to be blindfolded before they could be led down. Milk cows and working oxen were driven down with blows, their tails twisted and even bitten by their herders when, too terrified to go on, they hesitated and came to a stop.

From above, where *Oom* Willem's wagon stood alone among the rubbish and desolation of the earlier encampment, his party looked down upon the new settlement, upon the tops of the tented wagons, on the kraals, the livestock smaller than toys, and the people, unrecognizable, no larger than small ants.

Flip, Harry Bates and four others had climbed up to help *Oom* Willem with his descent. By now, all were practiced; deep ruts that held the sliding wheels had been carved out of the road, and the worst danger spots were known. With *Oom* Willem driving and Hendrik leading, while Flip and Harry held the riems and shouted encouragement, the big wagon—the last one to descend—slid to safety.

Only the loose horses remained above; they were wilder than the cattle, and men could not yet be spared to herd them into the valley. Francina remained with them, with some servants and tame Kaffirs, watching the wagon that had been her home make the descent.

Then her work began. She was to bring the horses down. At last it was done. She had got them into the valley without loss. "I'll water him," Hendrik said, taking Blaubooi's riem from Francina's hand. The stock-watering place was at the stream half a mile away.

"Thank you," Francina said, sitting down. "I'm tired."

She had worked hard rounding up the main horse herd, forcing them to the edge of the road, and then riding Blaubooi through the mob to the front, where she had dismounted and, holding him by the nose band of his head collar, had led him. Seeing him go, the others had followed. But she had been frightened—not afraid of falling herself, but that Blaubooi should slip or that the others would bolt suddenly, urged too hard by the men behind them, and overrun her.

She watched Hendrik lead Blaubooi through the trees. There was stock scattered everywhere—horses, cattle, flocks of sheep and goats. The wagons lay at rest now in a sea of grass that came up to their axles, but which was being swiftly trampled down and soon would disappear. Already it was a wagon village. It would be wonderful to live in a village like this with all her friends.

She wondered how she had ever stood the isolation of the farm at the Cape. *I stood it*, she thought, *because I knew no better; like all women I like the company*

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of my kind, the life of a town. To her this line of wagons, now permanently encamped, was a town. The picnic was ended. She had even put her boy's clothes away and was now dressed as a girl. In the last few hours she seemed to have grown up. She felt that the descent of the mountain was her last adventure. She had crept out of the past like a snake casting its skin, and now sat resplendent in her new pink cotton dress with a quilted pink *kappie* on her head, her hair brushed up in a golden crown as if it were Sunday. She was thinking of Harry Bates and how wonderful he was—the Englishman who was now a Boer like themselves. "All that I care about is here," he had said once. What could he have meant?

Hendrik had led the horse away from his *nooi* to water and was bringing him back to the little girl whom he loved like his own child, for his children had left him, his wife was dead. He loved the horse too, Blaubooi, who had nearly the intelligence of a man. The dogs were at his heels, for Francina had sent them with him.

The long *rooigrass* parted before Hendrik's feet. So high was it that its heads brushed his thighs. This was a rich, fat land. They would be happy here. Over the crook of his left arm he had his double-barreled gun, for no one since the trek had begun was permitted to move out of camp unarmed. To his right was a *clompie* of horses, with a blue-roan mare and a foal somewhat apart from the others. Hendrik recognized them as the *oubaas*' stock. As he looked at her, a lion sprang upon the mare, and she screamed. The riem was torn out of Hendrik's hand as Blaubooi charged, his lips drawn back, his teeth bared, toward her. The riem had burned Hendrik's palm, drawing blood from it. He felt it as he leaped after the horse. The lion had the mare down. It had jumped onto her back and with its left paw had pulled her head round, breaking her neck as it crouched upon her withers. Blaubooi attacked with chopping hoofs. The lion reared and seized the stallion's muzzle. Blaubooi fell on top of the mare.

Hendrik, now only a few yards away, put up his gun and fired. There was only a hollow click as the hammer struck the flint. The lion turned on him as he pulled the second trigger. The same thing happened. He drew his knife. This was the end. No man could face a lion with nothing but a knife. But no man would run away to be killed running, like a fleeing buck. The dogs now flung themselves upon the lion. With one blow of his paw the lion killed Wolf, striking him in the head and tearing it half off his body. Wagter closed with him, seizing his mane and hanging on while the great beast turned on Hendrik, who, thrusting his left arm down the lion's throat, seized and twisted its tongue as he sought to drive his knife into its heart. But as he struck, the lion moved. The knife killed Wagter, who fell dead at his feet. Hendrik knew his end had come. The lion's foul breath was in his face. Its jaws closed over his neck and throat. He gave a gasping cry and died.

Francina was not the only one who had heard the screams of both man and horse. With the others she ran down the track that led to the water. She was the only woman and the only one unarmed. Harry Bates led the way. The smous was with him. Other men followed behind them.

Harry was furious with her. "Why are you here?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"It is my horse and man."

"This is no place for you. If the lion is there, do not move. Do not run away or scream."

"What do you think I am, a frightened woman?" Francina panted, wishing she had on trousers again instead of her pink dress.

"I do not know what you are—a boy or a girl—only that you are a nuisance, always causing trouble and in the way."

Her reply was never made, for they had come on the scene of the disaster before she could speak. In a little dell, a cuplike depression in the veld, they found them all—the big gray horse, his silken coat blotched with blood; Hendrik dead across his body; one of the dead dogs lying a few yards away where it had been flung, its head crushed by a blow from the lion's paw, the other beside Hendrik, his knife in its body. The mare the lion had killed lay still farther off, and her disconsolate foal stood nuzzling her body.

"Stay there and do not move," Harry said.

Move! She could not have moved. She stood frozen as horror overcame her, thinking of all the love here that was lost—her love for this man and these beasts and theirs for her, the years they had lived together, all that they had seen and shared, the wild hunts and gallops, the camps, the memories of home. And Hendrik—Hendrik, who taught her to ride and tend a horse; Hendrik, the brown man who had been a kind of elder brother to her. All were gone, their lives run out upon the veld. For that blood was life. How odd that it should be all mixed here—the blood of man, horse and dog. She put up her hand to cover her face to hide the sight and leaned back against a tree. The shouts of the people had put the lion to flight.

Harry said, "I'll kill the lion. Hendrik will be avenged." (*Continued on Page 96*)

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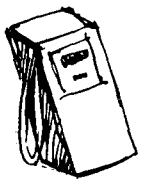
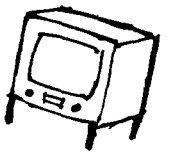
What does an oil company  in Florida have in common with a coffee company in California, or a grocery chain in Louisiana? *Each* gives *something extra!* ✚ Each has loyal customers and a loyal sales force who get *something extra* ✚ for jobs well done! A housewife in San Francisco got a new toaster in the mail the other day! *Something extra!* ✚ She got it in exchange for coupons packed in the coffee she buys. It's the only brand of coffee she ever uses! A salesman in Jacksonville took home a set of golf clubs last week. He works for the oil company, and the golf clubs were awarded to him for reaching a special sales quota. A woman in Baton Rouge received a TV set  yesterday. She turned in some cash register tapes saved from her grocery shopping and with these, she "bought" herself a TV set! "Something extra" ✚ for being a loyal customer! The oil company and the coffee company and the grocery chain are three of many progressive companies whose managements rely on Premium Service Co. Inc. to help them gain new customers and *keep* them . . . and to help them give incentive to salesmen by giving *something extra.*

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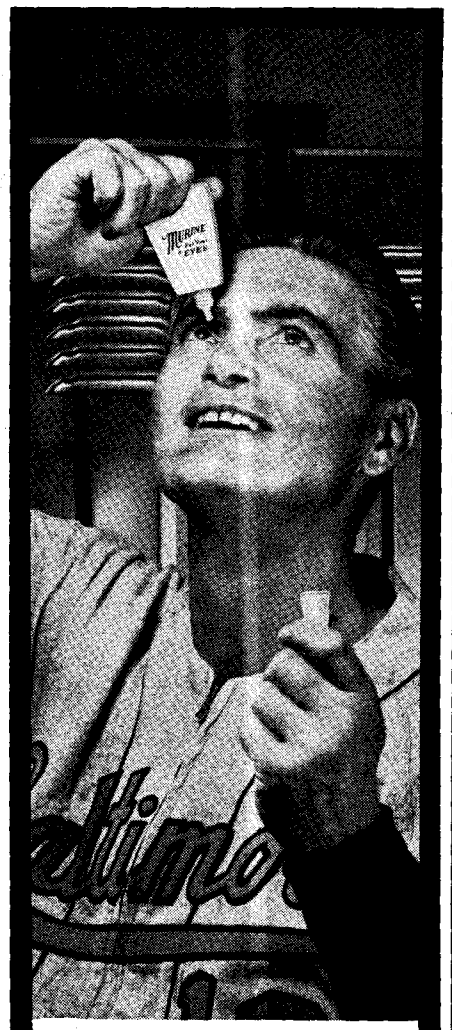

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THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from Page 93*) "*Ja*, Harry," Francina said. "But it will not bring him back, nor my Blaubooi nor my dogs." Sobs now shook her body.

"I'll take you back," he said and, with his arm about her heaving shoulder, Harry led her home. What could one do with a girl like this? What could he do? How could he tell her he loved her when she did not seem to know whether she was a girl or a boy? She had teased poor Barend. She had sent Carter mad. What went on in her mind and heart? Too much had happened to him for him to risk more hurt. If he must love her, let it be as it had been before on the *kopje* after his fight with Carter. *Love her?* he thought. *Yes, but only as a child.* Behind them the other men were carrying Hendrik home.

Tante Maria laid out the body with the aid of the girls, who sobbed and wept as they worked. Francina, now recovered, came to look at Hendrik.

"He was good and brave," she said.

Both girls let out piercing shrieks and renewed their tears. *Tante* Maria stopped them gently. "I loved him, also," she said. "*Ja*, and before God I even love you two, though it is hard to believe, and I might even shed tears if either of you were eaten by some wild beast."

Francina went to her *oupa*. "*Oupa*," she said, "we have suffered a great loss."

"*Ja*, my child."

"We must do him honor," Francina said. "Hendrik is the first man to die here in our new home, the first to lie in our own graveyard."

"I had thought I should be the first," *Oom* Willem said, almost with regret.

"I want your coffin, *oupa*," Francina said.

"My coffin? The coffin I have carried a thousand miles?"

"*Ja*, for Hendrik. We must do him honor. You said so yourself."

"It is too big," *Oom* Willem said. "He would rattle about in it like a pea in a saucepan."

"I will pack him up with fresh herbs and flowers," Francina said. "*Oupa*, give me your coffin. I will arrange with the smous to bring you a new one from the Colony. It will come in time, for you are like a great tree and will live forever."

"Maria," *Oom* Willem shouted, "Maria, get all that rubbish of yours out of my coffin. I need it."

"Unfortunately you do not need it yet, *Oom* Willem."

"I need it, I say. And anyway, what right have you to fill my coffin with rubbish? I never complained. I never even complained of your sitting on it, rubbing the grain off it with your great behind. *Ja*, for a thousand miles you sat upon my coffin. Anyway, empty it out," *Oom* Willem said. "We are going to bury Hendrik with honor, for he is the first of our dead in Canaan."

So it came to pass that Hendrik, his body surrounded with grass and flowers, packed in *Oom* Willem's great coffin, was laid to rest between the two enormous trees at the foot of the *krans*. And for the first time, so far north in this wild land, the solemn words were spoken, "Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower."

A salvo of shots that echoed up into the hills was fired over the grave, and the first part of the ceremony was complete. The minister, now dressed as a minister, and the people in their best clothes, stood watching as Sybella Ullman's child, the first born upon the trek, was baptized into the church of God. So, in one ceremony held in the shade of those two great trees under the African sky, were their first dead in this place ushered out of this world and their first-born welcomed into it.

All men were there but the hunters and Harry Bates and Nzobo, the Zulu.

With Hendrik and Blaubooi dead, the man and the horse that had been so much in her life, and the dogs gone, Francina felt empty, as if she had been made of water and had cried herself away, so that her skin held nothing, so that she was lighter than air—a seed that could be blown anywhere at any time by any wind and she did not care. All that was left to her now was Harry, and he did not like her. He would not meet her eyes or look at her. He had been tender when Blaubooi died. *Ja*, just as he had been before on the *kopje*—tender, but still treating her like a child.

She stamped her foot and shook out her hair. A child! A child! Before God, she was a woman and able to bear him a child, and now the fool had gone out after the lion with his Zulu, as if three dead men were better than one. He had said, "Hendrik was my friend too, so I will kill the lion and avenge him. Besides," he had gone on, "we cannot have man-eaters about, not in this new paradise." He had laughed and had patted her again, as if he were comforting an infant. *As if I were a horse or a dog*, she thought. Surely no man ever patted a grown woman like that? This Englishman was beyond understanding. What could one do with such a man, a man so blind that he could not see a maiden's love? Or seeing it, refused her in disgust. Others might do that, thinking of Carter. But he knew. He knew she was untouched. He had been there to save her.

Somehow she must attract him, make him love her. How her heart ached, and now she could not even ride over the veld with her dogs at her heels to ease the pain. Her horse and dogs were dead. Now she must sit like the other women whom she had always despised, nursing her wounds, licking them like a dog with the tongue of her memories. She thought of Harry on the day he had brought the great horse to the farm, and how she had stood beside her *oupa*, staring with her finger in her mouth. Had she loved him even then? Had her love for Blaubooi been another part of her love for this man, so that she had felt nearer him when she was upon the horse's neck?

Oom Willem sat beside his battered wagon upon the sea cow's skull that had served him for a seat as it had his father before him. It was one of the things *Tante* Maria had wished to leave behind, but he had refused. "It was my father's," he had said.

They had arrived at last. He had led his people through the wilderness. A thousand miles and more in a year of travel. He was glad to have arrived alive.

In front of him on the veld were his two plows. Smiling softly, he gazed at them. Then (*Continued on Page 100*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Zinnia tried to remodel Adolph into her idea of a perfect husband. She got control of his salary and put him on an allowance. She objected to his smoking and bowling. She nagged him if he used the mildest cuss word and commanded him never to speak to another woman. One day while gardening, Adolph said good afternoon to a pretty neighbor in shorts. Zinnia bawled him out in a tirade that could be heard for blocks. Adolph thereupon sued for divorce.

"Free me, judge," Adolph pleaded. "I'm rapidly becoming a nervous wreck, with no personality or life of my own, because of her nagging. It constitutes extreme cruelty, entitling me to a divorce."

"Trying to make a better man of a weak-kneed husband certainly isn't cruelty," Zinnia retorted. "It's not as if I broke dishes over his head or beat him with a broom. I take good care of him and cook him three meals a day."

If you were the judge, would you free Adolph?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Adolph won. The court ruled that extreme nagging in effect constituted cruelty. It said: "From the days of Socrates and Xanthippe, men and women have known what is meant by nagging, although philology cannot define it or legal chemistry resolve it into its elements. . . . Prayers avail nothing and threats are idle. Soft words but increase its velocity, and harsh ones its violence."
Based upon a 1947 Nebraska decision.

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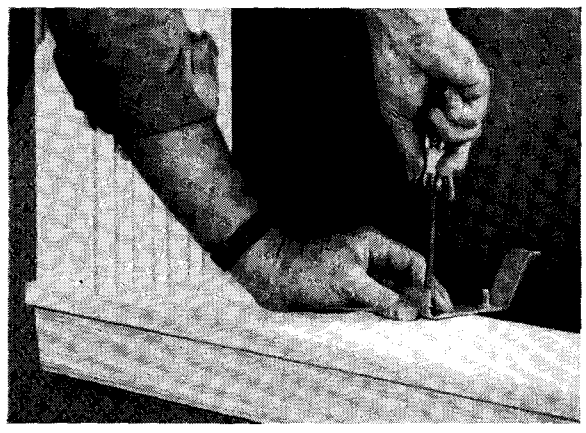
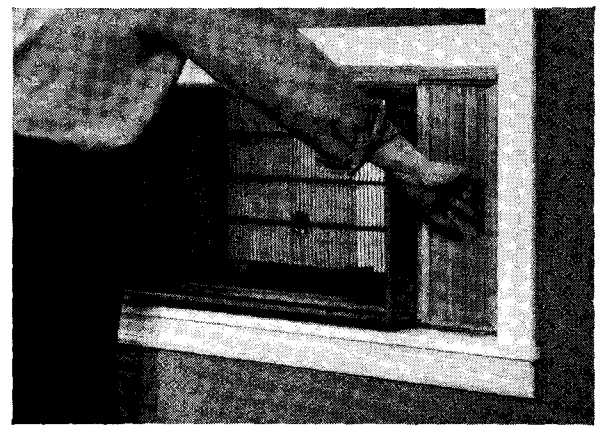
**Standard measure of cooling capacity, tested and rated in compliance with National Electrical Manufacturers' Association Standards CN 1-1958.*

Room Air Conditioner Dept., General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

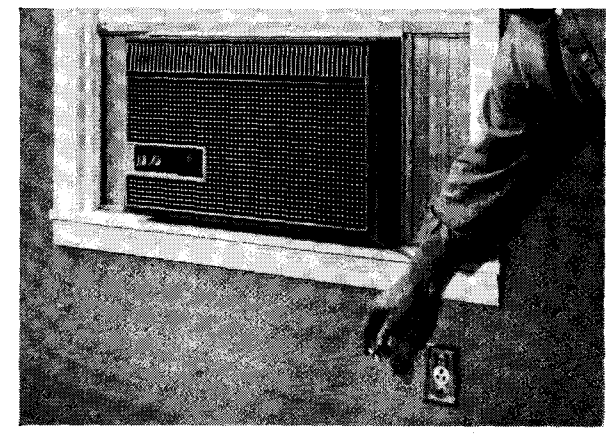
EASY-MOUNT THINLINE AIR CONDITIONER



1. Screw down two brackets and presto! The window is ready. Your General Electric *Easy-Mount Thinline* Room Air Conditioner has a firm footing. Now, so you will not have to wrestle the whole *Thinline* into place, just slip the chassis out of the cabinet. And then . . .



2. Just sli-i-ide the cabinet into place and spread its aluminum louvers to fit. It's very easy lifting. Use scissors to cut the foam gasket that seals the gap between the window sashes. You couldn't ask for a tighter fit. Weather-tight. Dirt-tight. Even outside-noise-tight.



3. Replace the chassis and grille. Only minutes after you started, your General Electric *Easy-Mount Thinline* can be plugged in. It works on any adequate 115-volt house circuit. Cools *beautifully*, too. See how nicely it centers on the sill. And the slim, smart design is at home anywhere.

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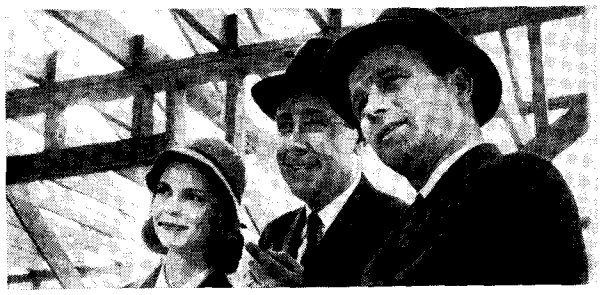

MODERN DAY SERVICE from Hartford Agents includes thorough study of clients' needs, and preparation of comprehensive insurance plans to meet them. Agent's experience enables him to spot needs for protection which might be overlooked by property owner.

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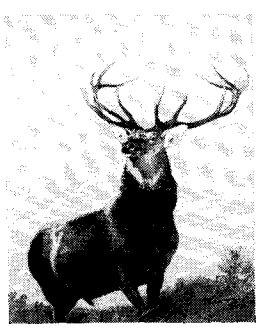

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
1810 *1960*

ear tradition of service

ık for your Hartford Agent in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, under "Hartford ırance," or wherever you see the familiar Hartford Stag trademark displayed.

HARTFORD *Fire Insurance Company* GROUP

NY, BOSTON 12, MASS. • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK 38, N. Y. • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, *MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.*

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(*Continued from Page 96*) he got up and patted them as if they were alive.

Tante Maria, a little thinner than she had been, looked up from the fire where she was cooking. "Well," she said, "now that we are here, if indeed we are here, I hope that you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied, woman," he said. "God has brought us to our promised land."

"*Ja*," she said, standing with her hands on her hips. "*Ja*, the promised land, but is that a name for a place? Where is it? That is what I wish to know. Where are we? It is my belief that we are in Egypt, having passed the source of the Nile a month ago. Or in the moon, perhaps, so strange this is, so wild and savage, with my baby crying her heart out because her horse is dead, her dogs are killed, and the boy who brought her up is torn to pieces and eaten by savage beasts. Willem, that is something to think about. A good Christian boy in a lion's belly; and, as if that was not enough, the beast pursued by the Englishman whom she loves. *Ja, ja*," she cried, "and our Hendrik inside the lion, bobbing up and down as he runs. The Englishman and his Kaffir chasing him and, as like as not, to join Hendrik should these beasts attack them."

"We have buried Hendrik; so he is not in the lion's belly, and there was only one lion," *Oom* Willem said. "I saw the spoor."

"*Ja*, one. But why should he remain alone? Without doubt he has wives, friends, young—all hungry for human meat. And you, you silly old man, you stand there patting a plow as if it were a horse or a woman."

Harry and the Zulu had no difficulty in picking up the spoor. The lion, when he had been driven away from Hendrik's body, had made for a sluit that ran only in the summer rains, and there on its sandy bed were the marks of the animal's great pugs. The men walked in single file, Bates leading the way with caution. This was not a beast to be trifled with. They had with them a good dog held on a leash—one on whose nose they could count if they were at fault. When night fell they had gone ten miles. Harry had expected to come up with the lion much sooner. It looked as if the beast knew they were after him. Perhaps they should have taken more precautions, waited till the next day and brought food and blankets. But they had thought they would find the lion laid up nearby in a clump of lala palms or scrub. Now it was dark, and the lion, if he chose to exert it, had the advantage over them.

Quickly, before the full night fell, they collected wood. Fortunately there was much of it nearby—trees washed down by storms and wedged against the rocks or lying loose in the stream bed. So, with a fire in front of them, their backs to the bank and their loaded guns across their knees, the two men, dozing when they could, waited for the dawn.

Harry stared at the stars, bright in the spring sky. Barend gone, and now Hendrik. These two men he had admired greatly. Hendrik's devotion to Francina had been like Nzobo's to him, a bond as great or greater than that of blood. The horse too—the horse that he had brought to the farm all those years ago, and that Francina had loved with such passion.

He wished he knew what she felt about him. Since the day on the *kopje* she had seemed to avoid him. Was she ashamed because he had seen her as he had and had held her in his arms? At that instant he could have possessed her. He knew it, and so did she. Was this the key to her shame? Was this what stood between them? He loved her, but was afraid to say so now lest she rebuff him. Besides, she had been going to marry Barend. But with Barend dead —— He spoke to his man. "If you loved a maid, what would you do?"

"Take her, lord, unless she ran too swiftly. Oh, my chief, and my friend, I see into your heart and know your love. That is why we pursue this lion—so that you may lay its skin at her feet. But fear not the outcome, lord, for I have seen her eyes. They are soft for you, like those of a calf in its pen, crying for its mother's milk. Lord," he said, "a maid runs from a man in two ways—either like a klipspringer leaping among the rocks, risking her life and never looking back, or running not so fast, looking over her shoulder, toward a mealie field where the plants are tall. These, lord, are the two ways of a maiden. There are no others. It is in my heart that the maid you desire desires you also and will lead you to a private place when you pursue her." He got up to put more wood upon the fire.

When the morning came they drank water from a pool—the lion had stopped there, too, to quench his thirst—tightened their belts against their hunger and went on. Sometimes they lost the spoor; then the dog, whimpering with fear and excitement, found it again. The lion had remained in the stream bed, which at last ended in a wooded *kloof* that separated

"Try not to think about it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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one of the foothills of the berg from another. Here the dog lay down and refused to move.

"We are near," Harry whispered. Their guns cocked at the ready, they went forward. Before they had gone ten paces the lion charged, coming downhill with tremendous leaps, roaring his fury, his mouth open, his eyes blazing, his tail erect above his back. Harry fired the bullet in his right barrel and missed. With his second barrel, loaded with buckshot, he struck the lion in the foot, but the beast still came on. The Zulu could not fire till Harry threw himself down as the lion leaped. Finding that he had missed Harry, the great beast sprang at Nzobo, one of his hind feet ripping Harry's back to ribbons as it strove for purchase. The Zulu's bullet caught the lion in the throat, and it fell dead at his feet.

Harry scrambled up. "A near thing," he said. "If you had not been there it would have been the end."

"Your back, your back, my lord!"

"Yes, my back," Harry said. "It can still be the death of me from the poison on his claws." He was almost fainting now with shock and pain. He sat down. "Make a fire," he said.

"A fire?"

"Yes, a fire, a good one; and while it burns we will skin the lion."

"How are we to get back?" the Zulu said. "I can carry you. That will be the only way. Carry you as far as I can and then fetch a horse."

"That's a good plan," Harry said. "Now for the fire."

They lighted it and began to skin the lion. At last it was done and folded, the hair side inward, into a kind of parcel which Nzobo tied with bark torn from a *vaalbos* growing near them. "Bring me my gun," Harry said. Then, taking it by the stock, he pushed the barrels into the coals of the fire.

"What are you going to do?"

"I?" Harry said. "Nothing. It is you."

"I? What am I to do?"

"Help me strip off my shirt to begin with, and now take the gun, holding it by the stock, and burn the wounds upon my back."

"I cannot do it. Lord, I cannot do it."

"Would you have me die? This is our only chance."

There were three great scratches, and three times the Zulu laid the almost-red-hot barrels along the bloody stripes. The air smelled of burning flesh. Harry was sweating with pain. The brown skin of the Zulu was almost putty-colored as he put his hand on Harry's shoulder. "Lord," he said, "forgive me. That was a terrible thing to have to do."

Harry took his hand and gripped it in his agony. He could not speak. At last he said, "Water, bring me water."

There was a small spring in the *kloof*. The Zulu ran to it and brought back a hatful. Harry gulped it and splashed some onto his face. "Now we will go," he said.

"Get on my back, lord."

"I will walk. Give me your gun and take the skin."

"Surely we can leave the skin and come back for it?"

"Leave it for the hyenas? No, it goes with us."

At last, when they were more than halfway back, Harry said, "Leave me here and go and get our horses—both of them. But say nothing to anyone of my plight."

"I must tell no one?"

"No one at all." Harry sat in the shade of a tree to wait, with the lionskin and the gun beside him.

Near the wagon one of *Tante* Maria's hens cackled in the bush. Her hens had all survived and now, as glad as the people to be settled, they stole their nests and began to lay. The young red cock stood on his toes and crowed.

Francina ran toward the hen that she saw coming out from behind a clump of high grass. There were two eggs in the round depression she had made—two lovely, milk-white eggs.

Tante Maria came waddling toward her. "Good girl," she cried. "You have found the nest. Now I can make a custard."

"I want them," Francina said. "*Ja*, I want them. I have them and I shall keep them."

"Give them to me."

"Try to take them, and I'll smash them on the ground."

"So that is what we have come to, is it? An egg thief—a girl that steals eggs like a snake."

"Let me have them, *ouma*," Francina said. "Just these two."

"What for?"

"To wash my hair with the yolk."

"So you are really going to became a girl again. I have never heard of a boy, no matter how golden his hair, using an egg upon it."

Francina stamped her foot. "Can I have them?"

"*Ja*, my child, *ja*, and a hundred eggs besides if you will for that purpose."

In her heart *Tante* Maria was glad the great gray horse was dead, for it was he who had taken her little girl from her. She had always known it, and this only proved her right once more. The horse had bewitched the child. Now, with it dead, Francina was turning into a girl again, wearing dresses and washing her golden hair with egg yolks. She was going to say as much, but when she looked round the girl was gone.

Francina had gone to find Miemie. Half an hour later both girls were washing their hair, their heads bent over two tin basins set upon a table made of planks mounted on four posts sunk into the ground. It was the last thing Hendrik had made, and only because it was completed had he taken Blaubooi's rein from Francina's hand. Chance—what was this strange chance, this hazard that blindly selected men for death? Barend had been shot because he had won Harry's hat. Hendrik had died instead of her because, having finished the table and thinking her tired, he had wished to help her. Tears came into her eyes. Hendrik, Blaubooi and the dogs, all gone in a few minutes. And Harry? Suppose he did not come back? This was no ordinary lion.

She squeezed the water out of her hair. Miemie, who had knotted hers on top of her head, said, "You are crying, Cina! What's the good of crying for a servant, a horse or a dog when they can all be replaced?"

"I'm not crying," Francina said. "It is the soap that has got into my eyes." Then she sprang at her friend in fury, slapping her face. Kicking her feet from under her, she flung her down and, seizing her ears, she beat her head up and down upon the ground. "You! You! You!" she screamed. "Replaced indeed—you are no better than a woman!" Having lived among men so long, Francina found it hard sometimes to believe she was a girl.

Miemie yelled with pain. "My ears!" she cried. "You will tear off my ears!"

Tante Maria ran toward the struggling girls. "What are you—children of three years, or nubile girls—to fight like this?" She stood over them, poking at Francina with her foot. Then she cried, "Oh, God! Look who comes!"

At the sound of horror in her voice the girls broke apart. Harry was back. Sitting straight in the saddle, with the seat of a British cavalry trooper, he was riding

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down the rough road in front of the wagons. His face was as white as paper, his shirt in bloody tatters. On his head he wore the famous hat. The Zulu walked beside him, holding him up and leading his own horse.

Francina ran to him. "Harry! Harry! What is it? How badly are you hurt?"

Staring straight before him, he rode on—as if he would ride forever, through the camp, up into the mountains down which they had come, on, on. . . .

"Hendrik is avenged," he said. "The skin is on the other horse."

Francina saw it, neatly folded, lashed to the saddle as Harry swayed and fell into Nzobo's arms. "Bring him to me," she cried. "This man is mine!"

Carrying his master as easily as if he were a child, the big Zulu brought him to the wagon and put him down upon the bed, laying him with his back upward, exposed.

About the wagon now was a crowd of people. Those behind were saying, "Is he dead?" "Will he die?" Those nearest to him saying, "No, he is not dead yet, but he is like to die."

Tante Maria pushed her way through them, using her hands as if she were swimming. Having been the first to see Harry Bates, she was the last to arrive, not being able to move as fast as the others and the crowd having come between her and the wagon. "You will cure him, *ouma?*" Francina said.

"*Ja*, I will cure him. I have cured worse than this with my salves. Get back, you fools," she cried, turning on the people from the steps of the wagon. "I must have room, and he must have peace." They fell back from her, all but the Zulu.

"He will live," he said to Francina; "my lord will live."

"If he does not live, I shall die," she said.

"*Aaie*," he said, "it is as I thought. The maiden does not run far or fast, and my lord lies all ready in the mealie field."

"What did you say?" Francina asked, for he had spoken in his own tongue.

"I said, *inkosikaas*, I am glad that my master is in such good hands, for he is a great man and a chief."

It was a month before Harry Bates was well enough to go abroad. He had lain for thirty days in the tent that had been attached to the Prinsloo wagon, upon a mattress of fresh grass, in a bed that his man had made of ropes strung on a frame of posts. Nzobo slept on the ground beside him, and between the two of them—the Zulu and Francina—his life was saved. The terrible burns upon his back that had prevented his death from blood poisoning were cured with *Tante* Maria's salves. The fever that had almost sweated the life out of him was held at bay by Francina's love. She hardly left him; she fed him patiently, a spoonful at a time, the strong soups and other food she had cooked.

Now at last, as he stood swaying on his feet, he said, "Thank you, Francina, for all that you have done. But why did you take such pains to save such a useless man?"

"Useless, *meneer?*" she said. "Useless, Harry? Don't you know that all men count on you to lead them? That after my *oupa*, who is near to his death, you are our leader?"

She came up to him and stood staring up into his face, her eyes wide open, her lips parted. "And don't you know by now that I am a woman, Harry? That I love you?"

His arms went round her, holding her close against him. "My heart," he said. "My beloved. I have loved you since I first saw you—a small girl with your *oupa*, staring at my gray horse. Then you came to me like an angel upon the mountain, and I loved you more. Love," he said, "day and night for years I have loved you."

Francina slipped out of his arms. "What!" she cried. "All this time, and you said nothing, while I broke my heart?" She burst into wild tears and flung herself into his arms once more.

"*Ja, magtig!*" *Tante* Maria said, peeping into the tent. "It is a good thing the predikant is here, for it was said by the apostle Saint Paul that it was better to marry than to burn—and there is much inflammable material here."

Oom Willem was behind her. "*Ja*," he said, "we will have a wedding soon."

A month later *Oom* Willem sat upon his sea-cow skull, smoking his pipe, watching the spans of oxen plow. The first furrows were being turned. It had all come to pass as he had hoped and prayed. Here he was, old but honored, and his Francina married to a good man. What more could he ask of God?

First the Boers had beaten their plowshares into swords to fight their way north, and now they were beating them back into plowshares again to cultivate the lands that they had won. The long spans of oxen turned the grass over. The rich black earth beneath the sod looked like velvet behind the plows.

Ja, he thought, *it has indeed come about as it was written—"Then did they till their ground in peace, and the earth gave increase, and the trees of the field their fruit."*

It was for this we trekked, for a new land and peace. We, the voortrekkers, he thought, *those with the fiercest hearts and the greatest love.* THE END

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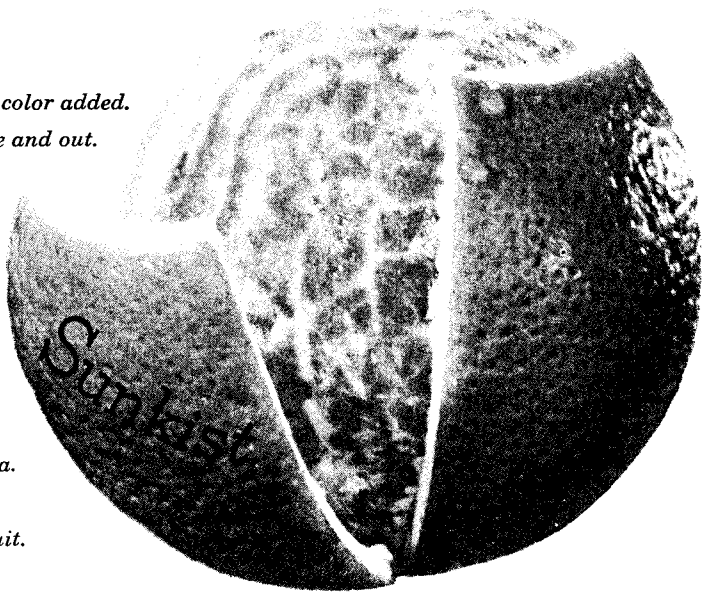

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Year of Decision for Bill Rigney

(Continued from Page 25)

When Horace Stoneham fires a manager for keeps, he does so on the basis of considered judgment.

Choosing his words with great care, Stoneham said shortly before the start of the 1960 season, "Rig is easy to talk to. I told him we'd had a good run at it last year and, everything equal, I expect to win it this year. He agrees."

Said Rigney, with his quick, nervous smile, "Yes, I do have the feeling that it would be better to win than to lose. These one-year contracts, they don't make you feel any too secure."

In San Francisco, Rigney has not had the benefit of the honeymoon period that hitherto has blessed every union of a major-league franchise and an enthusiastic new city. San Franciscans have a very strong image of themselves and their city, an image that is best described by one of the city's favorite words: cosmopolitan. From the first, they have been most eager to dispel any illusion that San Francisco's reaction to the Giants would be comparable to the uncritical adoration with which Milwaukee embraced the Braves in 1953. Although San Francisco fans are strong home-town rooters, they are quick to cheer an opposing player—and even quicker to criticize their own manager.

If circumstances should combine to unseat Bill Rigney as Giant manager, he wouldn't have to travel very far to find another job. There is a desk waiting for him at the Rigney Tile Company, just across the bay in Oakland. Founded in 1888 by Bill's grandfather, the business now grosses well over a $1,000,000 a year. Until a few years ago it was run almost entirely by the Rigney clan; today, only Bill's youngest brother, Donald, and one cousin represent the family.

The tile business might not be as exciting as baseball, but it would certainly be healthier. Rigney is a tall man—six-one—with a "normal" weight of 175 pounds. His weight is normal, however, only during the winter. After the 1959 season, which was preceded by an automobile accident that almost killed both Bill and his wife and ended with his team's total collapse, he was down to less than 160 pounds.

At forty-two, Bill has white hair, thinning in the front and gone at the crown. (All the Rigney men and most of the Rigney women have turned gray in their twenties.) His stomach rumbles with the twists and turns of every ball game. In the fourth inning of the third major-league game ever played in San Francisco, Bill fainted dead away on the bench and had to be carried back to the locker room. With an ambulance waiting outside, he insisted upon remaining until the game was over so that he could congratulate his men on their victory and exhort them to sweep the upcoming three-game series in Los Angeles. For Bill is a high-school coach at heart. He is undoubtedly the only major-league manager who posts inspirational poetry on his bulletin board.

Even in normal conversation he speaks in a crisp, staccato voice which many of his New York critics insist is an imitation of his predecessor, Leo Durocher. It isn't. Bill spoke and acted in the same intense, high-strung way when he was a fresh-faced, curly-haired twenty-three-year-old minor-leaguer, playing in Oakland. The Durocher form and influence become more evident when Bill is arguing with an umpire. Like Durocher, he stands with his arms gripped close to his sides, his fists tightly clenched. Like Durocher, he bobs his head furiously as he makes his point.

"He gives it the good routine," one Giant official says with a smile. "But he always leaves the impression that it's all just an act. He doesn't have Leo's savagery."

Rigney does not argue capriciously and he is seldom really abusive. His main trouble is that he never seems to know when enough is enough. After everything seems to be settled, Bill will wheel around and start the whole thing over again. More than any other manager in the game, Bill Rigney gets thrown out for extended arguing.

"I guess I'm like a woman," he admits. "I've got to have that last word. It's the last one that's usually the wrong one."

Rig professes to have a certain fondness for umpires, though. "I'm the only manager," he says, "who can boast that he met his wife because of an argument with an umpire."

When Bill was at St. Mary's Pre-Flight School in California during World War II, playing baseball under Charley Gehringer, he got himself placed on report for giving the rough side of his tongue to a civilian umpire. Going to headquarters as directed, he found himself at the desk of the executive officer's secretary—pretty, brunette Paula Bruen. When Rig left, he had a stern reprimand from the executive officer and a date with his secretary. A year and a half later he and Paula were married. They now have three children—Billy, fourteen; Tom, twelve; and Lynn, eleven.

The youngsters weren't involved in the near-fatal accident their parents suffered last year shortly before the training season opened. The accident occurred in the early morning hours while Bill and his wife were driving home to Walnut Creek, eighteen miles from Oakland. Bill fell asleep at the wheel, and the car smashed into a pole.

Rig's first conscious memory is of a flashlight shining in his face and a state trooper peering down at him. Automatically he said what all of us say when a trooper leans through the car window, "What did I do?"

"I think," said the trooper, "that you slit your throat."

Bill's face had apparently smashed into the steering wheel, and his neck had been sliced by the rim of the horn ring. The operating surgeon later told him that the outer sheathing of the main artery leading from the heart had been cut. In other words, he had escaped death by a width that could only have been measured by a micrometer.

As it was, his jaw was fractured in three places, eight of his front teeth were knocked out, and he had bitten so deeply into his tongue that it was hanging by little more than a shred.

Mrs. Rigney was hurt even more seriously. Her hip was so badly smashed that she did not begin to walk again until last February, a year after the accident.

Did this brush with sudden death cause Rigney to reappraise his scale of values and to attach less importance to the winning or losing of baseball games? No such thoughts ever crossed his mind, Rig says in some surprise. He was concerned only with getting out of the hospital and down to the Giants' training camp in Phoenix as quickly as possible. The doctors finally released him after three weeks, on his solemn promise that he would neither put on a uniform nor walk onto the field for another month. He arrived in camp with his jaw wired so tightly that he could only talk—a couple of minutes at a time—through clenched teeth. For twelve weeks he had to sip his "meals" through a straw.

After three weeks of watching spring training from the stands, Rigney became so upset at a particularly sloppy exhibition against St. Louis that he broke his promise to the doctors and rushed to the dugout to assume command. When the game ended, a handful of rookie pitchers went to the outfield to work out. Jim Davenport went with them to hit a few balls.

Rigney strolled out to look over the pitchers. A ball ricocheted off the fence toward him. Rig retrieved it and turned to throw it back. Just as he did, he heard one of the pitchers scream a warning. It was too late. A wicked line drive off Davenport's bat hit Rigney high on the right jawbone, precisely where the wiring was pivoted.

"I was never so mad in my life as when I hit the ground," Rigney says now. "All I could think of was that after all that agony, it was going to start all over again."

Trainer Frank Bowman told him, "If it *is* broken again, all they'd do would be to wire it up. And it's wired up anyway." X rays subsequently revealed no further damage.

Rigney swore the little group on the field to absolute silence. If the story got out, he knew the top brass would bar him from the field through the rest of the training period—and he was determined to miss no more of it.

It is inconceivable to Rigney that anybody could feel otherwise about the game. Billy Loes, who may or may not prove to be the reliable late-inning relief pitcher the Giants have needed so badly, baffles Rig. Loes is a strange young man who has frequently proclaimed—loudly and publicly—that baseball is a bore.

Rigney said this spring, "Maybe Loes really wants to win so badly that he puts on this front of not caring just to protect himself in case he doesn't do as well as he wants to. If he didn't care, why would he always be talking so much about it?"

And then, slapping his palms against his thighs, Bill shouted, "He wants to win! I know one thing—he's *got* to want to win!"

Rigney himself played eight years of major-league baseball because he was able to make up in drive, hustle and intelligence what he lacked in real talent. A shortstop and third baseman in the minors, he was converted into a second baseman in his second year with the Giants and he always had trouble making the pivot on the double play. "All I can remember," he says, "is that every time I got the ball, Enos Slaughter of the Cardinals seemed to be knocking me into center field."

The skinny-looking Rigney, who acquired the affectionate nickname of "Old Bones," got banged around pretty regularly. He needed seventeen stitches after one collision with Slaughter, and Gil Hodges of the Dodgers accounted for fourteen more. He dislocated a shoulder while putting a diving tag on huge Bill Nicholson in Chicago to prevent Nicholson from stretching a hit into a double.

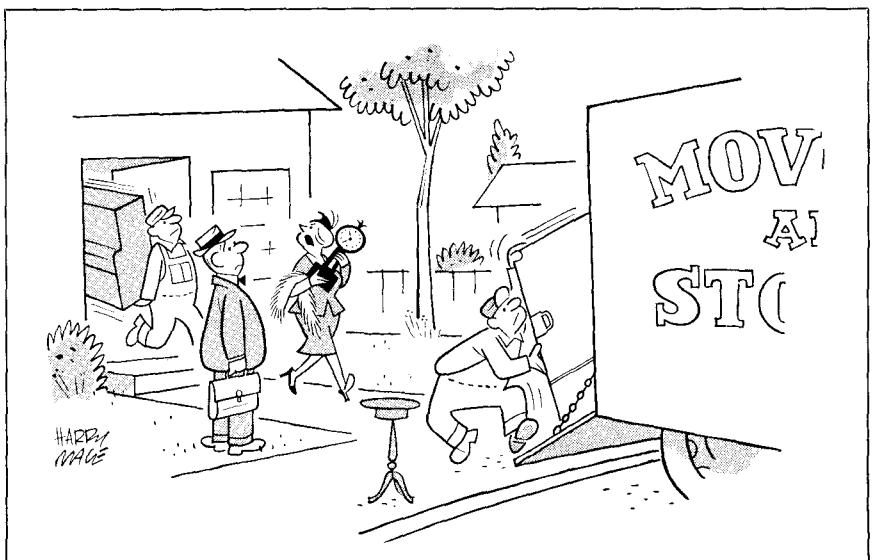
Bill Rigney was a thinking ballplayer. When the Giants set a major-league record in 1947 by hitting 221 home runs, Old Bones, a weak hitter all his life, contributed more than his share. In his freshman season the previous year the pitchers had quickly discovered that he was especially weak on inside pitches. In 1947 Rig converted this weakness into a strength by opening his stance so that he could just lie back, wait for the inside pitch and pull it down the left-field foul line, which measured only 280 feet at the Polo Grounds. He hit seventeen home runs that year, a figure that still amazes him.

Owner Stoneham, having observed such indications of Rigney's resourcefulness, tabbed him very early as a potential manager. In 1953, when the Giants' farm club at Minneapolis fell into last place, Stoneham offered Bill his chance. As badly as Rig wanted to try his hand at managing, he was too smart to begin his career in midseason with a dog-eared, last-place team. He countered with his own proposition to start from scratch the following season. Stoneham agreed.

In his second year at Minneapolis, Rigney led the Millers to the American Association pennant and a victory over Rochester in the Little World Series. Even before the series ended, Stoneham—having called it quits with Leo Durocher—phoned Bill in Rochester and asked, "How would you like to manage the big team?"

Durocher was not an easy act to follow. Stoneham states the problem succinctly when he says, "Durocher was bigger than life. He had such an impact on the players and the press—and he was such a great manager—that anybody who followed him had to suffer by comparison."

The old Giant players never seemed to look upon Rigney as anything more than a stopgap manager—neither did the New York fans or the writers. A newspaperman assigned to do a magazine piece on the players' opinions of their managers could get little more than shrugs or smiles from his friends on the club. "You know what kind of a ballplayer he was?"



"I'm leaving you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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one of them asked rhetorically. "Well, that's the kind of a manager he is too."

After Willie Mays had won the Giants' opening game under Rigney in 1956 by scoring from second base on an infield out against Pittsburgh, the Pirates' manager, Bobby Bragan, infuriated Rigney by stating, "Without Mays, this is an eighth-place club."

It was almost an eighth-place club with Mays. The team that had finished third under Durocher the previous year—and had swept the World Series the year before that—lingered in the cellar through the hot summer months. Only a last-month spurt got them up to sixth.

"Despite all the rumors," Stoneham says today, "I never considered replacing him. The fault was mine, not Rig's. I had let the players grow old together. You get so close to the players that you let them grow old and you don't see it."

One thing Rigney must bear full responsibility for, though, was his handling of Willie Mays. As an old Giant himself, Bill was aware that many of the veteran players had resented the way Durocher pampered Willie. He decided that he would have to show everybody that Willie was no longer above criticism.

In the first hour of the first day of spring training, Rigney halted practice to lecture Willie publicly on the correct way of making a throw to home plate. From the opening gun, he never let a question about the team's prospects pass without saying, "I do not subscribe to the theory of 'As Mays goes, so go the Giants.' Willie is just one of twenty-five."

It is difficult to see how anybody could have made such a massive blunder. Willie, a shy and frightened young man in those days, was already badly shaken by the discharge of Durocher. What he needed from Rigney at that point was not discipline, but reassurance that his world had not been too greatly dislocated.

By the end of the year, Willie was in such a state of depression over what he took to be Rigney's hostile attitude toward him that Mrs. Mays went to Durocher for advice. "All in the world Willie needs," Leo told her, "is a pat on the back. You're his wife. If the manager won't do it at the park, you'll have to do it when he gets home."

For his own part, Willie set up a sort of passive resistance. In 1957 Rigney tried to show Mays he was standing so deep in the batter's box, that—striding as he did toward left field when he swung—he could not possibly reach a ball pitched to the outside corner. Willie listened, pursed his lips and ignored Rigney. A week later, Durocher—then a television broadcaster—told Mays precisely the same thing. Willie thereupon got six hits in a double-header, including a home run, and happily told the world that Durocher had cured him of his slump.

The blowoff, though, did not come until after the move to San Francisco in 1958, when Mays was quoted by syndicated columnist Jimmy Cannon as complaining that nobody on the Giants except the veteran outfielder, Hank Sauer, would offer him any advice when he was in a slump.

Rigney could hardly turn his back on that. "It wasn't just a slap at me any more," he says, looking back. "It was a slap at the whole coaching staff. They were stunned."

Rig called Mays up before the entire squad in a closed-door meeting in Cincinnati. He demanded that Willie tell his teammates to their faces whether he had shown himself open to advice, or whether he had not actively discouraged it.

To give Willie his due, he did not claim he had been misquoted, but only that he had been misinterpreted. He explained that while he and Cannon had been reminiscing about the old Giants he had simply pointed out that life had been easier for him in the days when he was a young kid. Then everybody was eager to help, but now, when he had become a sort of elder statesman, the new kids looked to him for help.

At any rate, the air between Mays and Rigney was finally cleared. Willie is careful not to disparage Bill any more. Early last season, as a final gesture of conciliation, he even came to Bill for hitting advice. But Willie still comes and goes as he wishes. In the words of a San Francisco sports writer, "Willie Mays has no manager."

The move to San Francisco was a break for Rigney, for it helped him to get out at last from under Durocher's shadow. Today only Mays and Antonelli remain from the Giants who played for Durocher.

The new players accept Rigney as a big-league manager in his own right. The difference between the New York Rigney and the San Francisco Rigney can be illustrated by two widely separated incidents.

During the disastrous 1956 season in New York, Johnny Antonelli, Bill's star pitcher, somehow adopted the phrase, "This ain't our year," as his personal

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There's no telling how old a woman is. You'd never be forgiven if you did.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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slogan. Every time some new disaster hit the Giants, Antonelli would arise from the bench and chant, "What have I been telling you? This just ain't our year, men." Yet it was not until late in the season that Rigney finally jumped Antonelli and ordered him not to use that refrain in his presence again.

In San Francisco in 1958, on the other hand, Rigney quickly slapped a fifty-dollar fine on his National League Rookie of the Year, Orlando Cepeda, for stupidly trying to go from first to third on an infield out. The next evening Cepeda showed his displeasure by taking half-hearted, slow-motion swings during batting practice. The moment Rigney spotted it, he bounded off the bench, raced up to the batting cage and shouted, "And it will cost you a hundred dollars more if you sulk tonight!" Cepeda got himself four slashing hits that night.

The idea of going with as many young players as possible that first year in San Francisco originated with Rigney. He told Stoneham, "What's the sense of taking a tired sixth-place team into a new city? We might just as well pack the line-up with fresh faces and let the fans pick their own favorites. The worst that can happen is that we'll finish eighth instead of sixth; and in the meanwhile we'll be advancing our kids' development by at least a full year."

Normally a team is happy if it can fit one rookie into its line-up. The 1958 Giants, in possibly the most complete turnover on record, found six who saw frequent service. In addition to Cepeda, there was the remarkable fielding third-baseman Jim Davenport; there were outfielders Willie Kirkland, Leon Wagner and Felipe Alou and catcher Bob Schmidt.

It is significant that San Francisco's fans booed Willie Mays and Johnny Antonelli, the big wheels from New York, whenever they failed to produce that first year, but adopted the new Giants, particularly Orlando Cepeda, as their very own. It wasn't until this season that the fans took Mays completely to their hearts. San Francisco is not so far gone in cosmopolitanism that it cannot use "New Yorker" as an epithet.

With their batting order filled to the scuppers with rookies in 1958, and with almost no pitching staff at all, Rigney's Giants somehow led the league for about half the season. Bill's strategy was based upon the assumption—which proved to be valid—that his pitching was not going to hold the other team. So he played a wide-open, gambling, slugging game, always going for the big inning.

"If you can stay on the offense," he explains, "you can force the other manager to make his moves early. I'd rather have him combating what I'm doing than the other way around."

He succeeded in keeping the pressure on so well that the Giants were still in contention in August. Sixteen of their victories had come either in the ninth or in extra innings. Rigney's seedling hitters produced more runs that season than any other team in the league.

And yet, the moment the Giants began to fade—they wound up in third place, twelve games behind the Braves—the newspapers and the Giants' office were flooded with letters blasting Rigney's strategy. The main protest, curiously, was that he didn't have his hitters bunt enough.

The answer was that the relatively inexperienced players in his youth movement had to learn in the major leagues what they normally would have learned in the minors. His hitters were big and fast and strong, but they were poor bunters and terrible base runners and they did not always know the basic plays of their positions.

One of Horace Stoneham's own complaints seems to be that Rigney has not done a good enough job of teaching. "We've had more brute strength and less resourcefulness than any other team in baseball," he says. "We've had the fastest runners and the worst base running."

For Rigney's part, he believes that you sometimes have to sacrifice strength in one department to benefit yourself elsewhere. Last July, for example, the Giants' brass considered calling up Willie McCovey, who was hitting sensationally at Phoenix. The difficulty was that if McCovey were brought up, Orlando Cepeda, the best first baseman in the league, would have to be moved to some other spot to make room for him. As a result, two positions would be weakened defensively. So the front office decided to let McCovey stay in Phoenix.

Five days later, after the Giants had lost four straight and fallen out of the lead for the first time in almost a month, Rigney went to Stoneham and asked for McCovey. He had concluded that it was necessary to take the calculated risk in order to get Willie's bat into his line-up.

McCovey arrived the next day and got two triples and two singles. In his first twenty times at bat he had twelve hits, seven of them for extra bases. He led the team to ten wins in his first twelve games, almost singlehandedly keeping the Giants in the race. McCovey wound up with a .354 average for fifty-two games and was voted the league's outstanding rookie, like Cepeda the year before.

Although Rigney has a variety of managerial talents, everybody agrees that his greatest has always been his ability to manipulate a pitching staff. Last year, trades with St. Louis and Philadelphia brought him two top starting pitchers, Sam Jones and Jack Sanford. He shuffled them so adroitly with his other three solid pitchers—Antonelli, McCormick and Stu Miller—that he rarely had to call upon his second-line men. Of the 1376 innings played by the Giants, the remaining four pitchers worked only 207.

Rig was severely criticized for overworking Sam Jones at the end of the season, when he had him starting and relieving on consecutive days, but the then-thirty-three-year-old veteran achieved the first big season of his career. Jones was the league's most effective pitcher with an earned-run average of 2.82, and he tied for the lead in games won with twenty-one. In his final start, Sam pitched a seven-inning no-hitter, hardly an indication that he was weary to the bone.

Jones himself says, "Rigney asked me if I could stand a lot of work, and I told him the more I pitched the better I am. I'm only sorry I wasn't used more often. If I could have helped a little more, maybe we'd have won it."

Despite their failure to win that pennant, the move to San Francisco has been a boon to the Giants. "Financially," says Horace Stoneham, "it has been everything I expected and more." In the Giants' final year in New York the attendance was 653,923, lowest in the league. In their first year at Seals Stadium, with its limited capacity of 22,252, they drew 1,272,625 customers. Last season it was 1,422,130.

Now the Giants are in the new $11,200,000 city-sponsored Candlestick Park, which seats 42,500. Stoneham is sitting back with a comfortable thirty-five-year lease which calls for a rental fee of only 5 per cent of his net receipts, or a minimum of $125,000—a deal to make the other owners drool. There seems little doubt that the Giants will sell 2,000,000 tickets this season.

San Francisco is not a large city by the census books. The 1960 Market Guide estimates its population at only 830,000. The same source, however, estimates the metropolitan area at 3,500,000, and surveys conducted by the local Chamber of Commerce two years ago showed that nearly half of the Giants' patrons came from outside San Francisco. Since northwestern California is one of the fastest-growing sections of the country, the potential audience is vast indeed.

Stoneham now has his park, he has his customers and he has his team. He wants the pennant too. Rigney believes he should be able to give it to him.

"At the risk of being accused of imitating Durocher," he says, "this is my kind of team—speed, defense and pitching depth. So far this year, defense and pitching have been our main forte, particularly in our own park. And," he adds gratefully, "we're finally winning games on our base running instead of losing games. We're getting great base running from Blasingame, Mays, Cepeda and Kirkland and good base running from everybody. I don't know how to explain it, except that we're all a year older, we're all a year smarter."

The gray, gaunt San Francisco manager has always been a card-carrying optimist. As he fights to hold onto his job this year, he seems to be confident.

"From the time I was a skinny little kid in Oakland," he says, "hoping to play with the big kids at Lakeside Park, I have always had one ambition or another. Up to now I've realized them all. My ambition today is to win a pennant and manage a team in the World Series. And if I win the World Series, what then? Then I'll find a new ambition. Ambition never runs out."

It is not Bill Rigney's ambition, quite obviously, to fill that empty desk at the Rigney Tile Company. THE END

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California's Complex Governor

(Continued from Page 27)

But the episode of Caryl Chessman's last reprieve provides the best starting place for a look at Pat Brown, because it tells a lot about the sort of man he is. As the result of a four-to-three decision against executive clemency by the State Supreme Court, Brown lacked the legal power to commute Chessman's sentence to life imprisonment. He retained only the power to delay Chessman's execution temporarily with a reprieve. Brown was quite convinced—and still is—that Chessman was guilty of the peculiarly disgusting crimes with which he had been charged. He could see no legal justification for a reprieve, and therefore when he went back to the mansion that evening, he had simply intended to read a book for an hour or so and then go to bed.

But the cruel face of the condemned man kept coming between his mind and the pages of the book. "I couldn't concentrate," Brown says, "and I put the book down." By 10:30 he had made up his mind to reprieve Chessman.

Brown has a tendency to overexplain his actions. In his press release announcing the reprieve he cited as one reason the famous telegram from Assistant Secretary of State Roy Rubottom warning of trouble in South America if Chessman were executed. In fact, the telegram arrived after Brown had already made up his mind, and he now acknowledges that it served only to keep him from changing it.

Brown cites many other reasons for his decision. There was a telephone call from his son, Edmund Jr., a devout Catholic, who argued that Chessman had suffered enough. There were thousands of letters and telegrams urging clemency, some from people Brown greatly respected, such as Eleanor Roosevelt. There was the fact that the court decision, which Brown had confidently expected to go the other way, was so close.

But as Brown talks it becomes clear that his basic reason was very simple and very human. He could not bear the thought that he, and he alone, must choose whether Chessman should die the next morning. He could not bear, as he says, "to play God." And at length he saw a way to avoid playing God.

The state legislature was due back in Sacramento in special session almost immediately. "I kept thinking," Brown says, "that if the legislature decided to repeal capital punishment, then that would be a commutation to life imprisonment by legislative act rather than by judicial act. Of course, I knew that if I put it up to the legislature it would have a bad effect politically, and on my program. But I had to ask myself—should I try to achieve a good effect by letting a man die?

"How could you get into that condition in only eight hours?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

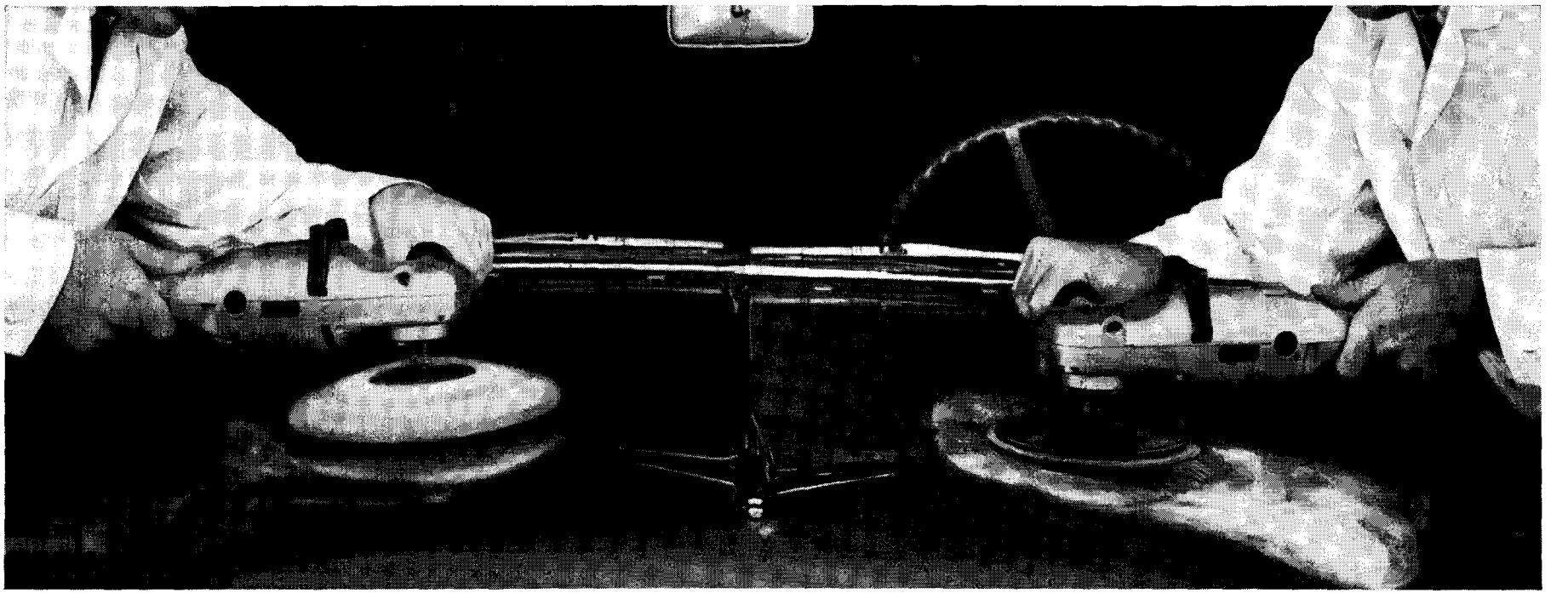
I am a prudent politician; I weigh a situation carefully. But this is a situation in which a man has to play God, when there is only one man on God's green earth between another man and death."

It is a situation which Brown hates, loathes, detests. Brown loves being governor—like almost all successful politicians, he loves the pomp and power of political position. But the glory is dimmed for him by the agony of decision which his power of executive clemency imposes on him. The fact that the legislature was due back in Sacramento anyway gave Brown a chance to escape this agony, at least temporarily, and Brown took it.

It may be, as his critics charge, that in so doing Brown was weakly ducking his responsibilities. It may be, as his defenders retort, that he was bravely obeying the dictates of his conscience, in full knowledge that he would be grievously hurt politically. There is no doubt some truth in both views. In any case, the reprieve was a futile gesture. When the legislature refused to repeal capital punishment, Brown's hands were doubly tied when Chessman arrived at his final rendezvous with death. But there is no doubt that Brown's agony is real when he is "the only man on God's green earth between another man and death."

The odd part is that Brown does not look a bit like a sensitive fellow who would go through agonies about the execution of murderers, kidnapers or rapists. He looks like a tough, weather-beaten, cigar-smoking, owl-faced professional politician—all of which he is. But he is more than that. He is a more complicated man than he appears to be.

Brown himself complains that people have always tended to underestimate him. He made that complaint in a letter to this reporter last year. (Brown has a letter-writing compulsion, like Harry Truman,



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which his aides have tried vainly to suppress.) His letter to me concerned an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* about the Democratic presidential hopefuls, in which Brown was dismissed as a lightweight "totally lacking in the Presidential smell." (See WHO WILL BE THE DEMOCRATS' CANDIDATE? March 28, 1959.)

"I enjoyed your article on the Democratic presidential candidates very much," Brown wrote. "I thought you treated me a little bit cavalierly, but that's the way I've been treated in every campaign since I first ran for district attorney of San Francisco." He added a postscript in longhand: "I may surprise you!"

Since then I have wondered intermittently whether I did underestimate Brown, and this article was undertaken in part to explore that question. The best answer appears to be that I was guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The extenuating circumstances derive from the fact that it is very easy to underestimate Pat Brown. It is easy, for example, to underestimate a man who looks so much like an owl. Sometimes Brown looks like a rather petulant owl. At other times he looks like an affable owl, content with his lot and well disposed toward his fellow owls. But always he looks like an owl.

It is easy to underestimate a man with such an original turn of speech. "Suppose an enemy destroyed a city in one foul blow," Brown will say, "it would have a catalystic effect." Or: "I make a lot of speeches, but I don't get any honorium for them." Or: "You can't say that without stepping on a lot of sacred cows." Friends collect such Brownisms as Samuel Goldwyn's friends collected Goldwynisms.

And it is easy to underestimate a man whose socks are always down around his ankles. Whenever Pat Brown sits down, he has a way of hiking up his trousers, exposing to public view a vast expanse of white calf above his collapsed socks. Thus when Brown is sitting on a public platform, clothed in his gubernatorial dignity, the gubernatorial dignity ends abruptly a little below the knee. One can almost hear the maternal admonition, "Edmund, pull up your socks."

The fact is that there is something oddly and disarmingly boylike about Pat Brown. With some men it is impossible to imagine that they were ever little boys—just try, for example, to picture Gen. Douglas MacArthur or the late John Foster Dulles as small boys, smudgy-faced, in knee pants, playing cowboy. With others, although the smudges have been wiped off and the knee pants have given way to long trousers, the small boy is still easily visible beneath the growing paunch or the aging skin. Like Dwight D. Eisenhower or Theodore Roosevelt, Pat Brown is in this category.

Although the category of men-who-were-never-boys has provided important political leaders—like Woodrow Wilson and Richard M. Nixon—the majority of successful politicians come from the ranks of men-who-are-forever-boys. These are the extroverts, the men who genuinely enjoy wearing funny hats or leading parades or the other traditional political rituals. There is no doubt at all that Pat Brown is one of these.

Brown never worries about looking silly—he is the public-relations man's dream governor. On one recent morning he submitted to having his teeth brushed with an enormous fake toothbrush by a solemn little girl, in aid of National Children's Dental Health Week. After that, with a fake yachting cap on his head and a blond lady swimmer on one arm, he dangled a fishing line with a huge fake hook before the photographers, for the benefit of some California resort. This sort of thing went on for an hour or more, while Brown kept up an easy flow of banter, and looked as though he were enjoying every minute of it. In fact, as he acknowledged later, he *was* enjoying every minute of it. "I really like people," he said in explanation. "I guess that is the greatest quality I have."

It is a great quality for a professional politician to have. After the morning with the toothbrush and the fake hook, Brown took off from Sacramento in an ancient National Guard DC-3, for two days of politicking his way south to Los Angeles, while this reporter traipsed along with him. All the way Brown kept displaying that "greatest quality I have." In large crowds of people Brown is in his element, like a fish in water.

Brown is famous for being sensitive to criticism, or any fancied slight. "Maybe I am too sensitive," he says, "but I never can believe that I can't make everybody like me." He tries to make people like him as instinctively as a cat purrs. Sometimes, in the effort to make people like him, he gets carried away. Arriving, for example, at the Bakersfield Airport, he was serenaded by the local high school's advanced choir. Much moved, Brown invited the entire choir to "visit us at the mansion someday soon." Mrs. Brown, a woman of great charm and character, was visibly dismayed. She confided later that Pat had a habit of issuing this invitation wholesale—and that, at least once, the invitation had been taken all too seriously.

After being serenaded, Brown presided over a remarkably elegant white-tie-and-tails Grand Ball in his honor, in a Bakersfield motel, which advertised in neon letters: WELCOME GOVERNOR BROWN FABULOUS BUFFET COFFEE SHOP. Brown had such a good time liking people and making them like him that his exhausted party crawled wearily into bed in Santa Barbara at 2:30 in the morning, a good four hours behind schedule.

Brown was up bright and early the next day—he has the imperviousness to fatigue which marks all major politicians—and he and his large entourage took off for the huge and handsome villa of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, where some two dozen eggheads had been gathered together for Brown's benefit. The company was distinguished, including such names as Robert Hutchins, Adolf Berle, Walter Millis and Harry Ashmore. There were also a number of younger men, who spoke the peculiar patois which passes for the English language in certain academic circles.

It was during this morning with the eggheads that it became clear that Brown, although he is the kind of man it is fun to make fun of, can be oddly impressive too. He sat at the head of an enormous table, in an open, flowered sport shirt—which embarrassed him: "I guess I should have worn my sacerdotal robes"—and for several hours he and the assembled intellectuals discussed California's problems.

Oddly enough, as the morning wore on, the owl-faced professional politician in the open sport shirt began to seem a much bigger and more interesting figure than all but one or two of the articulate intellectuals gathered around the table. The younger men talked their queer nonlanguage—"restructuring the image," "maximizing the area of public choice," "the reorientation of the arena of discipline." Then Brown would break in, to talk in his heavy, oddly commanding voice, about such solid matters as money and schoolrooms and water, while the reedy flutes of the groves of academe would subside into silence.

Brown's way of expressing himself was, as usual, original. He remarked, for example, that some companies needed more profits "like I need a second navel." He was, as usual, long-winded. "The trouble is I always talk too long," he admitted at one point. But it was impressive, all the same, to hear Brown talk about the state's problems, for it was quite obvious that he knew a lot about those problems, and cared a lot about them.

It was impressive, too, to fly over central California with Pat Brown, in his rickety DC-3 and hear him talk about the greatest of California's problems—water. Hunkered down in the aisle of the plane, and shouting like a hog caller to overcome the wheezing of the motors, Brown gestured first to one side, then to the other. Out of the windows on one side of the plane there appeared below a dusty semidesert, which might have been part of the arid lands of the Middle East or Asia. On the other side the land below was lushly green. Between the two, the fertile land and the desert land, there was a line, marking the difference between water and no water.

Brown used the contrast to underline his arguments for his proposed $1,175,000,000 water-development bond, which David Lilienthal has compared to the great Dutch project for reclaiming land from the sea. The bond project must be approved in a referendum in the autumn, and its fate is uncertain. Northern California, which has plenty of water, is not enthusiastic about spending very large sums chiefly for the benefit of Southern California, which has very little water. Labor and the liberals, Brown's natural allies, are not enthusiastic either, since the project would unavoidably enrich certain already-rich men who own vast stretches of the arid land. Yet even his critics agree that Brown's plan is a bold one, and the first really comprehensive attempt to deal with the chaotic water problem. And as Brown talks about his project, it is impossible to mistake the genuineness of his passion for turning the desert green.

Like the water problem, the other problems with which Brown must deal revolve around the sun. The sunshine, which dries the land, also acts like a magnet, drawing people to California in an unending flood and taxing the state's resources at both ends of the age spectrum. The schools and colleges are filled to the bursting point. At the same time, the huge numbers of old people who have come to live their last years in the sun demand and get high old-age pensions. The sun is also responsible in part for the phenomenon of temperature inversion which causes the eye-smarting, headache-making smog which California's boosters so dislike to see mentioned in print.

As soon as he moved into the governor's mansion in January, 1959, Brown, with the help of his highly intelligent man Friday, Fred Dutton, began assigning qualified men to study such problems and

NEXT WEEK

A CITIZEN OF ROSEBURG, OREGON, RECALLS

THE NIGHT OUR TOWN BLEW UP

By Bonnie Wallace Riggs

SPEEDIEST KIDS AFLOAT

Australia's brother-sister
Olympic swimming combination

By Will Grimsley

THE FIGHT TO SAVE PREMATURE BABIES

By Alice Lake

THE CRIMES I HAVE SEEN

The humorous adventures
of a young D.A. and his wife

By Tinker Morrison

IN COLOR:

IN OUR NATIONAL PARKS

THE ANIMALS COME FIRST

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come up with plans for dealing with them. "Pat's not too brainy himself," one of the men around him has remarked, with the condescension which Brown so often elicits, "but he believes in brains." The result of Brown's belief in brains has been a whole series of new programs, ranging from the huge water project to plans for compulsory exhaust suppressors on automobiles, to cut the smog.

In pushing his programs Brown has shown a marked propensity for cracking the gubernatorial whip and appealing to the public over the heads of the legislators. The result has been a legislative record which many of the state's Republican newspapers warmly praised—at least until the ugly Chessman episode turned much of the press against Brown.

Brown's performance as governor came as a surprise. As the state's attorney general for eight years, Brown had gained the reputation of being an amiable, cautious, able, but unspectacular professional politician, and nobody expected him to be the sort of governor who would crack whips and introduce bold new programs. The fact is that Brown started surprising people, including his mother, at an early age.

"Edmund was always a good boy," his mother recalls. "But he surprised us all. He worked so hard in that bad time when his father was sick in the depression. He really has done very well all along."

Brown's mother is a strong-minded lady of German descent, and a Protestant. His father was an Irish Catholic who ran nickelodeons and poker games in San Francisco. His mother disapproved both of her late husband's gambling and of his Catholicism, and Brown acknowledges that this parental conflict gave rise to a conflict in himself.

At first it looked as though he would follow in his father's footsteps. When Brown was fresh out of high school—where he had been a champion debater, like so many successful politicians, and thus earned the nickname "Pat" after Patrick Henry—his father paid him $175 a month to take care of the cigar store which was the front for the older Brown's continuous poker game. Pat picked up another $150 a month free-enterprising on his own with a dice game called Game Twenty-six. With that sort of money, and in that raffish atmosphere, it might have seemed easy to predict that Pat would become a leading professional gambler.

Instead, his mother had her way, and in 1924, at her urging, Brown threw up his promising career as a gambler to go to work for a blind lawyer at eighty dollars a month and work for a law degree in night school. Three months after Brown got his law degree the blind lawyer died, and Brown inherited the bulk of his practice. In 1930 Brown was earning enough to marry Bernice Layne, the daughter of a police captain. Besides Edmund Jr. there are three Brown daughters: Mrs. Charles Casey Jr., Mrs. Joseph Kelly, and Kathleen, a teen-ager who lives with the Browns in the mansion. Mrs. Brown is a handsome woman, with rather the air of a European *grande dame*, and although she has never been enamored of politics, she has been a great political asset to Brown.

Bernice Brown is a Protestant, and the couple were married in a Protestant church, which suggests that in this way also Pat Brown's mother briefly had her way. But, although his Catholic upbringing had been rather sketchy, Brown says, "I never completely lost my faith. I'd go to Mass on Sunday, but I wouldn't take the sacraments." In 1938, after a year of study and two retreats, Brown fully regained his Catholic faith and, at his request, Mrs. Brown agreed to remarry him in a Catholic ceremony. This episode of long inner religious struggle also suggests that Brown is a more complicated man than appears on his owllike surface.

Brown built up a respectable law practice, but from the first—again, as with almost all successful professional politicians—politics has been his one true love. In 1928 he ran for the state Assembly, as a Republican, and was soundly licked. Brown finally got into the great game when, as a Democrat this time, he was elected district attorney of San Francisco on his second try, in 1943. The pimps, madams, abortionists and the like who then abounded in San Francisco considered Brown an amiable but far from dangerous young man—they called him "Buster Brown." They were unhappily surprised when Buster Brown turned out to be a tough-as-nails D.A., with a habit of running pimps, madams and abortionists out of town.

Brown stepped up, again on his second try, to the state-wide office of attorney general in 1950. In California the attorney general's job is a traditional steppingstone to higher office. From 1950 to 1958 Brown was repeatedly urged to run for the United States Senate or the governorship. But he is, as he says, a "prudent politician." He is also an experienced gambler, who does not believe in being the "five-to-one short-ender"—such phrases, redolent of his past, occasionally crop up in Brown's conversation. He wisely stuck to his last, while the Republicans mowed down Democratic aspirants to higher office. But in 1958, with the bitter Knight-Knowland feud tearing California's hitherto dominant Republican Party to pieces, Brown saw his chance to go for broke. He ran for governor and beat Sen. William Knowland by a huge majority, to become the second Democratic governor of California in more than a half century.

Where does Pat Brown go from here? Since the Chessman case, the answer of Brown's enemies is a succinct "nowhere." After Brown reprieved Chessman, Joe Shell, Republican minority leader in the Assembly, recited to an audience of fellow Republicans a couple of lines of not very elegant verse:

> "I used to be a Democrat, happy and carefree,
> But now I wish I was a dog, and Pat Brown was a tree."

Another leading Republican told a reporter at the time, "Look, Pat Brown today couldn't be elected dogcatcher in any village in the state. And Chessman is going to keep Brown unpopular for a long time to come, whether Chessman lives or dies." Since Chessman's death, many objective observers of the California political scene would go along with this prediction. As one of them put it, "In the Chessman case, Pat got it coming and going, from both sides."

As far as the presidential nomination is concerned, this year at any rate, "nowhere" is where Brown is going. Last year, when he wrote that letter, with its hopeful postscript—"I may surprise you!"—Brown undoubtedly thought that lightning might strike. Now he knows it won't. Brown was a dark horse then. Now, thanks partly to Chessman, Brown is strictly a favorite son.

The lesser lightning of the vice-presidential nomination might conceivably strike, in the very unlikely event that Brown's fellow Catholic, Sen. John Kennedy, has no place on the ticket and the Democrats are accordingly eager to nominate a Catholic in second place. Kennedy himself once darkly suspected that Brown was gunning for the Vice Presidency, and might therefore try to block Kennedy. He seriously considered entering the California primary to snatch Brown's delegates out

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from under him. But Brown assured him, as he has assured others, that "I have no thirst for the Vice Presidency—I like it right here."

Brown will certainly not be king, in short, and he is unlikely to be prince, but he could be one of the Democratic Convention's half dozen or so leading kingmakers. Brown does not really own a great many delegate votes—far less, for example, than Pennsylvania's Gov. David Lawrence. Of California's eighty-one convention votes there are probably not more than a dozen completely at Brown's disposal. But, as Brown points out, he will be governor for another two years and maybe more and "people don't want to alienate the governor unnecessarily." Especially if he can agree with Sen. Clair Engle on a candidate, and especially if the candidate is one most of the delegates are leaning toward in any case, Brown could give that candidate's band wagon a final push. The most likely beneficiary of such a final push seems to be Jack Kennedy, if indeed, since his West Virginia triumph Kennedy needs any final push at all.

For the longer future it is possible to imagine a situation in which Brown might become in 1964 what he is not in 1960—a serious presidential aspirant. Suppose Kennedy is denied the presidential nomination this year. Suppose he turns down second place, thus infuriating the powers-that-be in the Democratic Party. Suppose the Democratic ticket is soundly thrashed, and clearly as a result of the defection of disgruntled Catholics to Richard Nixon. Suppose Brown is re-elected in 1962. Suppose the Chessman case is by then largely forgotten—or even that Brown's role has come to be admired in retrospect.

Given all these improbable "supposes," the Democratic Party might be feeling by 1964 a strong urge to nominate a Catholic other than Kennedy. And why not Pat Brown?

That question has certainly occurred to some people, including Pat Brown. Brown's chief demonstrable defect is a total lack of experience in foreign affairs. Brown, significantly, intends to remedy this defect. He means to "do a lot of traveling—Europe, Asia, Africa." And he means to subject himself to a lengthy cram course in foreign affairs, at the feet of such experts as former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, for whom Brown has a gee-whiz sort of admiration.

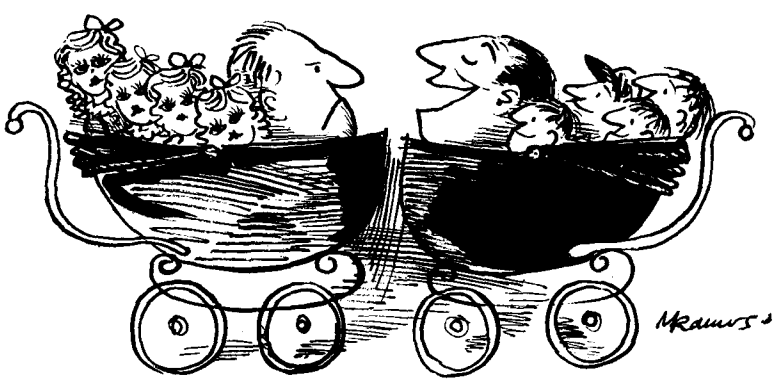
But Brown has another defect as well, where the Presidency is concerned. It is easy to underestimate a man who looks like an owl and whose socks are always around his ankles, but it is also difficult to imagine such a man in the White House. Brown, in short, still lacks the true presidential smell. But perhaps, somehow, Brown may acquire that vital asset. "I may surprise you!" he warned. He might, at that. He has surprised a lot of people.

For the rest, Pat Brown strikes this reporter as an oddly reassuring figure. He is no genius, no toga-wearing statesman. He is a "prudent politician," a practitioner of the art of the possible, a professional who earns his living at the business of politics. He carries no torch, leads no crusade. But he is the kind of man who makes our political system work.

In the coming decade the country is going to have to face a lot of the problems which California's sun has already brought to full flower there—the pressure of a population growing at the frightening rate of one new American every eleven seconds, the drain on such natural resources as water, even the dirty air. The professional politicians are going to have to deal with such problems, for, like it or not, the professional politicians run the country. As the case of Pat Brown suggests, the politicians are often a lot better at grappling successfully with such internal challenges than the intellectuals or the nonpolitical experts. Simply to get re-elected they have to be good at dealing with the problems which intimately affect the voters. Surely that is reassuring.

And there is something reassuring, too, about Brown's role in the Chessman case, ugly as the whole episode was. Chessman's death caused a great uproar abroad, and Brown was reviled as the chief murderer in a nation of murderers. Yet the fact remains that we live in an era in which mass killing for political reasons is regarded in half the world as a legitimate instrument of state power. In such an era it is somehow reassuring to come upon a powerful professional politician who is capable of going through agonies when he is "the only man on God's green earth between another man and death."

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

When Ted's new-born baby turned out to be a fourth daughter, Sam thought it was hilarious. Boasting of his sons, Sam twitted Ted constantly about his "all-girl" family. He suggested that Ted put frills on his front door and hang a "Women" sign on his bathroom.

Finally, at a large gathering, Sam laughingly invited Ted to visit his home and see what boys look like. Then he added a comment on Ted's failure to beget a son.

"Well," Ted replied, "if the Lord looks down and sees that a home needs a man, I guess He sends one."

Charles W. Hostetler

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Flowers With Wings (Continued from Page 33)

different color. The real problem, though, was that the customer demanded a dove of peace sitting on top of the flower world. There were no doves available at the time in Paris, so the ever resourceful M. Debrie had a white pigeon stuffed at the last minute to pinch-hit for a dove.

"We are the United Nations of Flowers," concluded M. Debrie, with pride. "We even do business through some holes in the Iron Curtain. Now I will think up a real challenge for my friend Vic Stein."

When I got back to San Francisco and dropped into the flower shop on Sutter Street to report to Victor Stein what an impact the floral anniversary cake had made on our friends in Paris, somebody else had already thought up a challenge for him. He was happily designing a floral oil-well derrick that a well-wisher had wired to an oil company moving into new offices.

"I guess that puts you on your mettle," I said.

"Not particularly," he replied. "We've made several oil derricks of flowers. Once when King Ibn Saud of Arabia visited San Francisco, we had an order for a five-foot floral oil well, gushing orchids. We're getting to be experts on flower oil wells. And Golden Gate Bridges done in blossoms."

Chosen president of Interflora at a directors' meeting in London, which he attended last summer, Stein will serve in that capacity until his successor is named at a meeting in Berlin next month. During his year's term he calculates that he will devote nearly half his time and energy to seeing that this amazing United Nations of Flowers functions smoothly. When I saw him recently, for instance, he was all set to fly to Moscow in June; the Soviet ministry of trade had at long last indicated a willingness to allow the state-owned flower shops of Russia to do business with the capitalistic florists of the world, if terms could be agreed upon. Despite the demands of office, however, no president of the organization is paid for his services, though the directors invariably show their appreciation by awarding him a watch or a camera or some other gift when he retires.

Interflora is an extraordinary global enterprise. To surmount complexities of exchange involving 159 kinds of money, it does business in its own imaginary currency, the fleurin, pegged to the Swiss franc or the American quarter dollar. It maintains clearing houses in Detroit, London and Zurich to settle debts between the member florists, who belong to three groups. These are Fleurop, with 11,000 members in European, African and Asian countries; Florist Telegraph Delivery Association, made up of 11,000 retail flower merchants in the United States, Canada, Latin America and Japan; and the 3000-member British F.T.D., whose sphere is the sterling-block British Commonwealth. Last year the flowers-by-telegraph business, averaging 39,000 orders per day, ran up a whopping $70,000,000 total.

Nevertheless, when Interflora blossom merchants get together, it isn't the volume of the transactions that dominates the talk, but the ingenuity and the commando spirit that various members have demonstrated in delivering the flowers, no matter what the obstacle. This devotion beyond the call of duty—and at no added expense to the customer—sometimes borders on the unbelievable.

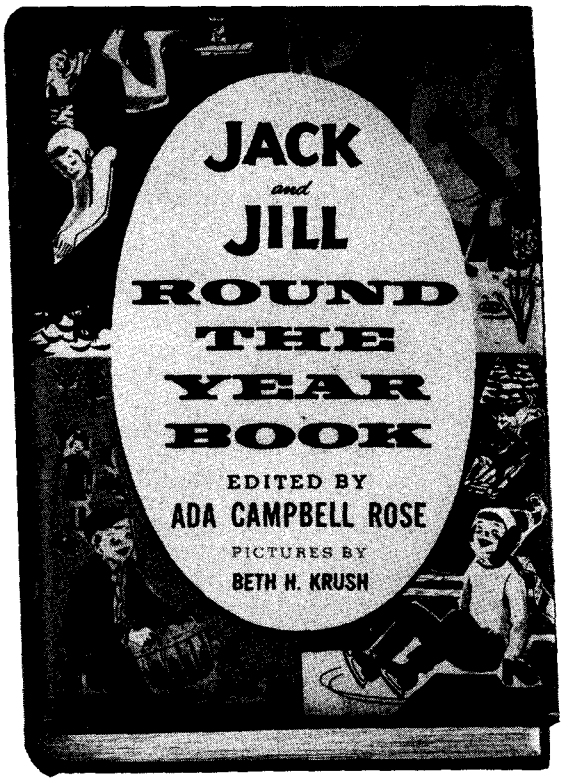
One of the legendary characters of Interflora, for example, is a Madeira Island florist named John Lee, who is frequently on the receiving end of cable orders for flowers to be delivered on board cruise ships which sometimes can't land at Funchal because of high seas. Lee packs his bouquets in stout boxes, loads them onto a small boat, chugs out to the liner and climbs up a rope ladder to make his deliveries.

"Never failed yet because of bad weather," boasts Lee.

Another seagoing Interflora member is a florist in Brest who occasionally receives orders to deliver flowers to a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why can't he just scratch on the door like any other dog?"



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lighthouse keeper's daughter off the rocky coast of France. Wrapping his blossoms carefully to protect them from the salt spray, he rows to a cove where, from his bobbing skiff, he can grab a rope tossed from the lighthouse. The flowers are then pulled up hand over fist.

One intrepid Interflora member in Lourdes, France, was confronted with a baffling delivery problem last winter when an order came over the wire to deliver flowers to a woman in a small Pyrenees village completely blocked by heavy snows. Lacking a helicopter, a vehicle which several resourceful Interflora florists have used as a last resort, he made the delivery on skis.

The Interflora creed appears to be to deliver the flowers first, and to worry later about whether or not the risk was worth it. A typical exponent of this philosophy was the New York woman florist who arrived at the dock with a belatedly ordered *bon-voyage* bouquet for a passenger aboard a liner which had just pulled away from the pier. She chartered a launch, overtook the ship and tied the flowers to a line tossed overboard. Then she realized she had spent twenty-five dollars—out of her own purse—to deliver ten dollars' worth of flowers.

These races against time are the spice of the Interflora business. President Stein received a cable not too long ago from Paris to have lilies of the valley in the hotel room of a Frenchwoman arriving by airliner the next day. The lilies of the valley had a sentimental significance in the French family, and Stein was cautioned not to miss delivery. Checking the flower markets he found there were no lilies of the valley available in San Francisco. Stein phoned Chicago, the lily-of-the-valley center of the country, and explained his problem to Herman Bruns, a grower. Bruns had just one hour to gather the flowers and get them on a cargo plane bound for San Francisco. Stein received them at the airport at 5:30 the next morning, by which time the Frenchwoman's plane was also approaching San Francisco. But when she arrived at her hotel at nine A.M., the cherished lilies of the valley were in her room.

"After all, we're not selling just flowers," says Stein. "They are only the medium for expressing what it is difficult to say in words."

Stein recently had a cable order from a Tokyo florist to deliver a birthday bouquet of roses to the San Francisco sweetheart of a U.S. serviceman stationed in Japan. The message cabled to go with the flowers indicated that the soldier had remembered his girl's birthday one day late. It concluded with profuse apologies. Noticing the date on the cablegram, however, Stein carefuly edited out the apology. He realized that the serviceman wasn't late after all: it was one day later in Japan than in San Francisco. Neither the soldier nor his girl knew it, but thanks to the international date line somewhere out in the Pacific, the roses were actually delivered before the date on which they were ordered.

Beating the calendar in this fashion is, of course, unusual even for Interflora; but coming to the rescue of people with faulty memories has become almost routine. One day, for instance, an excited Texan bounded into the San Antonio flower shop of Harold Kayton, also an Interflora director.

"I'm on the spot. Almost forgot my wife's birthday," the customer said. "I want to get a corsage to her in London right now."

Kayton checked the Interflora directory, got the phone number of a florist whose shop was in the very hotel where the wife was staying. Placing a hurry-up phone call, Kayton explained the situation to the London florist. The orchid corsage was delivered fifteen minutes after the Texan remembered that he had forgotten his wife's birthday.

"Pretty expensive orchids," apologized Kayton, as he collected twelve dollars for the trans-Atlantic phone call, plus ten dollars for the corsage. But the relieved Texas husband didn't think so.

Probably the least expensive orchids ever cabled via Interflora were sent by a man who came into the Copenhagen flower shop of E. M. Deichman, who is the Danish director on the Interflora Board. This customer wanted ten dollars' worth of orchids delivered to his daughter-in-law on a plantation in Thailand. Deichman cabled the order to a Bangkok florist who puzzled over it, then loaded a cart with orchids and drove off to the plantation to make the delivery. When he returned to Bangkok the Siamese florist mailed two dollars to Deichman with the apologetic explanation that eight dollars' worth of blossoms were all that he could pile onto his cart. Orchids, of course, grow wild in parts of Thailand, and so profusely as to be virtually weeds.

One of the current heroes of Interflora is Jules Madey of Clark, New Jersey, an electronics student at Rutgers University. Madey has been a ham radio operator since he was fourteen. For the sheer fun of it he has been maintaining a nightly radio-relay service which enables Navy men stationed at McMurdo Base in Antarctica to talk with their families halfway around the globe. During 1959 Madey wrote up more than 300 orders for flowers to be delivered to wives, mothers, and sweethearts of the Navy men locked in the Antarctic ice. These he turned over to F.T.D. florist E. M. Andrews of Rahway, New Jersey, who relayed them to other florists in nearly every state for delivery, without waiting to find out how the money was to be collected from McMurdo.

Only one order out of the 300 misfired. An Arizona florist couldn't find a sailor's sweetheart. He reported back to Andrews, who asked Madey to double-check with McMurdo. Back came a corrected address, and the corsage was delivered in the nick of time on Christmas Eve. Madey, who refused any compensation for his services as a volunteer Mercury, received his reward unexpectedly last winter when the Navy flew him to McMurdo Base during the Antarctic summer to be the guest of the men he has befriended with his ham radio service.

A frequent problem for the Interflora merchants is the gift that the customer sometimes wants delivered with the flowers. These include such items as books, liquor, toys, seasick pills, baby chicks, umbrellas, birthday cakes and fruits; and though the customer naturally pays for the gift, it is the florist on the receiving end who has to find, buy and deliver it. The most bizarre order on record was the live goat which a Hindu maharaja once wanted delivered, garlanded with flowers, to a princess in a San Francisco hotel. It took some tall talking to persuade the hotel manager to admit the deodorized goat, even temporarily.

Interflora members sometimes need a saving sense of humor. Jack Dobson, a Glasgow florist and a former Interflora president, and his wife became friendly with a number of American soldiers stationed in Scotland. This led to occasional orders for flowers cabled from the United States to Scottish girls the boys had left behind. One Duluth G.I. particularly impressed the Dobsons with the tender and romantic message he sent to be delivered with the flowers to a Glasgow lassie. Mrs. Dobson was deeply touched and observed that the European idea that Americans were too busy to be sentimental was all wrong. During the next week, however, four more orders came from the same G.I., each addressed to a different Glasgow girl, and each accompanied by the same romantic message. Though she made up the bouquets and faithfully executed the orders, Mrs. Dobson expressed her disapproval to her husband.

"Americans excel at mass production," he observed, wryly.

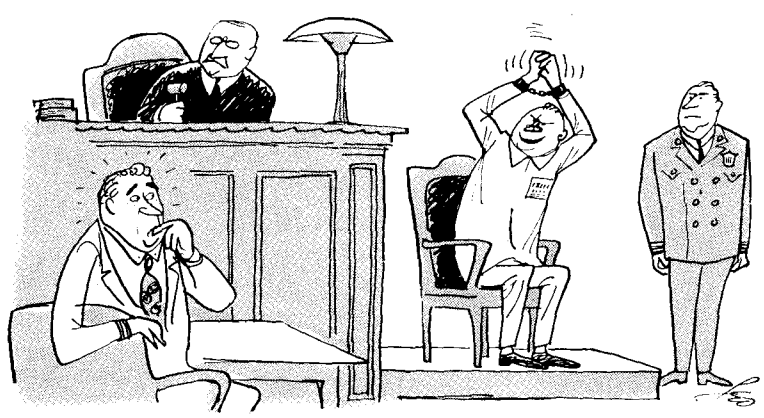
As a matter of fact, the American troops overseas are mass telegraphers of flowers. One Christmas 6000 orders were telegraphed from troops stationed in Korea. On another occasion a group stationed in France went on a flowers-by-wire bender. One soldier, determined to outdo his buddies, cabled $100 worth of flowers to his family on Staten Island, New York. The order came from a Rouen florist to Adolph Le Moult, a New York City flower merchant. Realizing that so many flowers all at once would deluge an ordinary home, Le Moult contacted the family before delivering the floral windfall. At Le Moult's suggestion it was split into weekly deliveries spread over three months.

The paper-back, olive-green Interflora "bible" lists the various flowers—roses, carnations, gladiolas, chrysanthemums and a score of other blossoms—that are seasonably available in each of the countries covered by Interflora; but most of the time the sender leaves it to the florist to deliver, say, a "forty-fleurin" (ten dollars) arrangement of the best blossoms he has on hand. A new wrinkle recently adopted by Interflora directors enables the sender to wire a purchase order for so many fleurins' worth of flowers; the delivering florist phones the recipient who decides what the bouquet is to be.

Among the prized customers of Interflora are the round-the-world travelers to whom flowers must be delivered in many cities. This calls for ingenuity on the part of the florist who handles the original order.

A Caracas florist was hard put to it by an ardent young Venezuelan who insisted that roses be delivered to a *señorita* he was courting, at twenty-five cities in Europe which she and her family planned to visit. The Caracas florist tossed his problem to Interflora headquarters in Zurich which bounced it to Cooks Tours in London, which was arranging the itinerary. Between Interflora and Cooks the bouquets were delivered by twenty-five different florists in as many cities to twenty-five hotels shortly after the *señorita* checked into each of them.

The tenacity of the Interflora florists in tracking down customers was demonstrated recently when a florist in Queens received an order to deliver a get-well bouquet to a patient in a New York hospital. At the hospital the florist learned that the patient had returned to her home in Mineola, Long Island. Checking at the home, the florist learned that the woman had flown to Miami Beach to recuperate, and the flower order was relayed to a Miami Beach florist who in turn discovered that she had flown on to Bermuda. The hunt ended there when a Bermuda florist (*Continued on Page 112*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Bertie, an overage delinquent facing trial, was cheered when the state-prison warden agreed that his jailed pal, Joe, could take the day off from prison to testify in Bertie's defense. But when court officers brought Joe to the stand in handcuffs, Bertie recoiled in shock. On being convicted, he demanded a new trial.

"What convicted me," Bertie argued, "was that business of exhibiting my best witness in handcuffs as if he were a public menace. It obviously led the jury to believe the same thing of me. So, I didn't get a fair trial."

"The jurors simply weighed the evidence—not the handcuffs," the state prosecutor sniffed. "We had to take some precautions with Bertie's witness, naturally, in view of the fact that the prison simply lent him to us for the day."

If you were the judge, would you grant Bertie a new trial?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bertie won a new trial. The court ruled that a man's witnesses are entitled to appear unshackled. Otherwise, "The old adage that a man is known by the company he keeps could easily inflame the passion, or prejudice the minds, of the jury against a defendant, if his principal witness is kept handcuffed during the trial."

Based upon a 1959 Minnesota case.

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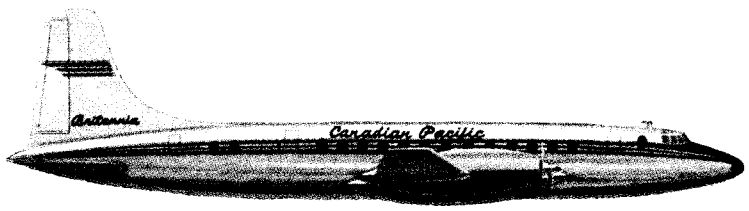

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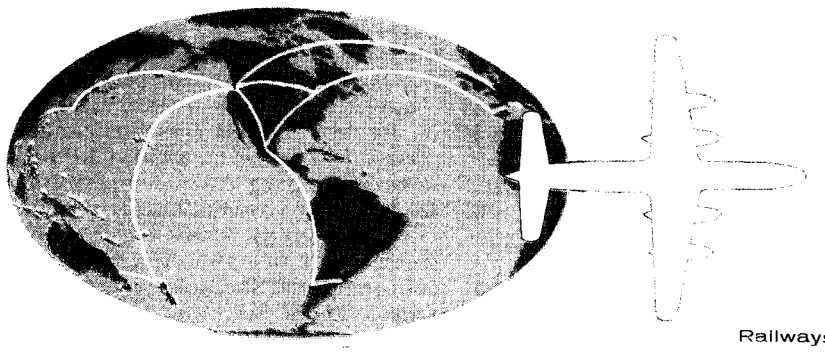

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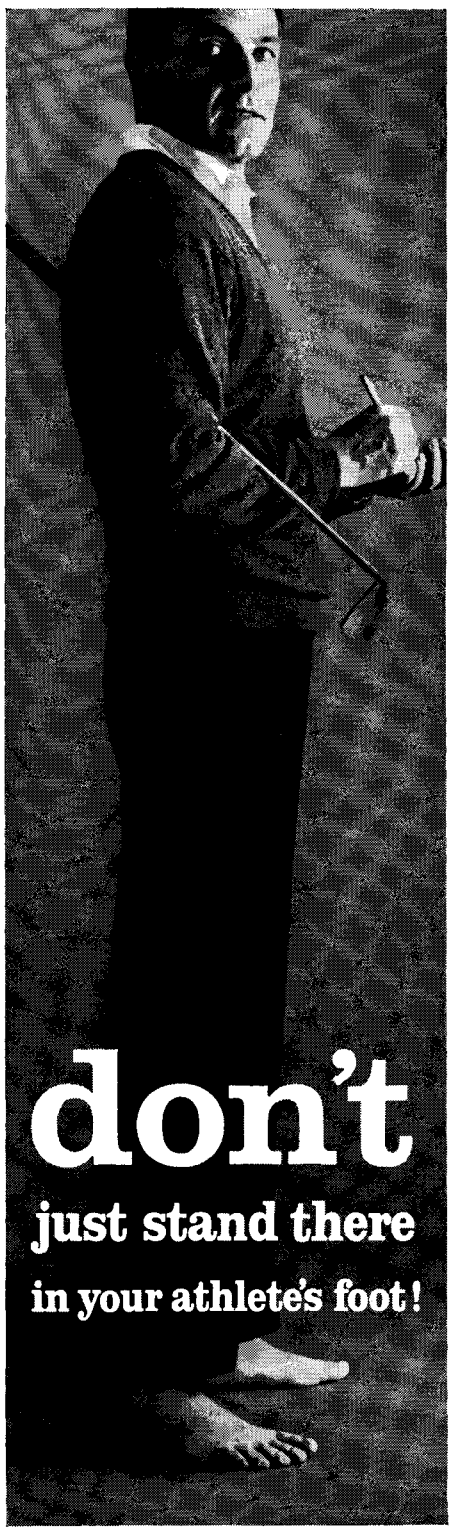

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(*Continued from Page 110*) overtook the elusive customer and delivered the bouquet.

In their eager-beaver enthusiasm to deliver the flowers despite Hades or high water, Interflora members rack up some snafus too. President Victor Stein recalls the day his shop received two orders to be delivered to a San Francisco hospital. The orders were mixed up somehow, and his delivery man presented a baby corsage with a stork arrangement to an old-maid patient, while the spinster's bouquet went to a new mother. Red-faced, Stein hustled over to the hospital to apologize and make amends.

Among the Interflora bonanzas are anniversaries of business houses. One such was the hundredth year of the Swiss Credit Bank in Zurich. So many bouquets were cabled and radioed from all over the world that the staid old bank was smothered, with no standing room left for patrons. Recently when K.L.M., the Dutch world-wide airline, had an important anniversary, Lockheed Aircraft of Burbank, California, cabled an enormous floral birthday cake, shaped like the map of Holland. The cake was taken on a triumphant tour through the Netherlands. Adolph Le Moult, head of a century-old florist shop in New York City, estimates that each year he delivers flowers wired by more than 2000 business firms.

Despite the fact that 39,000 orders for corsages, flower arrangements and potted plants are delivered daily to customers by florists who seldom, if ever, see the florists who accepted these orders, Interflora is an amazingly smooth-functioning business organization. A common denominator, love of flowers, bridges the gaps between a hundred languages. The imaginary currency, the fleurin, spans the chasms of international exchange, although the presence of the Iron Curtain posed some special problems. Despite even these, however, Miss Hilda Fueg, the alert young Swiss businesswoman who heads the Zurich office, has managed by devious routes of exchange to clear accounts with ninety Interflora members in Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland.

Each florist who accepts an order to wire flowers pockets one fleurin out of five which the customer pays him. The other four go to the florist who fills the order, and he is obligated to deliver five fleurins' worth of flowers. In the next transaction, he may be the florist who pockets a fleurin for relaying an order to a distant city.

"It averages out," explains Stein. "I'm the sender one day. I'm delivering orders the next. It's business none of us would have except for the Interflora idea."

The co-operative's overhead—office expenses, settling accounts, promotion—is covered by the thousands of fifty-cent relay charges collected from flower senders by the florists who take the orders. The fees are forwarded by members to F.T.D., Fleurop or British F.T.D., which in turn support the international clearinghouses in Detroit, Zurich and London. In a single year Interflora florists have relayed to one another 14,482,000 orders, valued at 301,000,000 fleurins. The greatest volume of exchange is handled by the Detroit clearinghouse, headed by John Bodette, who is general secretary of both the American F.T.D. and the world-wide Interflora organization.

Interflora has been operating since 1946, but the flowers-by-telegraph idea dates from 1909, when a small group of American florists began honoring one another's wired orders. They settled accounts directly until 1923, when the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association was established in Detroit. At that time they coined their famous slogan, "Say It With Flowers," and adopted their motto, "Faith, truth and determination." They chipped in to maintain a clearinghouse credit of $1,500,000, now built up to $5,000,000. A number of Canadian, British, Latin American and Japanese florists soon joined the American association; but in 1938 the British florists formed their own organization, British F.T.D. The Canadians elected to stay in the American F.T.D., as did the Japanese and the Latin American florists.

Fleurop (*Flores Europea*) was organized by florists of mainland Europe in 1927 and modeled after F.T.D., and a number of Asian and African florists later joined this group. The merger of the three groups in 1946 enabled Interflora to girdle the globe outside the Communist-controlled areas. Now with the coming of jetliners, more and more florists are airmailing their orders. When the customers remember to order in time, this eliminates telegraph, cable or phone costs.

All three Interflora units maintain unidentified inspection teams who wire flowers and check on deliveries to make sure that orders are filled with full value. The reports of these "F-Men" cause a small number of florists who fail to deliver adequately to lose their Interflora memberships each year. New applicants for membership must pass through a trial period to establish their reliability.

Every so often the directors themselves pull off a secret check. Last year, for example, when the Interflora directors met in Rome, President Stein had orders for flower arrangements cabled to ten different florists who were to deliver them to a certain John Doe registered at a hotel in the city of the Caesars. When the ten bouquets from ten florists were lined up on a long table, the directors marched in to size them up.

"Every one of them gave a little extra value," said Stein, with pride. "That's what we expected. Interflora is a business done entirely on faith. We've demonstrated how the florists of the world can do business to mutual advantage if they only trust one another. I hope we have set an example for getting along with people on the other side of the fence, as well as those on our side."

Stowaway Boy (Continued from Page 24)

"I found him in the chain locker," Danny volunteered.

"Run away from home, eh? Aren't you the kid who's always hanging around the docks? What's your name?"

"Richard Robert Soames."

"Now listen, Richard Robert Soames, you're in big trouble," the skipper said. "We're too far away from port for me to take you back, and you're too confounded dirty to have aboard. How old are you, boy?"

"I'm sixteen."

"I think that's a lie. I don't think you're a day over twelve. Anyway it makes no difference. You know what's going to happen to you?"

The boy looked up at him. His eyes were frightened, but he said nothing.

"You're going down below and you'll scrub yourself from under your heels to the top of your head. Especially the top of your head," he emphasized, leaning over for a closer look. "You'll put your clothes in a bucket of water and bring them up here on deck and boil them at the steam pipe. Danny will show you. After that you'll keep out of my sight for a week; and when we get back, I'll turn you over to the police. What about your mother? Isn't she going to be worried stiff? Won't she be out looking for you all night?"

"Ain't nobody going to look for me," the boy said. "She won't care. She won't notice I'm gone."

"Your father then—or your brothers and sisters?"

"Got no father. My brother's away. The cops took him."

"You'd better take him back now, skip," Danny advised. "Lady Betty'll raise hell."

The skipper glared at him. "See here," he said. "Miss Ralston may be the owner, but what I say goes. And if you have to talk about her, you'll use her proper title. If Miss Ralston doesn't like the way I handle this she can get herself another skipper. We're not turning back until we have a freight of fish. Now take him down and get him some hot water and stand over him until you can see what's underneath that dirt. Use a deck scrubber if you have to."

The kid winced but went away quietly. Twenty minutes later, on a quick trip below, the skipper found him sitting wrapped in a blanket in the galley.

"I'm finding some clothes for him to put on," Danny announced. "Those of his aren't worth the washing." He held up a faded cord shirt and worn trousers. "These here he can have. They've shrunk too small for me."

The skipper grunted and disappeared into his own cubby. He came back with thick woolen socks and an enormous jersey and threw them down. "He can roll the sleeves up," he said optimistically. "And get him thigh boots out of the locker."

Sometime during the night, the *Watling Star* wallowed into that part of the gray sea which, though it looked no different from any other, overlay the trawling grounds. At the first glimpse of dawn her helmsman held her circling while the shapeless masses of twine piled high on her starboard rail were launched overboard to reform, against the tow of the ship in their intended element, into the sleek, efficient, flowing lines of a trawl. The winch drums rattled, a cloud of steam from the open exhaust enveloped the deck, a hundred fathoms of taut steel cable screamed out through each set of blocks—and as the winchman braked them tight at last, the trawler settled into her appointed task of scouring the sea bottom for fish.

Tom Embers left his station behind the winchman and went to the stern, where the cables left the after davit and dipped into the water. He noted their spread and, with a knowledge of the depth at which the trawler was working, estimated that the net was fairly balanced so that it worked at full capacity. He laid a hand on the tense, elastic steel and, as the nerves of his fingers transmitted the message the straining cables brought from the bottom, he assured himself that the iron-rimmed otter boards, which spread the net, were riding steady and smooth and biting into the sand. Satisfied, he walked to the wheelhouse, where the helmsman, (*Continued on Page 114*)

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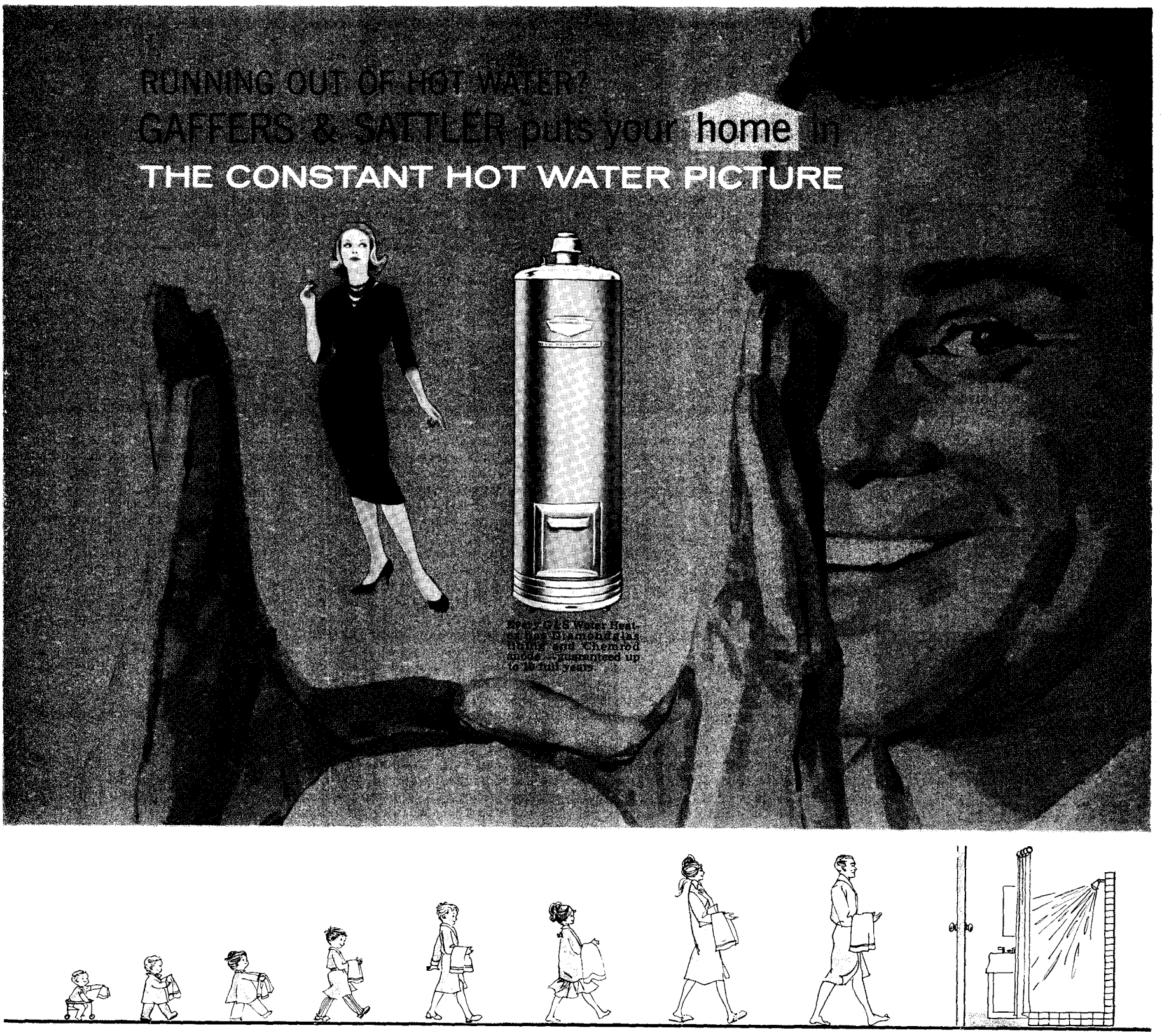

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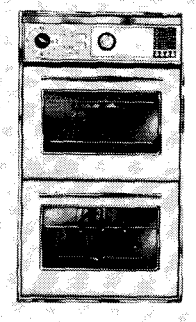
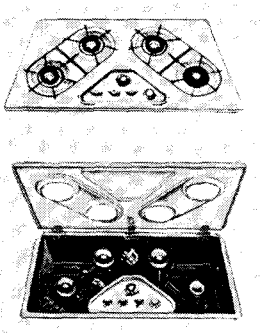
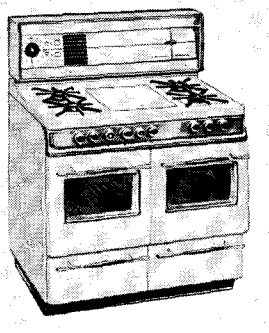


Built-in cooking range tops lift and lock for easy cleaning. 9 decorator colors. Gas and electric models are available.



Smart new Homemaker Ranges featuring Harper simmer burners, Thermal Eye and Top Burner Timer. 9 decorator colors.



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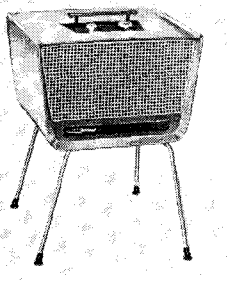

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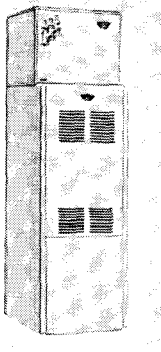

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(*Continued from Page 112*) perched on a stool, was leaning back against the wall, holding the wheel with a booted foot against the upper spokes.

The skipper checked the auxiliary gauges that showed the steam pressure and the vacuum reading; he looked at the compass course, glanced at the clock, tapped the barometer and stepped outside again for a look at the clouds and the distant coast. The weather was good, and the throb of the steam engine reassuringly steady. This was his moment of relaxation, when all his gear was working at top efficiency and things had not yet begun to go wrong. In an hour or two he would know how the fish were coming, how the trawl was working. If the results were disappointing, it would take all his shrewdness to improve them; if they were not, his ship would be busy enough. In the meantime he could relax and watch the glory of the sunrise. Then he heard the piping voice behind him.

"What can I do, mister?"

In the skipper's own discarded blue guernsey, doubled up over the arms and drooping in great folds from the shoulders, in a massive pair of thigh boots that disappeared under the wool, the boy looked like some small wriggling thing in a cocoon.

"You had a wash?" Tom Embers asked him.

"I had a wash yesterday, mister."

"Well, you get down and have another. You had your breakfast?"

"Yes, mister."

"Well, till you get ashore don't you ever again eat breakfast before you wash. Not on my ship."

"Every day, mister?" The kid was incredulous.

"Every day. Morning and night. You wash before you eat. Now get. And make a good job of it."

He almost laughed when the kid turned and scampered for the companionway, but he was worried. When he found the boy aboard he should have turned back to the port. On the other hand, it was his business to catch fish; and a series of unforeseeable accidents—plus an annual overhaul that had disclosed an alarming accumulation of maintenance jobs—had put the *Watling Star* in the red. He had spent half the night envisaging the search that would be made for the boy, the police inquiry he would probably have to meet and the criticism his actions would be subjected to. He felt a surge of righteous resentment against this young interloper whose presence already had taken the cream off any success this fishing trip might have.

But when after two hours the crewmen lifted the trawl and, working with the surge of the sea, they heaped the wet, tar-sticky construction of twine on the deck, he forgot his resentment in the elation of success. The fish were on the bottom, all right; and the net was catching them. More, there was no confusion of seaweed to hamper the operations, and the net had encountered no damage from rocks or discarded anchors, or shifting sand hills or any of the other trials that lie in wait, twenty or thirty fathoms down, for trawlermen. When the winch lifted the heavy cod end of fish over the rail and the net poised, swinging gently above the fish pounds on the deck, every face on board was joyful—for this betokened a successful trip, and the men were paid on shares.

A deck hand, sliding perilously under the heavy bag, reached for the well-greased slipknot that closed it and jerked deftly to empty a cascade of flapping fish into the pounds. Most were lemon soles, pile on pile of them, star-white and gray-brown moons of fish, firm and well nourished; but there were also gurnards, red-skinned and butterfly-finned, and a few small gray groupers and a collection of small sea animals—starfish and sea horses and rainbow-colored pipefish, and two small octopuses snaking swiftly to the top of the heap.

From the rail the boy watched, big-eyed. Before the fish had stopped sliding, it seemed to him, the cod-end knot was retied, the main engines were turning again, the net was flung over the side and the cables were screaming through the blocks. Danny, wading through fish to his knees, turned a cock, and a heavy stream of sea water began to play over the catch.

"Can I help, mister?"

Danny glanced briefly at the stowaway and took knives from a bracket at the foot of the mast. "All right, Richard. Come learn to clean a fish."

"You'll be sorry," Anders told him.

Tom Embers watched the little group for a moment and then joined them.

"Don't hold a knife that way, boy. Like this—the blade away from you. I don't want accidents. Watch." He cleaned half a dozen fish, then pulled an elephant shark from the heap. "This one's got a poisonous spine. Watch out for it." He threw it aside. "We don't use that."

Richard picked up the discarded fish, holding it the way Embers had, by the tail, and threw it over the rail.

"If you're going to do things you're not told, boy, you'll have to get out. That fish will drift into the trawl again. Don't be a nuisance, boy. Watch your step." The skipper turned to Danny. "Best send him to the cabin, out of harm's way."

"Oh, he's all right. I'll watch him," Danny promised.

The second day they split a net on an underwater rock outcrop. The new net didn't fish well, and after each tow the skipper set hastily to work, measuring cutting, adjusting, gradually bringing, it—like some fine instrument—to a new efficiency. They were into the third day before he was satisfied with the results. Meantime the crew, when other duties permitted, set to work on the damaged trawl with knives and netting needles, repairing not only the ragged twelve-yard gash in the body of the net but every broken mesh elsewhere.

Tom Embers came on deck in the early morning to see the stowaway squatting with the others, concentrating closely on the manipulation of the twine.

"Does that boy know what he's doing?" he roared.

Danny looked up. "He's catching on real good, skipper," he said. "I've been showing him some, down in the cabin."

Embers grunted, strode over and picked up the work. The twine had been accurately measured, and the knots pulled tight. Richard looked up at him nervously, with an expression that could have been described as expectant; but if he expected praise, he was disappointed, for Embers put the work down again without a word. For the rest of the voyage the stowaway tackled every kind of work—seldom successfully, because he did not know or recognize his limitations. His enthusiasm outran his ability, but the men saw to it that his mistakes had no serious consequences.

At the end of the fourth day, with ten tons of fat lemon soles on ice, they headed back to the port. As the *Watling Star*, with what always seemed to Embers like a final upsurge of relief, plunged violently on the last billows of the bar and then, steadying herself, sped forward on the quiet calm of the harbor, the skipper came out of the wheelhouse and walked aft. Richard, in his oversized boots, was standing in a jet of water, scrubbing the deck, holding the stiff-bristled broom upside down in approved navy fashion, while Danny directed the hose.

"All right, boy. Go down and clean yourself up. You're going home in half an hour."

"I'm not."

"You drop that broom and jump to it, boy."

"I'm not going home."

"Oh, yes, you are. There's probably a policeman waiting on the wharf."

"He'll have to catch me then. I'll run somewhere else."

"Just so you don't stay here."

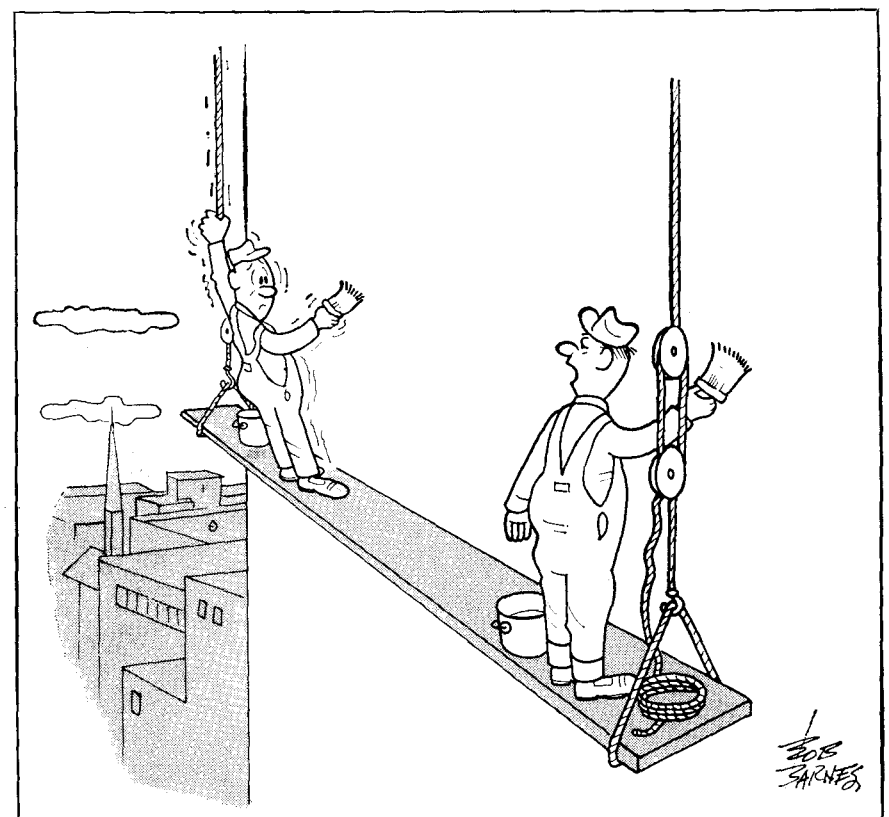
"Mister?"

"Don't argue, boy."

"Mister, couldn't I stay?"

"Not a chance. Go down and wash up."

(*Continued on Page 116*)



"How much experience did you say you'd had?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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That's the one. On the left.

The world's kept him pretty
busy the past twenty years.

College. World War II. Research
engineer. Project engineer.
Now, full responsibility...

That's half the story. He has
another side to his life.

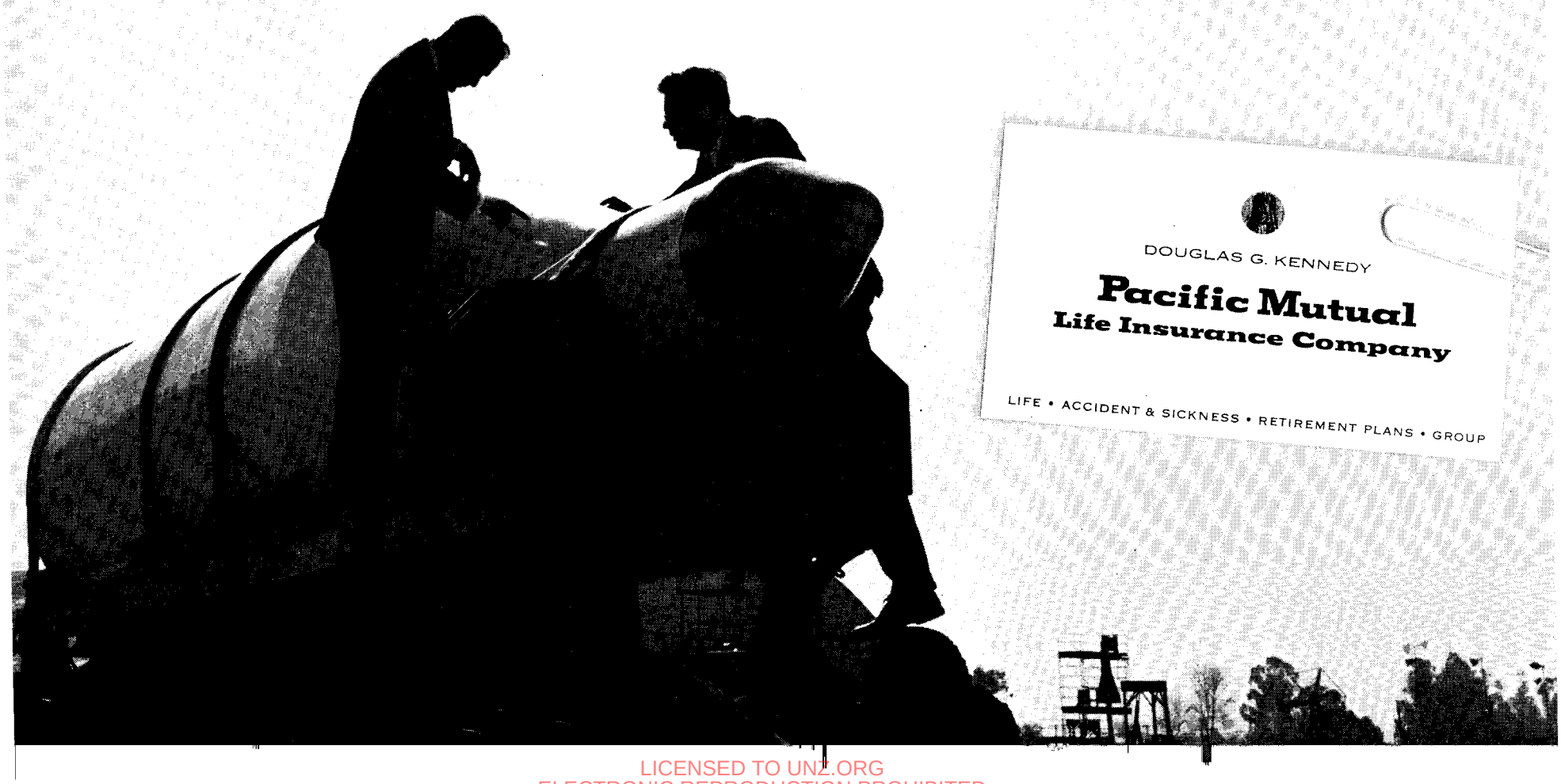
His wife. His youngsters. His
home. A lot to think about...

But, that's what I'm here for.

We worked the answer out together,
and now there's guaranteed income
if he becomes ill or injured...
when he retires...or in the event
of his death.

And, he said it:

If you start soon enough, if
it's really important—you can
get some pretty big things
off the ground...



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(*Continued from Page 114*) Richard leaned his broom against the wall and walked slowly forward. As he went down the companionway, the skipper turned to Danny.

"All right. Now go lock him in. Otherwise he'll give us more trouble."

Danny grinned and did what he was told, but when he came back his face was serious. "He'd make a good man in time, skipper. He likes to work and he's neat. And he's quick enough to learn."

Tom Embers glared at him. "You realize what he might have started? His mammy's probably got the whole police force looking for him—newspapers and everything. I'll be lucky to get out of this without a kidnaping charge."

But there were no police waiting on the wharf as the trawler slipped the lines over the bollards and snugged into her berth. There was only the owner, small and trim and redheaded, with quick blue eyes that took in every detail of the *Watling Star*'s appearance—the net swinging from the masthead to dry, the decks scrubbed white, the gaff hoisted ready to swing the freight ashore, the lines coiled trim and Bristol fashion on the counter. Not for the first time, Tom wished she could have been anything but the owner; as a woman she came close to his ideal, but he had been brought up in the school that maintained a relationship of cold efficiency, absolutely honest and absolutely emotionless, between man and boss. It was a relationship that seemed to suit Betty Ralston. As soon as the ladder was in place, she came down it like a seaman, nodded coolly to the men on deck and cornered Embers in the wheel house.

"I couldn't help it. I didn't have any choice," he said.

"How's that?" she asked, uncomprehending; but he misunderstood.

"It was too late to turn back. I had to take him with us."

She settled herself deliberately on the bench, keeping a searching, puzzled look on him; and Embers realized that she, at least, had not heard about the youngster. He also thought, as he often thought, what small satisfaction there was in having a beautiful girl for a boss. It was like having sculptured marble for a horse trough, like using silken cushions for a fender.

Betty Ralston's mouth was all romance, soft and full and sweetly curved; for Embers' taste it was too often occupied with finance, prices and freights and the avoidance of top-heavy costs. Her eyes were as blue and clear as an autumn day; they were sharp to search out faults and omissions, too, though he had to admit they could commend.

"Now tell me what in the world you've been doing," she commanded.

"We got a good freight," he said, kicking himself for assuming that she knew about the boy.

"Or you wouldn't be back yet. What else?"

"All right. We got a stowaway."

"What of it? Send him ashore and let him go."

"It's a lad. He's a bit young."

"How young?"

"Sixteen, he says. Probably younger."

"When did you find him? First day out?"

He nodded.

"Then why didn't you turn back?"

"We've been losing too much time."

"But, heavens, man! Sixteen? His people must be frantic. And the police—it's a wonder the newspapers aren't full of it."

"Well, he's all right."

"Just as well. Where is he now?"

"Locked in below."

"Locked in?"

Embers looked helpless. It was amazing the way his authority ebbed away from him when Betty Ralston was on deck.

"He says he won't go home."

"We'll see about that. I'll take him myself. Let him out."

"I thought he might make a run for it."

The boss withered him with a look and marched forward from the wheelhouse. From the corners of their eyes the deck hands watched her and knew that Lady Betty was on the warpath. When she unbolted the hatch, the stowaway was standing on the steps.

"You, boy," she said. "Where do you live?" He stared at her for a moment with his mouth open, and she said, "I haven't got all day. What's your address?"

"Sixteen Fairfax End," he said.

"All right," she said. "Now get out of those ridiculous clothes and into your own. You're coming with me. I'm going to take you home."

... ...

Dimensional

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Our homesite is a hundred
feet,
A tract that deep and long;
But who can gauge in lithe,
green feet
Something iron-strong?

What line can plumb the
rooted depths
That move without a sound,
Or reach the outer rim of
heaven
Above this green-washed
ground?

... ...

"He can't," said Embers. "His clothes are over the side."

"Why?" she demanded.

"They were just that kind of clothes. He can have the ones he's got on."

She raised her eyebrows. "All right, then. Come as you are."

"I'm not going home."

"Oh, yes, you are," she insisted. And with that, he ducked under her arm and ran for the ladder. As he shot past, she thrust out a pretty pointed toe and tripped him neatly into the scuppers. Then she and the skipper helped him to his feet.

"You win," she said. "If he's going to be difficult, lock him up again. I'll go and get his mother."

Exactly forty minutes later she came on board again, toting a parcel half the size of herself. "That's that," she said. "This time the boy wins. He's staying on board."

"Not while I'm skipper," said big Tom.

She favored him with a look that was intended to take all the resolution out of his words. "Have you seen Fairfax End?" she asked. He nodded, remembering it as a cul-de-sac of dirty slum houses, filled with broken prams and screaming children and clumps of overlooked garbage.

"Mrs. Soames has a room in the End's worst house. Mrs. Soames was home. She was drunk. I doubt if she knows the boy has gone, and I'm sure she doesn't care. I wouldn't send a stray cat there. The boy can stay."

"Oh, no," he shouted. "No. It isn't even legal."

"I bought clothes for him," she went on serenely. "I had to guess at his size, but I think they'll fit. You can take him up and have him measured for shoes and sea boots."

"You can't do this to me," he was protesting to her uncaring back. She was walking forward to unbolt the hatch again.

The boy was standing on the steps and he said, "I'm not going home," as soon as he saw her.

"No," she told him. "You'd like to stay here, and that's what you can do. Mr. Embers will give you some work to do, and you'll get paid."

Tom took a deep breath. "Miss Ralston," he said. "While I'm skipper I do the hiring and firing. I got no use for the boy. He stays ashore. If I'm not to be skipper, you can find yourself a new man."

"Are you going to walk out on me?"

"I wouldn't do that, Miss Ralston. I'll make this voyage. But you can look around and find someone that suits you. Or we'll leave the boy behind and forget the whole thing."

"Don't do it that way, Tom," she said. "I don't like threats. The boy stays."

"This time, then," he said and wondered why he was hating himself for saying it. "After that you can find yourself a new skipper. It's not a threat. You've got a crew full of good men."

"All right, then. I'll come on board myself and pick a skipper."

"It's a rough season, Miss Ralston."

"Well, I'm no hothouse plant. I'll be sailing with you—and so will the boy."

"Saturday at midnight, Miss Ralston. I can't stop you. But I won't wait for you."

"You won't have to, Tom. I'll be there."

Danny Winters settled into a deep gloom as soon as the next voyage began, setting the atmosphere for the whole ship. As often as his hands were idle he crossed his fingers and kept them crossed.

"Three things you never carry on a fishing trip, boy," he told Richard. "A woman or a coffin or a priest. There'll be trouble, mark me. Big trouble."

And there were other factors that made it a miserable trip, not least a nervous clumsiness that Richard himself developed. He dropped the ship's big teapot overboard—that was the first thing, and the worst thing; and they all had to drink inferior tea brewed in a saucepan. He applied himself industriously to mending net and, without supervision, tackled a deep rip in the intricate area where the net's quarters joined the square. His work had to be cut away, and the subsequent botch lost them an hour of fishing. It earned him a reprimand from the skipper, who was far less disposed than formerly to overlook his faults. When Betty stood up for him, the chill in the atmosphere increased.

She was a surprise to the crew; her movements in her heavy suit of fishing gear were neat and natty as any man's; and she had no complaints even of the sharp southerly wind, biting cold, that had blustered its unhindered way clear up from the Antarctic. She had retained a lot of the knowledge gleaned from a childhood in the fishing fleet; she was inconspicuous, though she was always somewhere in evidence. And she would have been a welcome passenger but for the superstition which only Danny had voiced, but which all of them half believed.

Big Tom was gloomy, and when in the afternoons he missed his daily joy of a hosedown on the deck, he showed it in his mood.

"He's cranky like an old woman in a leaky barge," Anders said.

The fish were hard to find, the rising seas made trawling inefficient, the freight grew slowly, and it was a long week before they turned for home—not with full holds, but running before a storm that slowly grew intensely savage.

The port lay seven hours to the north. The wind, which had shifted slightly westward, now came hammering in over their starboard quarter, lifting the racing seas ever higher, so that the *Watling Star* rode crest after crest like a surfboard, broaching to and swaying back into the trough as the mountains of water raced ahead. The men stayed in the shelter of the cabins as much as they could; the engineer slid on his polished steel plates from one side of the boiler room to the other, as he relinquished handholds with the equanimity of a train conductor. In the wheelhouse Tom Embers and Betty Ralston devoted their time to antagonistic silences and some widely separated spasms of talk. Most of these concerned the stowaway.

"Why won't you change your mind?" she asked, and he pretended to shrug.

"You saw him," he said. "Awkward, clumsy. He doesn't belong here. And he isn't old enough. He needs a home, not a job."

"This would be a kind of home for him. You could make it that."

"He needs the kind of home that has a woman in it. I could make a guess at what he needs, but I can't give it to him."

"You could help him though—teach him things, take him under your wing and make a friend of him."

"We none of us have got what we need, Betty. We make the best of what we have. You, too, for that matter. And me. I don't have the answer to his problem. For that matter, I don't have the answer to my own."

"What is it that you need, Tom?"

"I—I know what it is. It's kind of private."

I need a mate, he thought. *I need a woman, like this one beside me. Just like this one. But not for a boss, not to give me my pay and my orders. Just for a mate.* He looked at her and thought, illogically, *She's probably the only woman I've ever met who can look slim and lovely in wet oilskins and a sou'wester.*

"What about yourself?" he asked. "What is it you need?"

"That's the only question I'm scared to ask myself," she confided. "I'll tell myself what it is after I get it."

He laughed. "We're two of a kind, I think."

She shook her head. "Me, I can change my mind when I find myself wrong."

The antagonism rose in him again, and he kept silent. It was difficult to speak anyway. They were approaching the last series of capes that jutted eastward into the raging waters and built the seas still higher here by their intrusion. One cape lay on the port beam now, two more ahead; and when they negotiated the third cape, they could turn westward into the quieter waters in its shelter. Each sea that overtook the *Watling Star* blotted out the sight of the land as the ship wallowed back into the trough; the flying spray and driving rain dimmed the land to the haziest of outlines when it was in view. The hurrying skies were gray and wild, and the air was dark.

When they were halfway across the first tiny bay, it happened. A mass of debris that in the uncertain light looked like all the other seaweed masses they had passed, suddenly, at the last moment, revealed itself as based upon a solid floating log, sufficiently large to wreck them. The *Watling Star*, stern back into the following comber, poised and waiting for the surging (*Continued on Page 118*)

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(*Continued from Page 116*) onrush that would come as soon as she was entirely committed to the irresistible rush of the wave behind her, seemed irrevocably destined to collision. For a second, Embers could do nothing with the wheel because of the certainty that if he did, the ship, turning back into the wave, would be rolled ahead of it; and its weak spot, the deck, would be smashed into wreckage.

When she was poised on top of the wave, at the last moment, he spun the wheel.

The whole strength of a magnificent body, directed by a mind informed clearly and brilliantly by all his senses and all his experience, thrust the wheel against the grip of the waters, and the trawler swung, so that the wreckage missed the bow and came alongside. Instantly he reversed the action, for the log menaced the stern now; and instantly the ship responded. But as the danger cleared entirely, the ship shuddered, the wheel went limp and useless in his hands; and the trawler, out of control, circled fast into the bay.

The skipper's further actions were definite and immediate. He rang the engine-room telegraph to "full astern"; shouted, "Stop her when she loses way," to his employer, opened the door and dived out into a sheet of flying spray to run to the foredeck. He slapped the side of the forward hatchway and shouted, "On deck," as he went; and in the few seconds that it took the men to pour on deck, he had the anchor chain shackled to the anchor and was turning it round the gypsy head of the winch and opening the throttle and the drain cocks. In a matter of moments the *Watling Star* was at anchor, butting her head into the seas she had been riding home.

But she was far from safe. When the steering cable had broken and the rudder jammed hard over, her way had taken her deep in against the cliff, and she had settled farther back toward the rocks in the time it had taken for the anchor to grab bottom. Now her stern was riding less than half a cable from the cliff, and besides the buffeting her bow was taking from the southerly swell, she was swinging in the backwash from the rocks. All about her, broken water and thrusting needle points of rock emphasized the danger she was in. At any moment she could swing upon the rocks.

"Well, I told you we'd get trouble," Danny said. "A woman or a coffin or a priest is no kind of a freight for a trawler."

Under the counter, at the stern, Embers uncovered the manhole from which the rudder quadrant could be serviced. The rudder was swung hard over. The quadrant itself now blocked almost half the limited space the builders had left for an entry. Torch in hand, Embers thrust his head down the opening. Forward, under the deck, in a space perhaps a foot high, he could see the empty pipe where the starboard chain had run. The broken half had flipped across the boat to jam the port chain in a freak seizure at the pipe end. The manhole, only just ample when the quadrant was centered, seemed useless now. He could not have entered.

"It's a mess," he told his employer when he re-entered the wheelhouse. Most of the crew were crowded in there; the rest were grouped behind him at the door.

"What do we do?" she asked.

"We could cut the quadrant free altogether and tow a drogue behind us to steer by—but not while the seas are like this. We have to wait."

"They're not going down any, skip," said Danny.

He swung round. "No, they're not. But I doubt that we can lift the anchor. There are bad rocks here. I won't try till I know we can get out. And towing a drogue in this sea wouldn't be safe steering. We're not going to get much effect until we get some way on. Once we loose the anchor we'll be back on those rocks in ten seconds. It'll take us longer than that to get steerage way. So we wait—and watch the anchor chain. If that goes——" He made the gesture of slicing his fingers across his throat.

"Right now we haven't got a drogue. We could tow a bucket with the bottom knocked out—that might help if the worst came to the worst. Anders can take one of the hatch covers now and sew it into drogue shape. Peters, there's some rod iron in the after hold. Make a hoop two feet across for the drogue mouth and bridle it with new Manila. Some of you help. And see if you can find some old pipe and make a spare rock anchor with the rest of the iron. Then bend it to the forward trawl warp in case we need another anchor."

The orders came easily, but he knew they were in a bad spot. There would be no chance at all to get another anchor down if the first one gave—and the chain could not take the strains for too long. He was trying to think when Danny tugged at his elbow. "The lad's gone down the hole," he said.

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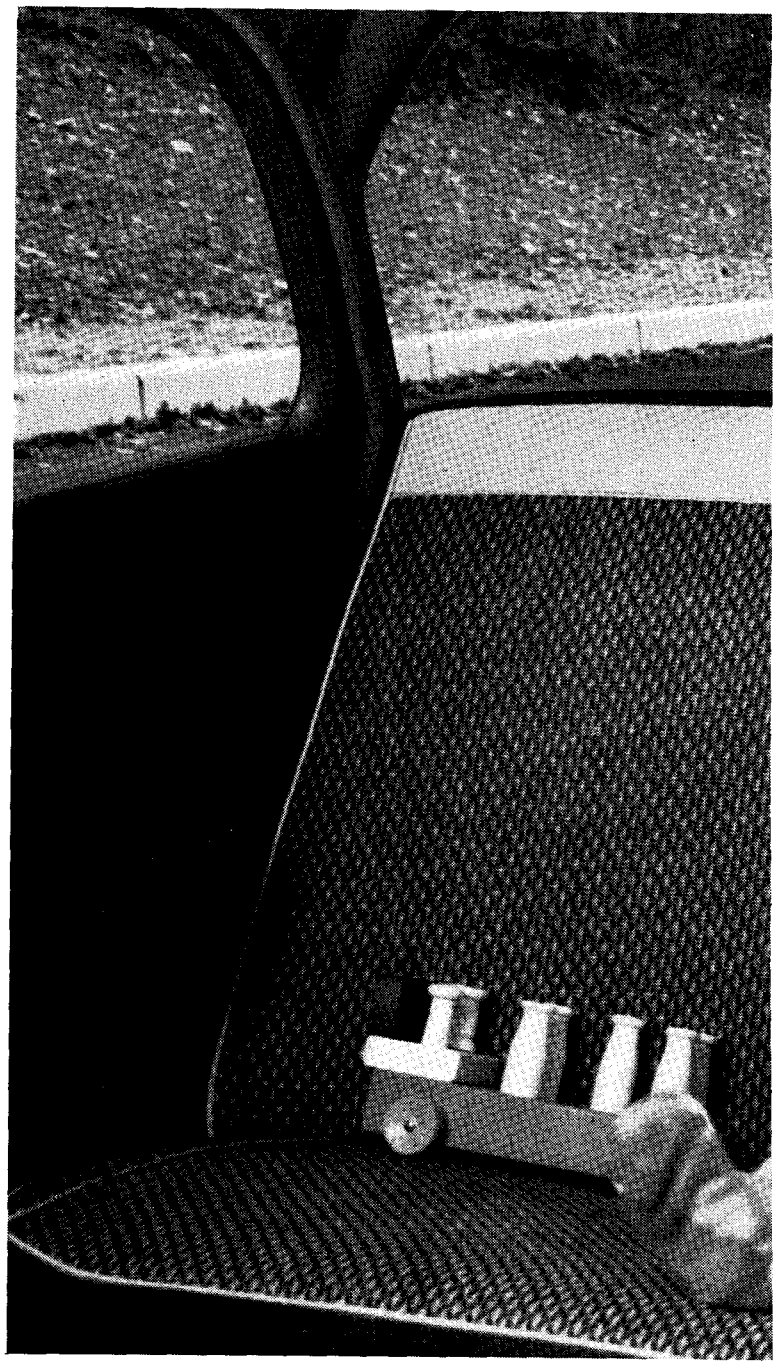

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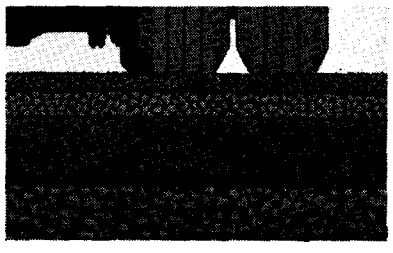

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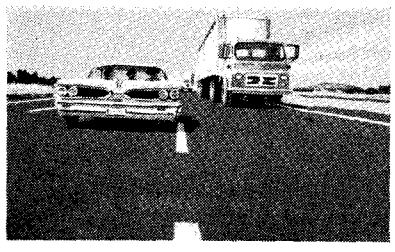

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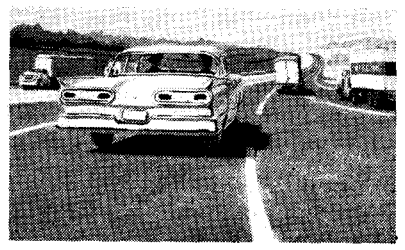

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"Don't worry me now —— He's gone where?"

"Down past the rudder quadrant. Just thin enough to squeeze past, he was."

Embers started to thrust his way out of the wheelhouse, then thought of something. He pointed at the engineer.

"Hold that wheel over, the way it's caught. Hold it tight. If we bump a rock, or if that rudder shakes free, he'll be crushed like an eggshell."

He raced to the manhole. Under the deck the stowaway was working at the jammed chain.

"Leave that be for now," Tom warned him. "Work at the other side. I'll send a wire through. Keep your head up in the corner, away from the quadrant."

It was hard to make him hear. The space was a welter of noise from the crashing of the surf on the cliffs and the straining of the hull. From the engine room the crew cleared the chain pipe and sent down a wire.

While the men worked there, Tom passed a marlinespike to Richard, and he unshackled the starboard chain from the quadrant. It took violent effort in that confined space; the fury of the waves gave him no chance to hold a balance to make a thrust or a leverage; the air was foul down there, and every minute or two the backwash from the cliffs, meeting the oncoming seas at that point, showered down on the deck and flushed out through the opened compartment into the bilge beneath. The force was sufficient to move the boy bodily.

Tom could tell that the boy was frantic; he held his jaw at an ugly angle, whether because he was cold or because he was crying Tom could not determine; but the lad never stopped trying. Once the chain was free, he tied the end of a length of cord to it, threaded the link at the chain's other end over the hook in the wire that had been pushed through the pipe, and maintained a hold on the end of the cord.

In the engine room the broken link was replaced, the port chain dogged, and the juncture at the wheel opened to allow the starboard chain to be dragged back to the quadrant. Richard was sick as he tightened up the shackle to finish the job. He couldn't negotiate the narrow opening for the second time; they had to pull his clothes off, piece by piece, until he could make it. It took perhaps eight minutes. When the job was complete, the *Watling Star* was a whole ship again—except that they could not raise the anchor. They had to buoy the chain and let it go.

"That was a crazy thing to do, lad," Tom Embers said. "You did a great job, but you took a terrible risk. Do you know you could have been crushed to death? Do you know you could have broken every bone in your body?"

"I do now," Richard said.

"Would you go down again if I asked you to? Now that you know what it's like?"

Richard didn't answer immediately. He had his hand to his mouth and he raced for the rail while he was sick again. Tom looked at the tiny uncouth figure, hanging tight as the water-laden winds lashed savagely, and tried to imagine how much it had taken to hold the lad to the ordeal beneath the deck.

"I think I would, mister," Richard said when he returned. "I'm not just sure, but I think I would."

Tom patted him on the shoulder. "You're a game kid. Now get below and into some dry clothes." He grinned as he added an affectionate afterthought, "I ought to beat you as well, for not waiting for orders."

When they cleared the last cape it was as if there had been no emergency at all. The skipper and the owner shared the wheelhouse, and there was no one else on deck.

"Well?" she asked. "What do you think of your stowaway now?"

"A kid like that," he said slowly, "he's worth tying to. He's worth a bit of training. You wouldn't think he had the stuff in him."

"Then I've still got a skipper," she said.

"You have. I've changed my mind. The kid can stay, and so will I. But what he really needs is a home. I'd give him one myself if I were a woman—or if I were married."

If I had a wife like Betty, he thought, *I could make a man of him. A man with a wife like that could show the world. I've been too darned scared and dumb to ask.* He narrowed his eyes and started to open his mouth, but she interrupted him before he could speak.

"No, Tom," she said. "Don't say it. You've only just thought of it, and it seems like a good idea. So suppose you wait till you think of some more reasons."

"You can read minds?" he asked.

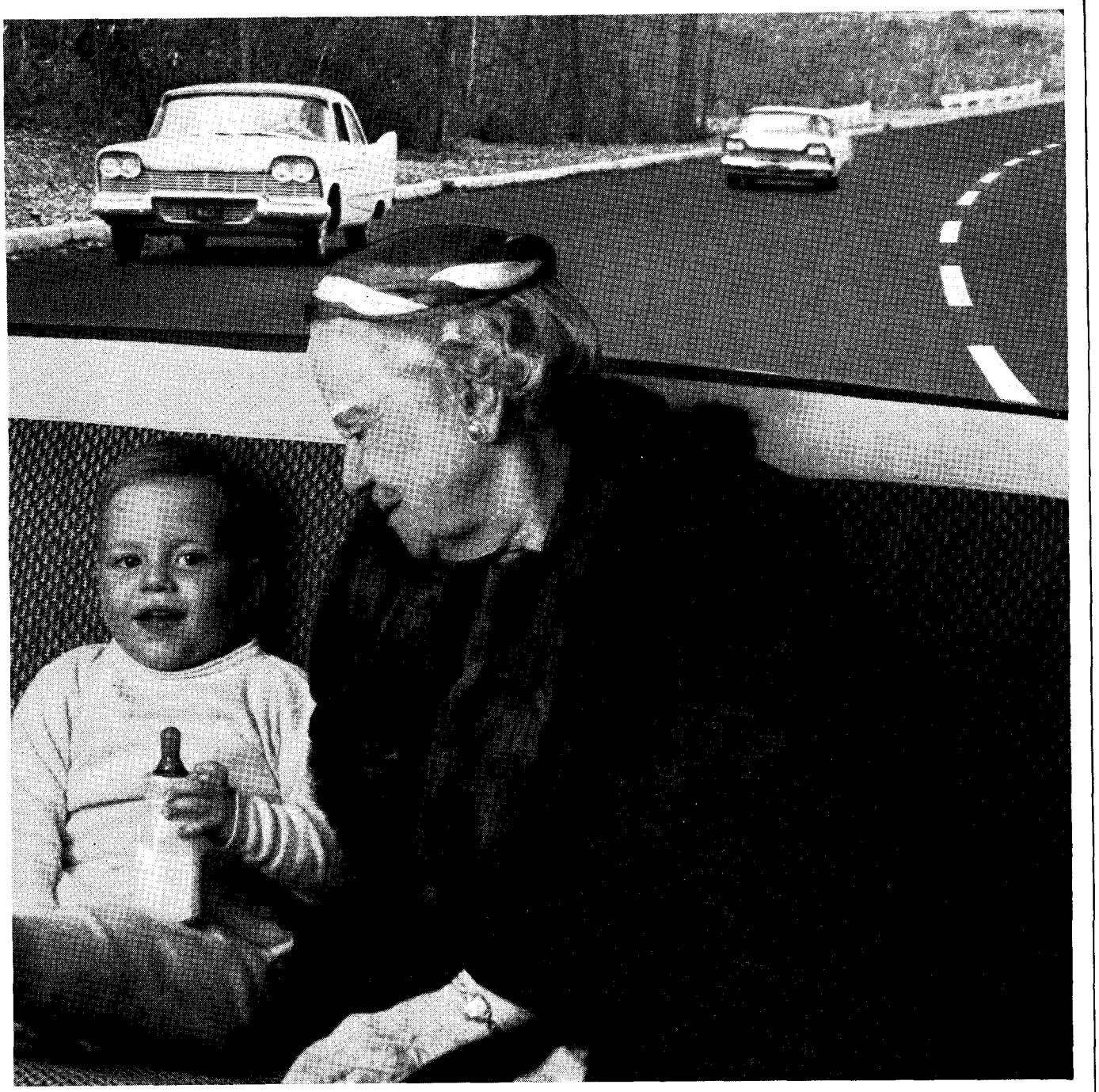
"Sometimes," she said. "Sometimes if an idea is shining bright enough, I can read the mind that has it."

He swung the wheel and took the craft, with a change as rapid as that from shadow into sunshine, into the calm water on the northern side of the cape.

"I've been thinking—for an idea to shine as bright as that one, it would have to be a good idea, wouldn't it?" he asked.

She smiled, and he thought of angels. "I think it would," she told him. "I'll leave it to you, Tom; but I really think it would."

THE END



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The White Warrior (Continued from Page 31)

which made him ask one fool question after another. And he was as full of bright ideas as an Injun dog was of fleas.

"Luke, I've been thinking."

"Yeah?"

"The reason you hired me, you and No-Horses need somebody to tend camp, cook meals, grain and rough-cure pelts and the like while you trap beaver, right?"

"Right."

"Who did that work before I came?"

"My woman."

"She was a Nez Percé?"

"Yeah. Died last February."

Johnny gave him a sidelong glance. "When we get to the Nez Percé hunting camp, we'll stay there several weeks?"

"Likely."

"No-Horses tells me he's got a yen for an Indian girl named Dancing Fawn. Says he's going to marry her, if her pa will let him. Do you think he will?"

Luke began to get the drift of the kid's questions. As a camp helper and a rank beginner in the trapping game, all Johnny would get for his year's work was experience and his keep. Brash as he was, already he was angling to be accepted as a full partner, entitled to a share of the fur catch. The old mountain man shrugged.

"'Tain't likely."

"Why not?"

"He's got no reputation as a warrior, fer one thing. An' he's poor as a beggar."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"When an Injun buck wants to marry a gal," Luke explained patiently, "he's got to make her pa a passel of presents. Dancing Fawn's pa is a chief. She'll be priced mighty high, I'm thinking. An' No-Horses don't own much more'n the clothes on his back."

Johnny considered that. "Why don't you loan him what he needs?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, if he married her, we could take her with us and she could do the camp work. With three of us trapping instead of two, we'd catch a sight more beaver——"

Before Luke could tell the kid what was wrong with that idea—namely that he was nigh broke himself after his spree at rendezvous—No-Horses returned from the ridgetop. All appeared peaceful, he reported. "Saw six buffalo over ridge. Five cow, one bull."

Luke eyed Johnny closely. He didn't hold it against the youngster that he should try to get ahead in the business as fast as he could and he admitted that some of the things Johnny had said made good sense, but blamed if he was going to take an inexperienced youngster in as a partner until he found out what he had inside of him. Maybe it was just Luke's imagination, but Johnny's hands seemed to be trembling as he fiddled with his rifle.

"Kin you hit what you aim at with that piece?"

"Sure—I'm a good shot."

"Whar would you shoot a buffalo, boy, to make sure of layin' it dead first lick?"

"In the chest, right behind where the left foreleg joins onto the body."

"Ever kilt one?"

"I've seen it done. It don't look hard."

"Wal, you won't larn no younger. Go afoot an' go quiet. Take a hoss along to pack the meat. Do like No-Horses tells you, an' he'll git you a shot you can't hardly miss. Don't let him do no shootin'—he can't hit the side of a barn with that old flintlock of his. Kill a fat young cow, mind, an' drop her neat. If you spook the bunch so's they stampede an' let every Injun in ten miles know we're hyar, I'll roast you over a low fire."

Johnny grinned. "I'll deserve it. C'mon, No-Horses."

Chewing on his pipe, Luke watched them move cautiously up the slope toward the ridgetop. It had been his observation that the first time any greenhorn took a shot at a buffalo, he was apt to come down with a bad case of the shakes. Well, let it happen. Once Johnny made a fool of himself, maybe he'd lose some of his cockiness.

Johnny tied the pack horse to a bush a hundred yards short of the crest, then he and No-Horses crawled through the sun-dried grass to a position from which they could see the grazing buffalo. No-Horses nudged Johnny and pointed. Luke saw the youngster ease his rifle forward, hold steady for a few moments, then fire.

Following which, hell burst loose.

Way Luke figured it out later, what happened was Johnny missed the cow he was aiming at and hit the big bull square in the middle of his thick skull. All that did was make the bull mad. He came charging up the slope, the five cows right behind him. No-Horses cut loose with his flintlock and missed the whole bunch clean. Seeing it was either run or get trampled to death, Johnny and No-Horses took to the timber, where they wasted no time climbing trees. The bull and the five cows made straight for camp. The pack horse, squealing with fright, jerked loose from the bush and headed for camp, too, just a hop and a jump ahead of the six buffalo.

Luke grabbed his rifle, snapped a quick shot at the lead buffalo, dropped it, then scooted for the shelter of the trees, hearing behind him the thunder of hoofs as pack horse and buffalo went smack through the middle of camp. As the animals pounded off into the distance, he came out of hiding and surveyed the shambles.

The old mountain man could swear with magnificent fluency when he set his mind to it, but this was beyond mere profanity. He looked up to see that Johnny and No-Horses had joined him.

"Kind of a mess, ain't it?" Johnny said matter-of-factly. "Well, we got our meat, anyhow."

Luke took a deep breath, fixing to light into him. Johnny said, "I had a cow dead center in my rifle sights. Then the bull moved, and No-Horses got excited and joggled my elbow ——"

"Now, you jest listen to me, boy!"

Johnny wasn't listening. Kneeling, he inspected the dead buffalo, then looked up with a grin. "You told me to kill a cow. How come you shot the bull instead?"

How a body was going to knock sense into the head of a youngster as brash as that, Luke didn't know, but he gave it considerable thought during the three days it took them to reach the Nez Percé hunting camp. He'd expected Johnny to mess up his first attempt to kill a buffalo. But he'd ought to be humbled by his failure, not lay blame for it on somebody else. Instead, he was cocky as ever.

There were close to a hundred tepees in the valley. The Indians were having a fine time, for to them the annual meat-making expedition to the buffalo country east of the Bitter Roots was like a prolonged picnic. Days, everybody kept busy—the young men hunting, the young women skinning and butchering and hauling, the older women cutting the meat into thin strips and hanging it up to dry on racks in the sun. Nights, there was feasting, dancing and taletelling, with the young bucks and single gals sneaking off into the shadows whenever they could escape sharp parental eyes.

Johnny wasted no time getting acquainted. Cheerful as a friendly chipmunk, he hunted with the young bucks, sat in on the feasts and dances and taletelling sessions, and wandered where he pleased through the Indian camp. He was quick to notice that No-Horses' romance was going badly. Let the lovesick Injun even get close to Dancing Fawn, and up would pop her pa, Chief Yellow Bird, her ma, her older sister, Scolding Woman, or one of her two big, mean-looking brothers to send him packing. This made Johnny indignant.

"How come they treat him that way?"

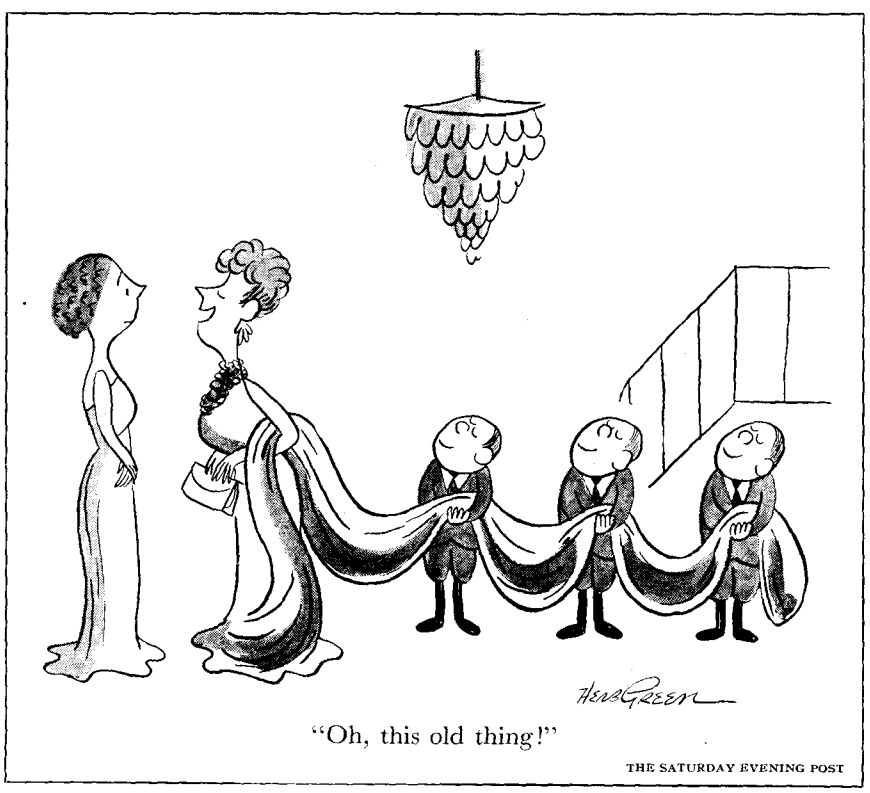
"I told you. He's poor an' don't amount to nothin'."

"He won't be poor if we make a good beaver catch."

"Tell that to Yellow Bird."

"Why don't you tell him?"

Well, No-Horses had been mooning around for days, and Luke, who knew what a squaw could mean to a man, did feel kind of sorry for him; so that evening the old mountain man went to Chief Yellow Bird's lodge, Johnny tagging along. While the chief listened suspiciously, Luke told him a passel of lies about what a great hunter, trapper and fighting man No-Horses was, how rich he'd be come spring and what a fine husband he'd make Dancing Fawn. Yellow Bird was silent a spell, then made his reply.



"Oh, this old thing!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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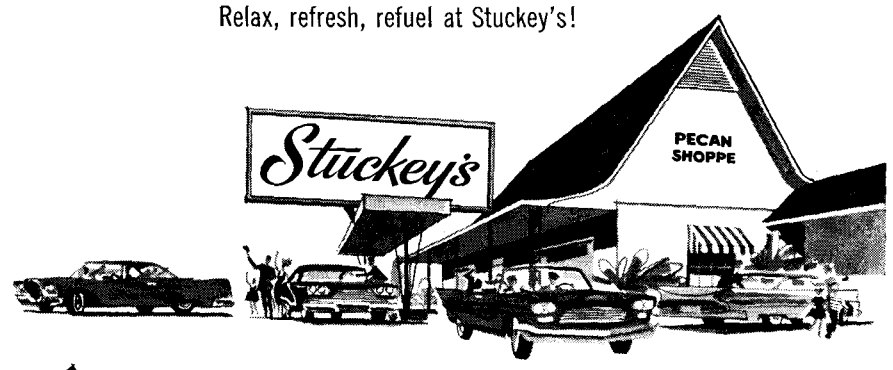

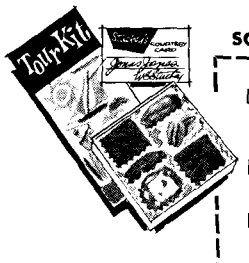

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"You say No-Horses is a great warrior. Where are the Blackfoot scalps he has taken in battle? Where are the horses he would give me for my youngest daughter? Where are the rifles and blankets?"

"Likely he'll have 'em, come spring," Luke mumbled.

"The man my daughter marries must be rich now, not next spring," the chief said scornfully. "He must have many scalps and a reputation as a warrior now, not next spring. Your words are empty."

Johnny nudged Luke and whispered, "Ask him how much he wants for Dancing Fawn."

Luke asked.

"Twenty good horses," Chief Yellow Bird answered. "Three rifles, with powder and lead to last a year. Ten blankets of the best quality. And he must prove to me that he is a warrior, fit to be my son."

If the price had been in reach, Luke wouldn't have minded making No-Horses a small loan, but he sure couldn't go that high. As he and Johnny walked back to their camp, the youngster said, "Seems to me he's being mighty unreasonable."

"She's his daughter. He kin set the price as high as he wants."

"But she and No-Horses are in love. Doesn't that mean anything?"

"Not to Yellow Bird."

"Why don't they elope?"

"Injuns don't do things that way."

"Why not? If I were in love with her, I wouldn't hesitate a minute."

Luke snorted. "You'd git your hide peeled off, too, when Yellow Bird and his sons caught you."

Johnny muttered, "Way I'd do it, they wouldn't catch me. We'll be taking off for the mountains soon. The Nez Percés will be heading for home. Way I'd do it——"

Luke paused in mid-stride. "Don't you go puttin' ideas in No-Horses' head, hear me? This ain't our affair an' don't you go makin' it so."

"Well, I was just thinking. If he had a squaw ——"

Drums began to pound in the Indian village, come dusk next evening. Luke paid them no mind till Johnny came into camp and said, "Luke, there's trouble afoot."

Luke eyed him suspiciously. "What kind of trouble?"

"No-Horses ain't going trapping with us. He's going to war."

"Who put that fool notion into his head?"

Johnny dropped his eyes. "I—well, he heard about the talk you had with Chief Yellow Bird. He got to brooding. Now he's decided he'll marry Dancing Fawn or die. He's working up a war party of young bucks and plans to lead them north into Blackfoot country. If they take a lot of horses and scalps, he'll make himself a reputation even Yellow Bird can't sneeze at. If he gets killed—well, at least he'll die a warrior."

"The crazy idjut!"

"He's in love with her, Luke. I told you that."

Gloomily Luke stared into the fire. Things had been right peaceful in the mountains between Nez Percé and Blackfoot lands for several years, else he wouldn't have dared risk trapping that country. But let a bunch of Nez Percé hellions stir up the Blackfeet an' the ornery jiggers would be buzzing around him and Johnny like hornets.

"C'mon, we got to talk him out of it."

When he wanted to, No-Horses could be stubborn as a sore-footed mule. While the drums throbbed and the dancers cavorted and Luke talked himself hoarse, the Injun sat glassy-eyed, deaf as a post and twice as dumb. Giving up finally, Luke stalked back to his own campfire, Johnny trailing behind.

Luke hunkered down and had a smoke. He wanted beaver, sure. Wanted to keep his hair too. But unless he could figure out some way to persuade No-Horses to give up this fool war expedition, he was bound to lose one or the other. The only way he could think of to calm the Injun down was to get him married to Dancing Fawn. But the gal was priced plumb out of reason.

For once Johnny wasn't pestering him with questions. Luke squinted at him calculatingly. "What was it you said you'd do if you was him?"

"Elope with her."

"You suppose No-Horses would risk it, if we helped him?"

"He's mighty desperate."

"Would she chance it?"

"She's desperate too."

Luke was feeling mighty desperate himself. "You said you'd figured out a way they could elope an' not git caught. Let's hear it."

Give the kid credit; he had a right good head on his shoulders. Not in a million years would Luke himself have come up with as fantastic yet simple a scheme as Johnny now proposed. Far as Luke could see, it had only three hitches. First, they dassen't tell No-Horses the whole plan; his simple brain just couldn't grasp it all. Second, they dassen't tell Dancing Fawn anything; she'd get excited and give the whole show away. Third, Johnny looked

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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nothing like a Blackfoot—though he did stand a good chance to get scalped for one if they calculated wrong.

"Well?" Johnny said. "Do you think it'll work?"

"You'll be takin' a long chance, boy."

"I ain't worrying."

"How come you're so anxious to risk your neck for No-Horses?"

"He's my friend." Johnny dropped his eyes to the ground. "And I thought maybe if I pulled this off, you—well, you might take me in as a full partner."

"If it works," Luke said, "you kin bet I will."

They shook hands on that. Johnny grinned and took off his hat. "We'd best mix the dye. You can give me a haircut whilst it's brewing."

It was a shade past noon next day when Luke, riding in the lead, gave Johnny and No-Horses the signal to halt. They were well into the timbered foothills north of the valley by then, eight or nine miles from the Nez Percé hunting camp. All Luke had told No-Horses was that if he'd call off his war and pretend to ride north toward beaver-trapping grounds with them, they'd try to steal Dancing Fawn for him. Reluctantly the lovesick Injun had done both.

They got off their horses, squatted on the ground, and Luke drew a map in the dust with his knife. "We're headed due north up this hyar trail. Thar's a ridge east of us an' beyond it a canyon, which bears northeasterly. You know how the land lays, No-Horses?"

The Injun signed that he did.

"You ride acrost that ridge," Luke said. "Then head back to your camp fast as you kin scoot. Tell 'em you've cut fresh sign on a big war party of Blackfoot."

"When you catchum Dancing Fawn?"

Ignoring the question, Luke went on, "Meat makin's done an' all the menfolk are layin' around camp, killin' time whilst the squaws finish their chores an' pack up to go home. They'll be itchin' fer a fight. You'll lead 'em up the canyon tother side of the ridge, No-Horses, chasin' Blackfoot which ain't thar."

"When you catchum Dancing Fawn?" No-Horses persisted.

"Soon as you kin do it without bein' noticed, slip away an' come back hyar. Likely Dancing Fawn will be waitin' fer you."

No-Horses signified he understood, mounted and disappeared into the trees. Luke turned to Johnny. "All right, peel off your clothes."

Stripped to a breechclout, the youngster made a pretty fair Injun, save for his face and hands, which Luke hadn't dared dye brown last night because they would show. This defect the old trapper now proceeded to remedy, and to further gild the lily he striped Johnny's face with ocher, vermilion and white, according to the latest Blackfoot-warrior fashion. When he was done, he stepped back and critically inspected his handiwork.

"Well?" Johnny said.

"I'd shoot you on sight, boy."

"How much head start should I give No-Horses?"

"He's got all he needs. Ease down to the edge of the timber. You kin tell when the ruckus starts in camp—they'll raise a sight of dust when they ride out. You recollect the spot I showed you whar Yellow Bird's womenfolk will be workin'?"

"Yes, sir. I can sneak up to it through the willows along the creek."

"Wait fer your chance; then move fast. Likely thar'll be five er six squaws around the dryin' rack, but most of 'em'll be old an' too surprised and scared to do you any harm. Throw the blanket over her head and noose it tight around her arms. That'll cut down on her squawlin'. Throw her astraddle the hoss an' tie her feet together underneath. Then ride like hell. An' leave that blanket over her head, mind you, till you git back hyar."

"Won't she suffocate?"

"Not to hurt her."

"But she knows me. Why can't I untie her and tell her what's up? No sense scaring the poor thing to death."

"Painted like you are, she wouldn't recognize you. An' she's goin' to be one mighty mad squaw, boy, you kin count on that. We ain't turnin' her loose till No-Horses is around to calm her down."

"Whatever you say." Johnny swung into the saddle. Luke handed him the reins of the horse he was to lead; then, as an afterthought, he gave him a loaded pistol. Johnny frowned. "It'll just be extra weight, Luke. I don't figure to do no shooting."

"I know you don't. But if them squaws chase you, a shot or two in their direction will discourage 'em. Git goin' now—an' good luck."

The youngster took the pistol, grinned, raised his hand in farewell and was gone. Suddenly full of misgivings, Luke stared after him. Johnny seemed confident enough. But Luke couldn't help remembering how the kid had got buck fever when he'd tried to kill his first buffalo. Should he stub his toe this time, they'd all be in trouble.

The sun had worked its way well down the western sky when a faint, distant sound of yipping and hoofbeats made Luke perk up his ears. The sound came from beyond the ridge, easterly. That would be the Nez Percés chasing imaginary Blackfeet. Now if Johnny had had good luck, all would be well——

A while later No-Horses rode in. Luke said, "Any trouble?"

"No trouble." The Injun glanced around. "Catchum Dancing Fawn?"

"She ought to be here any minute."

While Luke was telling No-Horses of Johnny's kidnaping plans, two riders appeared at the far side of the open, saucerlike meadow below the tree-covered knoll on which they stood. One was Johnny; the other, his captive—the blanket still securely over her head and upper arms. They rode up to the knoll and stopped. Johnny smiled.

"Well, I did it."

"So I see," Luke grunted. "She put up much of a fight?"

Gingerly Johnny touched his face, which was badly scratched. "Clawed like a wildcat. And her sister pitched in and helped her. For a minute there, I didn't know whether I had me one squaw or two. But I managed it." He dismounted and beckoned to No-Horses, who was staring at the blanket-covered woman like he couldn't believe his eyes. "Here she is, No-Horses. You'd better untie her and do the explaining."

Like a man in a trance No-Horses undid the thong lashings which secured the Injun gal's feet, lifted her down, untied the blanket and tossed it aside. Then he stared. So did Luke and Johnny. Luke was the first to find his tongue.

"That ain't Dancing Fawn."

"I know it ain't," Johnny said, swallowing hard.

"That's her sister, Scolding Woman. And she hates No-Horses like poison."

Mad as a singed hornet, the Injun gal started gabbling fit to kill. No-Horses, even madder, jawed right back at her. Johnny looked like he'd been hit between the eyes with an ax. "I can't understand it, Luke! I grabbed Dancing Fawn. I know I did! I spotted her plain amongst them other squaws——"

Luke eyed him bleakly. "Jest like you spotted that buffalo cow, then went an' shot the bull?" *(Continued on Page 126)*

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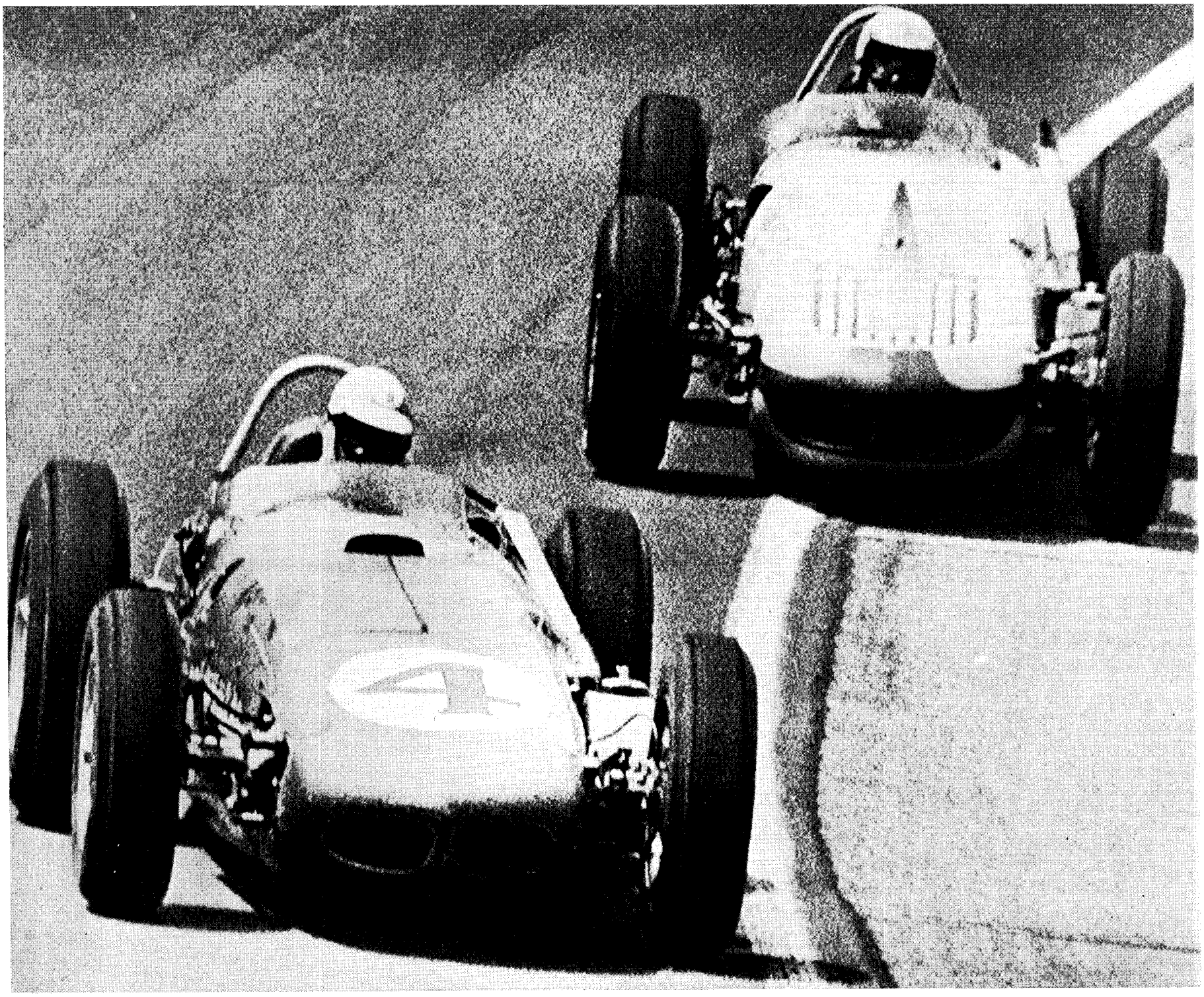
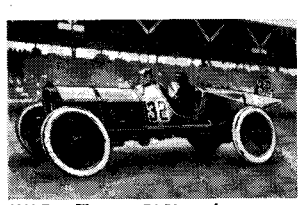
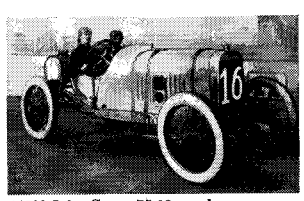


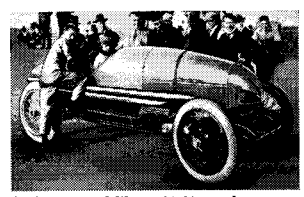


1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.

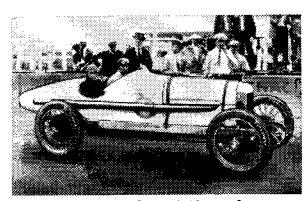


†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.

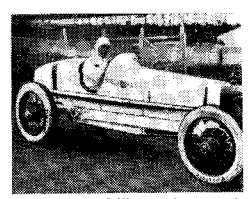
†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.



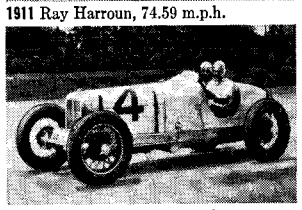
1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



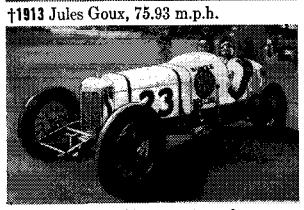
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



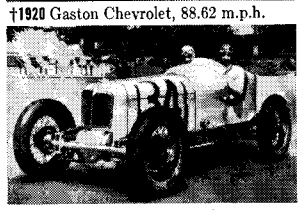
1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h



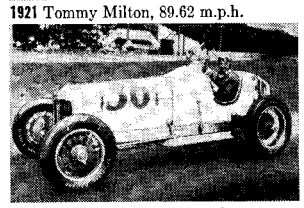
1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.



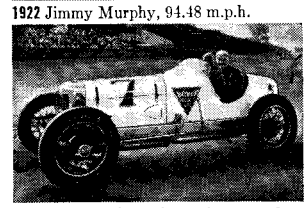
1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



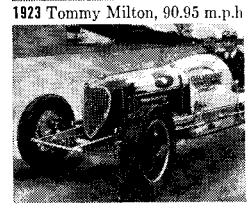
1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



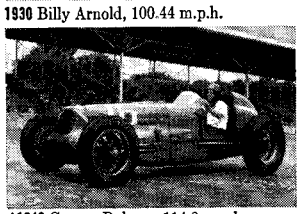
1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



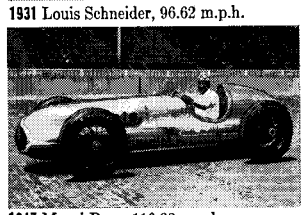
1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



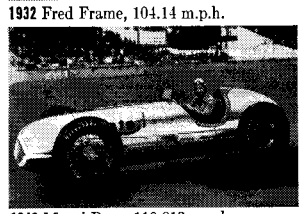
1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.



†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.

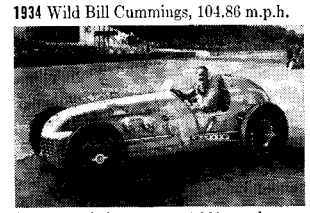


1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.

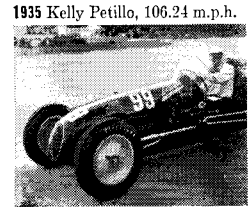


1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.

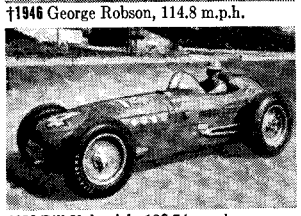
1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.



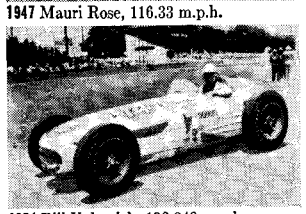
1950 Johnnie Parsons 124.002 m.p.h.



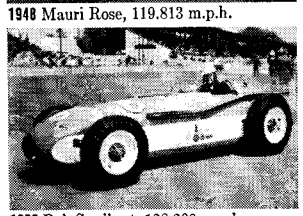
1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



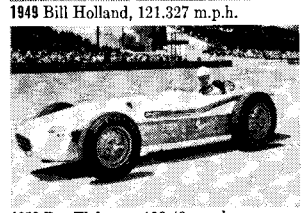
1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.



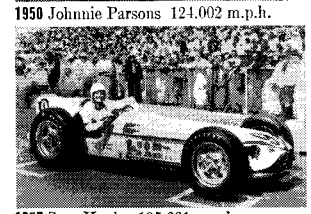
1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



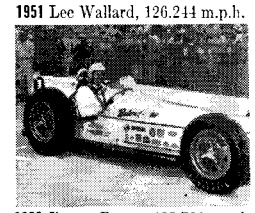
1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.



1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.



1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.



1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h

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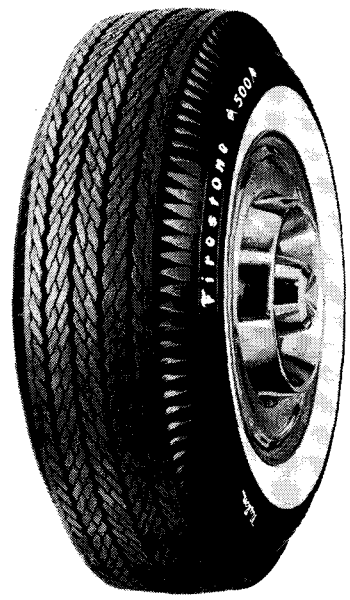

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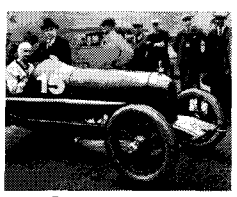
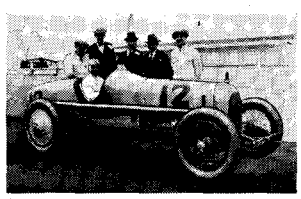
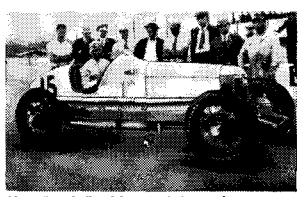
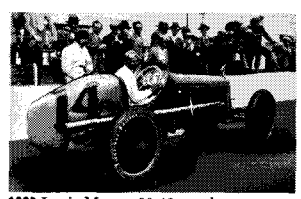
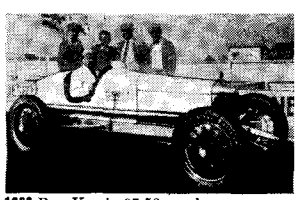

orum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.

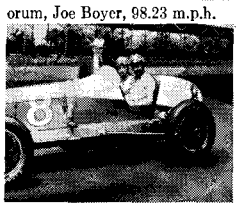

1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.

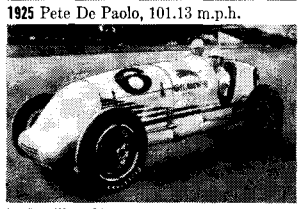

1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.

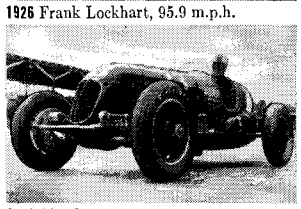
1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.

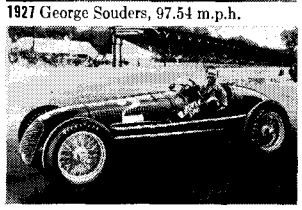

1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.

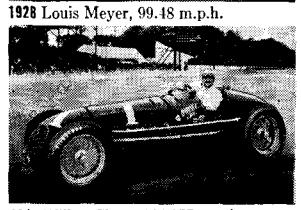

1929 Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.

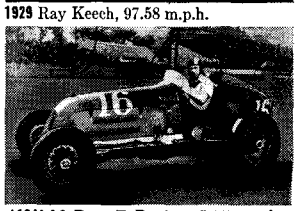

is Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.

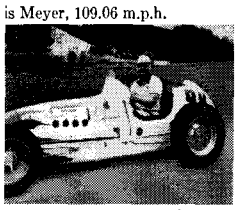

1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.

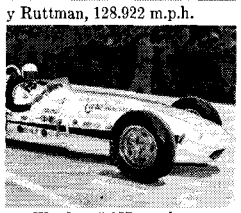

1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.


1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.


1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.


†**1941** M. Rose, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.


y Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.


ger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.

†No races during the war years.

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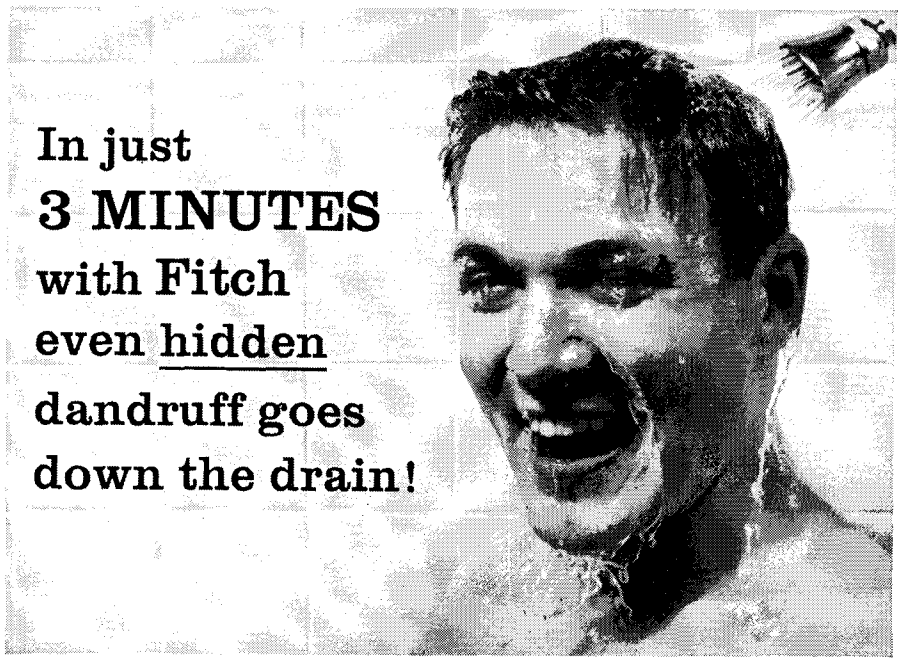

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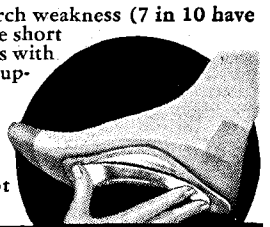

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(*Continued from Page 123*)

"That was different, Luke!"

"Who joggled your elbow this time? Who you got to lay blame on besides your own fool cocky self?"

Johnny stared down at the ground. His voice was humble as dirt. "I done it and I'll make it right. What do you want me to do, take her back?"

"Oh, shore!" Luke exploded. "That'd fix things good, wouldn't it? Jest take her back an' tell her ma you grabbed the wrong gal by mistake and please could you change her fer the right one! She'd be happy to oblige, no doubt about that!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? Tell me and I'll do it—no matter how risky it is."

The kid had guts; give him credit for that. Luke shook his head in disgust. "It'd take a miracle to git us out of this mess. If you can't pass one, then jest shut up and let me think."

Johnny shut up, while Luke thought hard. What with the way No-Horses and Scolding Woman were jawing at each other, it was difficult for the old mountain man to concentrate. He eyed the Injun woman reflectively. It was hard to believe she and Dancing Fawn were sisters. Dancing Fawn was short, round, pretty and normally gentle as a lamb. Scolding Woman was tall, angular, homely and possessed of a tongue sharp enough to drive a twenty-mule team without a whip. Dancing Fawn was around sixteen; Scolding Woman on the shady side of twenty.

That wouldn't be old for an unmarried white woman, but it was for a single Injun gal. Even though Yellow Bird had hinted time and again that he'd practically give her away to any buck that wanted to marry her, she'd remained unwed. Now she'd reached the age where the chances were good that she'd remain a spinster the rest of her life—the worst disgrace an Injun woman could suffer.

Listening to her rant and rave, Luke guessed it wasn't being kidnaped that made her so mad. That would have been a real compliment to her, even if a genuine Blackfoot had done it. But being kidnaped by mistake, having No-Horses stand there flat-footed and tell her it was a mistake—as the fool Injun was doing now—well, you might as well try to put out a fire by pouring turpentine on it.

Luke sighed. Nobody was going to pass any miracles, he reckoned. So the thing to do was take what fate dropped in your lap and make the best of it. Like the time the buffalo had come stampeding through camp. He'd wanted cow and got bull—but meat was still meat, and a body could eat the toughest cut if he cooked it long enough. Point was Johnny had tried his best both times. He'd got the conceit knocked out of him and was taking it like a man. That was all that counted.

The old mountain man looked long and hard at Scolding Woman, then he looked long and hard at Johnny. The kid had said he'd do anything to make up for his boner. For a moment, Luke was sorely tempted to hold him to that promise, then he thought better of it. This little chore required an experienced man. And he knew right well who that man was.

He walked over to where No-Horses and Scolding Woman were arguing. He said a couple of words in the Nez Percé tongue. They stopped jabbering and stared at him. He made sign talk to No-Horses, indicating that he wanted to be left alone with Scolding Woman, so's he could clear up a misunderstanding that seemed to be troubling her. "And take Johnny with you," he added in English. "Blamed if I want any witnesses around when I propose to a woman."

Fate drops queer things into a man's lap, no doubt about that. Like next morning when Luke, No-Horses, Johnny and a strangely subdued, quiet, shy Scolding Woman were on their way back to the Nez Percé camp, fixing to explain things to Chief Yellow Bird and arrange a proper marriage ceremony. What should they run into but a band of Blackfeet.

There were four Injuns in the band—young bucks, who'd been on a horse-stealing raid over in the Kootenay country—gleefully herding their loot home. It was a tossup which party was the more surprised. The mix-up was sharp and fierce. But Luke and Johnny had the best rifles, and Johnny turned out to be a crack shot once he got over the shakes. When the fight ended, there were four dead Blackfeet and twenty-five live horses left in the meadow where the brawl took place. Johnny and Luke decided, of course, that the scalps and horses should go to No-Horses, along with credit for having won the battle practically on his lonesome.

So when they rode into the Nez Percé camp, things turned out fine.

You might say fate had passed a miracle, dropping those Blackfoot scalps and horses right into their laps. But it wasn't a miracle, really. What it was, was an accident. And accidents happen every day.

The miracle, in Luke's judgment, came later—almost a year later, in fact—after he, Scolding Woman, Johnny, No-Horses and Dancing Fawn had spent a season trapping together and had returned to the Nez Percé village with as fine a catch of beaver as any man could hope for.

It was a boy.

Luke and Scolding Woman—who still scolded, but softly now—agreed it should be called Johnny. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Looks like the chief is letting Herndon go."

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Madam Soap Opera (Continued from Page 30)

says Larry White, director of daytime programs for CBS.

The youngest of ten children of a struggling grocer who died when she was eight, the heroine of this tour de force viewed herself from infancy as an unwanted ugly duckling. Demonstrably, she has little in common with the estimated 37,000,000 presumably sturdy "homemakers" who are believed to consititute the steady audience for what the professionals prefer to call "daytime serials." Moreover, her sheltered way of life would seem to allow little exposure to the raw material required by most writers—reality.

Miss Phillips has weathered several unhappy romances, but never married. Much of her life she has been sickly and she sometimes considers herself ailing when she is not; a thermometer is rarely out of her reach. She almost never enters a kitchen except to confer with the cook, but likes to consult fortunetellers. She reads little beyond newspaper headlines and mystery stories and squirrels away most of her money in insurance policies and annuities. She owns no car and never learned to drive. In fact, she does not often leave her apartment. Her friends testify unanimously that she is lonely and unhappy; her relations with them are warm, but she sees them infrequently because nearly all are married and she fancies herself a fifth wheel on their social wagon. She has often said that she would gladly trade her success for a husband.

Nevertheless, Miss Phillips has never known boredom. The voids in her life are filled to the bursting point by the exigencies of daytime TV—a frantic, semiautonomous sphere largely unknown to anyone who is away from home until the cowboys take charge at dinnertime. She does not simply compose serials. She has given up acting, but for years she was her own star. She still gives birth to new shows which she owns and nurses through spells of sickly Nielsen ratings. She has defended her brain children through costly lawsuits and against the unceasing apprehensions of her bosses—"the client" and "the agency," as personified by numerous easily unnerved types who peer over her shoulder in behalf of sponsors and their advertising agencies. She has given up serials in fits of fatigue or pique and has lost others in deals as sticky as her densest plots. Since the notion that old soapers never die is mere folklore, she has occasionally been forced to preside at their funerals too.

Miss Phillips makes up somewhat for her lack of worldly contacts by her ability to recall just about anything that ever happened to her, with dialogue to match, and—well, by watching a lot of television. None of her faculties, however, is as productive as her capacity for sustained and vivid worrying. She turns into scripts what others turn into ulcers. For example, her two adopted children, Tom, eighteen, and Kathy, seventeen, are experiencing problems normal to teenagers. To Miss Phillips, each difficulty assumes the proportions of major tragedy. She weighs it at length with whoever is handy and sighs, "Ah, that's the stuff soap opera is made of." If Tom fails to materialize at an appointed time, she does not become just vaguely uneasy. Her concern is translated into imaginary but stark disaster—he's been run over, his body is lying at the curb, he is bleeding badly.

As she puts it, "I do quite a bit of projecting." Similarly, Miss Phillips is sometimes upset by what she sees on the legitimate stage, especially happy endings. The play *Middle of the Night*, wherein a soul-searching elderly businessman finally marries a young blonde, sent her out of the theater in a sleeves-up mood. "What happened to the girl?" she demands. "Is she going to be happy with him? How is she going to integrate into the family? How are their lives going to be changed? Boy, what I couldn't do with this!"

Some serial writers manipulate their actors with the ease of marionettes and have been known to run out of plot. This is not likely to happen to Miss Phillips. She worries too much and too deeply. Luckily she concentrates almost exclusively on such timeless worries as birth, love, health, death and intermediate stops. This makes it possible for thirteen-year-old Phillips scripts to be aired this year on Australian radio. It also keeps her solidly in tune with her characters.

"They are her family," says Brian J. Buckley, a Chicago attorney who is on constant call to supply authentic material for their legal involvements. "This is Irna's life." The research director of a large advertising agency puts it differently. "It's the same (*Continued on Page 129*)

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The Saturday Evening **POST**

ON BEHALF OF MAGAZINES...
A LEADING FORCE FOR MORAL
AND CULTURAL GROWTH

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(*Continued from Page 127*) damned thing over and over again," he says. "But it's real for that woman. It's just one big public psychoanalysis."

Her working habits bear out both observations. "I really don't think I write," she says. "I act." Each weekday at nine A.M. she sits down in her living room on the same chair at the same card table she has used for nineteen years. The general destiny of her characters has already been charted—in story conferences with sponsor and agency—for six months to a year in advance. Her current output is two to four weeks ahead of air time.

Fixing her gaze out the window at the apartment house next door, she begins dictating dialogue to Miss Rose Cooperman, her secretary and confidante for twenty-two years. The lines tend to be brief, and she never announces who utters them. "Rosie" recognizes the speakers by the boss's ever-switching voice and expressions—now deep and gruff, now girlish and soulful. Miss Cooperman also deduces punctuation from Miss Phillips's tone and gestures.

A 2000-word script for a half-hour show like *World* is thus polished off in about one hour and forty-five minutes, or slightly more than it takes Rosie to type it. Miss Phillips never sees her manuscripts. As soon as she is through dictating, Miss Cooperman reads back her notes, and Miss Phillips edits on the spot. As she dictates, she has in front of her a sheet filled with squares, each containing the first names of characters required for one day's show. She almost never refers to the actors any way other than as the characters they portray. Sometimes she can't even remember their real names.

Many of her characters are given to rather general philosophizing. "Our world is just as small or large as we make it," one will remark. Or, "I suppose in some instances a handicap can be a sort of a spur." Or "Human nature is very strange, my dear." From time to time such homilies recur in scripts, but Miss Phillips usually knows this. "As I dictate, I stop myself and say, 'I'm sure I've said this before,'" she observes. "But then I'll add, 'It bears repetition.'"

About twenty years ago, Miss Phillips found it necessary to hire "dialoguers." They block in the conversation for some of her scripts while she restricts herself to "plotting"—or fashioning detailed outlines—and rigorous editing. Her full-scale writing effort is thus restricted to one or two shows at a time. She has employed up to three writers simultaneously and paid them each as much as $50,000 a year. Two former assistants who now have their own programs learned the business from Miss Phillips. So did William Bell, a well-tailored thirty-three-year-old former advertising-agency account executive who, for $25,000 a year, does most of the dialoguing for *World*. This keeps him occupied for seven hours a day. Simultaneously, at the request of her sponsor, Procter and Gamble, Miss Phillips also spent several months souping up a faltering P&G soaper, a somber college-campus drama called *The Brighter Day*, for a healthier rating.

Writing, plotting and editing consume most of her mornings. Occasionally real emergencies develop. In radio an actor who was suddenly taken ill could be replaced by someone with a similar voice. On TV no replacement can learn the day's lines just before showtime, and Miss Phillips has had to "write out" characters from scripts by dictating changes at the last minute over long-distance telephone.

When no major crises materialize, she or her producers or directors always discover lesser calamities to consider during their lengthy phone conferences. Producing a show like *World* requires some sixty persons daily, and Miss Phillips takes a proprietary interest in all. She likes to be known as a difficult citizen, and her fellow toilers have learned that her temperament can best be coped with by consulting Irna the minute a problem begins to raise its horns. Most writers, for example, have no voice in cast changes. But when Miss Phillips does not approve of a new actor, she will not give him any lines. "If she says, 'I can't write for him,' you have to replace him," says an associate.

In the afternoon she watches her own TV shows and those of competitors. She rests and checks on the state of her health. Her household runs itself with the aid of a cook and a maid, and the dinner menus almost never vary—leg of lamb on Sunday, chicken on Monday, steak on Tuesday, meat loaf on Wednesday, lamb chops on Thursday, spaghetti on Friday and stew on Saturday. She studies fan mail and sometimes changes the direction of a plot because of audience "clamor." Ratings, which are phoned to her like battle bulletins twice a month, may also inspire script modifications. Years ago she changed her name from Erna to Irna because a numerologist assured her that the stars would like it and ease her life. But her worries about her plots and characters never lessened.

... ...

Shopper's Circuit

My wife has all the power
Of forty dynamos;
She looks electrifying
By charging all her clothes.

Ralph Owen Baird

... ...

Her preoccupation with no more than two shows does not mean that Miss Phillips is slowing down. It signifies that, much like her hardiest characters, she is one of the tiny band of veterans who managed what the experts said couldn't be done—breathing a second dimension into the voices of radio soap opera and transferring their misery, full-bodied, to the infinitely more demanding TV screen. Previously, during the '40's, Miss Phillips had escaped equally unscarred from broadsides from psychiatrists and other researchers who had suddenly discovered in soap opera a mortal peril to the emotional fiber of the American female.

"Pandering to perversity and playing out destructive conflicts," wrote a psychiatrist, Dr. Louis I. Berg, in one of the most publicized of these charges, "these serials furnish the same release for the emotionally distorted that is supplied to those who derive satisfaction from a lynching bee, who lick their chops at a salacious *crime passionel*, who in the unregretted past cried out in ecstasy at witch burnings."

Doctor Berg drew his diagnosis from his study of two programs—*The Woman in White* and *Right to Happiness*. Both were Phillips products. Both ground on for years afterward. To Miss Phillips the doctor's findings proved only that he did not appreciate the authenticity of the art form pursued by her and her colleagues. "Everybody is a serial story," she says. "We're reporters."

The conflict between these viewpoints generated several learned studies and a one-year survey for a series in *The New Yorker* by James Thurber, the humorist, who emerged from the task admittedly shaken. The differences were never resolved, but the attacks have ceased. "I think the intellectuals just got bored," says Jack Gould, radio and TV critic of *The New York Times*. He is convinced that the soapers will march on and on. "They're a basic narcotic," he says, adding on reflection, "I don't think they do any great harm."

They do sell loads of soap and, in the case of Miss Phillips's *World*, they also move carloads of cleansers, cat food, aspirin, cocoa, devil's-food cake mix—"with incredible new moistness"—and other goodies for Procter and Gamble, TV's biggest spender, and eight co-sponsors. This helps explain why the medium was able to bridge the chasm from radio to TV despite enormously increased costs. Before World War II some sixty-five soapers were heard weekdays on radio. Now there are only three broadcast by the networks. It used to cost about $3000 a week for production and talent, plus $15,000 for time to put on one of these quarter-hour dramas. Most of today's ten TV soapers run half an hour each costing around $125,000 for time, plus $25,000 for production and talent every week.

By standards of prime evening shows this is mere carfare. For the daytime, the underbelly of TV, it is a lot of money. Yet, no matter what the networks try as predinner fare—quizzes, giveaways or relentless reruns of situation comedies previously shown at night—and no matter how acidly the eggheads attack serials or how completely they ignore them, the soapers reign supreme. As a group, they consistently outrate every other form of daytime TV.

No proof exists that an unhappy childhood is essential to soap-opera success. For Miss Phillips, though, it was a help. Her father, William, was born in Chicago of Polish immigrant parents. Her mother, Betty, had come to Chicago from Germany. By the time Irna was born, Betty was forty-two and worked with William, who had moved his groceries from a horse-drawn wagon to a store. The family lived in the apartment above it. Irna slept on a folding bed in the dining room. She detested school—"I didn't go unless somebody came and got me dressed." She had few clothes and, being sickly and sensitive, almost no playmates. When a ring was stolen in the fancy private school which she attended briefly to settle bills which it owed her father, she was wrongly accused of the theft.

"I lived in a world of pretense and make-believe," she remembers. It was a world of old boxes which she turned into stage sets. Each set was a home inhabited by a family of paper dolls. Since her own family was large, her stage families were small. Everybody had his own room. Mother was always home. Brothers and sisters never fought.

After her father's death, her mother managed to send Irna to the University of Illinois by mortgaging a small apartment house the family had acquired. At college Irna was bright, but primarily interested in acting. She tried out for one campus production after another. Being small and no glamour girl, she never made a show. The senior play led to one of the traumatic experiences of her life. "Miss Phillips has tried out for every female part and is better than anyone that has been cast," the dramatics instructor announced to her entire class. "But she has neither the looks nor the stature for professional success."

Stunned, Irna decided to take her mother's advice and go into teaching. She took graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, taught at Fulton, Missouri, and Dayton, Ohio. A fight with a boy friend sent her back to Chicago and, eventually, to radio station WGN. There she presided over a show called *A*

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Thought for Today, reading poetry and adding commentary to help listeners philosophize their troubles away. For several months she worked without pay. Then, briefly, she made twenty-five dollars a week. Then she was fired. When she protested to her boss, he asked whether she could write a "strip." WGN was then dramatizing *Gasoline Alley* and other comic strips, and he wondered whether "a strip about a family" might have possibilities, particularly if the cast could be restricted to Miss Phillips and Ireene Wicker, a radio actress who later became "Kellogg's Singing Lady."

Did the debut of the Phillips "strip" signify the birth of the soap-opera blues? Radio historians have not committed themselves on this point. They have traced the medium to several writers, including Miss Phillips, who started in Chicago during the same period. Miss Phillips believes that there was no daytime serial until September, 1930, when a string trio struck up the pop tune *I'm Yours* for her first soaper, *Painted Dreams*.

"There was Mother Monahan, who was a widow," she remembers. "This was my mother. She had a daughter, Irene. All the things I wanted as a young person I gave to Mother Monahan's daughter. I didn't have men in my life, so Irene had men."

For fifty dollars a week Miss Phillips wrote the scripts and played the mother and the "mystery character," Kay. Miss Wicker played not only the daughter and a dog but also numerous other characters who showed up from time to time. When the scripts ran short, as they often did, the ladies ad-libbed. They administered their own sound effects and giggled at their own jokes. Before long, they were sponsored by a sausage maker, but he was not eager to get on the network. Miss Phillips was. So, after a year and a half, she refused to renew her contract for a local show. WGN thereupon claimed ownership of *Painted Dreams*, and, as Miss Phillips recalls it, barred her from the studio. She thereupon filed suit to establish what she considered her rights.

The legal battle lasted ten years. Miss Phillips lost in court, but not on the air. Barely gone from WGN, she sold a competitor, NBC in Chicago, on another serial, *Today's Children*, which soon had a network sponsor. It was, she confesses happily, another *Painted Dreams*. Only the names were changed. The new heroine was a Mother Moran, but she issued familiar counsel ("'Tis an old saying. . . .") and her daughter countered with the same reactions ("Oh, mom!...") and kept falling in love with married men.

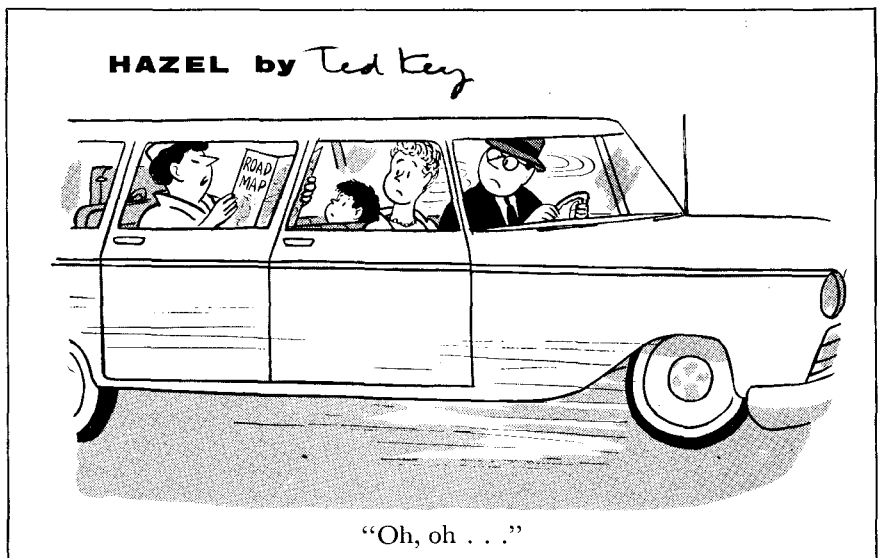
The life-and-death cycles of Miss Phillips's soapers now began to unwind in earnest. Her next show, *Judy and Jane*, a saga of two dime-store salesgirls, one of whom limped, was canceled by its advertising agency. The next, *Masquerade*, died after three months. *Today's Children* became a top-rated show, but by 1937 Miss Phillips had tired of it. "I thought I had exhausted all the problems of these people," she says.

Having spent quite some time in hospitals she idolized nurses and decided to replace *Today's Children* with the hospital serial, *Woman in White*. When her parting time had come, Mother Moran announced, in effect, that anyone who had not yet profited from her problems would never learn. It so happened, she told the audience, that another fine serial was starting, and how about listening to it with her? The final half of the show then became *Woman in White*. It was another big success.

The same year, in an effort to widen her circle of advice-needy characters, she launched *The Guiding Light*. Next, she created *The Road of Life*, starring the fictional James M. Brent, M.D. Its opening line was the immortal, "Doctor Brent, call surgery! Doctor Brent, call surgery!" Then came *The Right to Happiness*. It was about a Jewish family named Kransky who had furnished the most popular characters in *The Guiding Light*, thereby becoming worthy of a serial all their own.

In 1940 Irna tried living in New York. She didn't like it. The following year, after gloomily watching mask-faced women in New York bars and restaurants, she turned the experience into a new serial—*Lonely Women*—and returned to Chicago. By 1942, she had adopted her children and wanted to work less. So she sold *The Right to Happiness* to Procter and Gamble for $50,000.

This reduced her daily stint from five soapers to four. Since all were sponsored by General Mills, they were marshaled into a phenomenon never again duplicated—the *General Mills Hour*, four contiguous soapers by the same author. All were narrated by the same announcer, who walked in and out of the *Hour* presumably keeping the audience straight on what was happening. It was quite a feat because Miss Phillips enjoyed having characters wander from one show into another.



In 1942 Irna moved to Los Angeles. But she detested California and, after nine months, she was back in Chicago, sold *The Road of Life* for $75,000 and revived the old *Masquerade*.

Meanwhile, her favorite, *The Guiding Light*, was in trouble. She was sued by a writer who had worked on the show with her at its inception and who was later fired. He claimed that, by oral agreement, he owned a half interest in the program. She denied it, but ultimately lost the court decision and $250,000 in settlement and costs. By that time, her old friend and producer, Carl Wester, had persuaded her to settle again in California, where her shows were then being moved for staging.

When Miss Phillips's title to *The Guiding Light* was cleared, General Mills no longer wanted the show. Procter and Gamble did. Wester was to produce it on a competing network in a fifteen-minute spot ahead of the *General Mills Hour*. But he thought that General Mills might object and cancel the three other Phillips-Wester shows.

Miss Phillips was determined to get *The Guiding Light* to shine again. A rift developed between her and Wester. Their agreement with General Mills specified that in such an eventuality the company could buy the shows for $50,000 each. It did. The serials continued under other writers and eventually folded. All this left Miss Phillips in 1947 with an 80 per cent drop in income and but a single show—her *Guiding Light*. It was moved to New York, and Irna returned to Chicago.

Television was beginning to boom, but her first flier in it, a Mother Moran-type program called *These are My Children*, was a flop. Sponsors resisted soapers on TV. How could women watch and still do their household chores, as they did while listening to the radio? How could actors learn all those lines every day? After all, on radio they read from scripts and required little rehearsing.

Finally in 1952, after successfully doctoring *Brighter Day* and another Procter and Gamble radio epic, *Young Doctor Malone*, Miss Phillips sold P & G *The Guiding Light* for television. For a while it ran simultaneously on radio, where it must have puzzled the old fans. P & G insisted that new customers watching it on TV be advised of what had happened to the characters on radio. Introductory summaries, known as "lead-ins," and cliff-hanging "lead-outs,"—"Will Effie Mae find happiness? Listen again tomorrow. . . ."—had gone out of style. So, for the benefit of those who tuned in late, all of *Guiding Light* had to be regurgitated in bulky speeches which also ran on radio. It was probably the deepest breath of recapitulation ever taken on the air. Nevertheless, the TV version flourished. Miss Phillips plotted it until she developed "a real mad" against the advertising agency which produces it and turned it over to her friend and dialoguer, Mrs. Agnes Nixon of Rosemont, Pennsylvania, who still writes it.

This maneuver made room, in 1956, for *World*. It is jointly owned by Miss Phillips, Mrs. Nixon and its executive director, Ted Corday, a small, enthusiastic figure who used to direct *Valiant Lady* and *Gang Busters* and has suffered a heart attack in line of duty.

In many ways, *World* differs little from radio soap opera. The sound of organ chords still spells climax. Collectively the characters have suffered through a murder trial, a complete psychoanalysis—Irna paid a doctor $2000 for authentic material—numerous jiltings, divorces, weddings and illicit romances, an illegitimate baby and its adoption, a case of dypsomania, and no end of misunderstandings, fatal illnesses, unhappy childhoods and maladjustments.

Still, the plots' progress is, as Thurber noted years ago, glacierlike. This is because the characters continually remind one another of their names and what happened yesterday and last week and last year, so that no housewife who missed a day or a week of listening will feel left out. Also, they do next to nothing except talk about one another, usually in twosomes over coffee or cigarettes, sometimes over telephones or, forebodingly, to themselves.

There is still an "agency producer," Charles Fisher of Benton and Bowles in New York, and a "client producer," Ed Trach of Procter and Gamble in Cincinnati. Like their characters, these fellows also worry a lot. How come the rating is dropping? they'll ask. Irna fixed one such problem by quickly cutting short a dull disbarment proceeding. How to satisfy audience requests for the marriage of a weakling to the ingénue? Irna agreed to wed them on condition that the marriage turn out badly. How can a character be shown rubbing on hand lotion after washing dishes on a show sponsored by "milder than mild" detergents? Fisher slashed out this bit of action in horror. He also labors hard toning down the characters' emotional problems. This presents a dilemma. As he states it nervously, "When you have happiness, you have no soap opera!"

But there are new headaches peculiar to TV. The time required for actors to familiarize themselves with each day's lines and props has turned the production schedule into a five-day bicycle race with just half an hour between the end of a performance and the beginning of next day's rehearsals. The scene of action is more confined than in radio. No longer can the mere sound of a foghorn place a character on the *Queen Mary*. And exterior shots cost too much. So does frequent "striking"—switching—of sets, and Irna is expected to write within the budget.

Actors, now that they are in full view, are more expensive—up to $700 per week each—and less replaceable. If Irna uses them less frequently than their contracts specify, the producer feels cheated, and she must quickly write them into the scripts whether the story needs them or not. If they quit temporarily or permanently and Irna kills them off or leaves them in the other end of town, never to be heard from again, the audience may get restless.

For, more than ever, viewers are loyal to Phillips characters. Some fans will not answer their phones when *World* is on. When Papa Bauer celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday on *The Guiding Light* he received more than 25,000 cards. When Jim Lowell died on *World*, Procter and Gamble had to send out a form letter of condolence to bereaved viewers—"As there is happiness, there is also sorrow."

Why do they watch? Actually many just half listen. "There is a considerable amount of television which is listened to from the next room," says one advertising executive. Then, women get lonely and find TV company better than none. Many are true-romance habitués who eavesdrop on others for help with their own problems. "They can't act on principles," says an expert. "They can only act from examples."

But the most compelling reaction is empathy. "It's either, 'Gee, I know how she feels,' or, 'There but for the Grace of God go I,'" says Robert E. Short, manager of programming for P & G.

Will Irna Phillips continue to circumnavigate the bear traps of her business? Will she be able to keep up the pace? Will she ever run out of plots? Her record renders these questions less than suspenseful. Also, she can draw on a stock pile of dormant and never-yet-used soap-opera titles and ideas owned by Radio Scripts, Inc., of which she is president and chief stockholder. Will she find happiness? Her friends doubt it. And if she ever does, will Irna Phillips be able to go on producing soap opera worthy of the name? THE END

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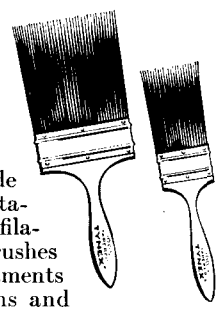

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Keeping Posted

Our Favorite Noncontributor

Normally this page serves as an introduction to the people whose work appears within our covers. This week we shall get out of our rut and introduce a writer whose manuscripts have always been rejected by *The Post*.

Our noncontributor is **John Springer,** a gray-haired Los Angeles newspaperman who may be seen at right, attempting to conceal his exasperation. Springer was neither gray-haired nor exasperated in 1929, the year he began shipping his manuscripts to Philadelphia. When his short stories were turned down, he cheerfully switched to serials, editorials, essays and articles. All were rejected, but Springer refused to admit defeat—until one day in 1950 when, through an oversight, we returned a manuscript without even a printed rejection slip to assure him that it had been read.

"That did it," says Springer, who still glowers when he recalls this final insult. (Mr. Springer hadn't spoken to us since 1950. We read of his frustration in a newspaper column.) Springer was editing a San Diego trade journal at the time, and as he looked at the stacks of

Springer: rejected by *The Post*.

hopelessly bad, unsolicited manuscripts which had been sent to his office, a diabolical plan of revenge formed in his mind. Soon his typewriter was busy producing letters such as this: "Unfortunately our editorial policy doesn't permit us to use your article on draft-horse diseases. However, this article definitely is for *The Saturday Evening Post!* We are, therefore, taking the liberty of sending it along. Keep up the good work!" When an author would complain later that *The Post* had rejected an offering, Springer replied that the manuscript obviously had got into the wrong hands. "Return it," he urged, "with a note explaining that there must have been a mistake."

In 1956 Springer became a reporter for the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*. There, because of what a colleague describes as "his frivolously realistic attitude toward life," he often has drawn the chore of sidetracking visitors desirous of sharing their great ideas or grievances with "the top editor." Springer sent these visitors home to put their ideas on paper—"in longhand, so it will be more homey, and the longer the better." Anyone who returned with a manuscript was told that his story was either too good or too big for the *Mirror-News*. "Send it to *The Post*," Springer commanded. "And insist that they act quickly." One of Springer's more memorable visitors was a gentleman in a Buffalo Bill hat, who claimed to be a citizen of the planet Venus and sole flying-saucer distributor in the Los Angeles area. Springer convinced this individual that *The Post* would pay handsomely for his story. Another visitor was a fierce-looking, barefooted fellow carrying a thick volume of what he said was Balinese poetry, complete with English translations. Springer directed him to *The Post*, naturally, but said he needn't submit the English translations. "I assured him that all *Post* editors speak Balinese."

Some Writers Will Put Up With Anything

Carson: rejected by a cat (above, in flight) who performs only for Carson's wife, Mary Jane.

Robert Carson is a Los Angeles citizen, too, but unlike the above-mentioned John Springer, has had great success with us. (See COUNTERFEIT WIFE, page 28.) Carson also writes successful books and movie scripts—but he has consistently failed to ease the tensions of his precarious coexistence with a Manx cat named Miss Kelly. Our file of Carson correspondence bulges with letters containing grudging praise for this haughty animal. She can type and can open the catch on her necklace. She is a prodigious jumper. ("Spends a good deal of her time walking around the ceiling.") She's also a prodigious eater. ("Eats like a pig.") However, there's one thing Miss Kelly cannot do. She cannot stand Robert Carson. She leaps on command all right (see above), but only when the lady of the house does the commanding and extends fingers smeared with raw liver. We are told that this disdainful cat cares even less for catnip than she does for Carson.

Associate editor **Peter Wyden** emerged from MADAM SOAP OPERA (page 30) a shaken man. To acquaint himself with the current sufferings on daytime serials, he kept a rented TV set in his Chicago office for a month. "Watching those daily catastrophes," he says, "was like living through one permanent, revolving Black Friday." But even more unsettling were the fishy looks given him by visitors who found him absorbed in soapers at hours when any self-respecting editor is busy editing.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

OREGON DISASTER:

"The Night Our Town Blew Up"

By BONNIE WALLACE RIGGS

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